

NORTHFIELD HYMNAL

№ 2

F-46.103

~~M 776~~

"With twain, he covered his face,
and with twain, he covered his feet,
and with twain he did fly"
(Four wings for reverence, two for service)
Isaiah 6:2

Hymns: 210, 350, 149, 7, 379,
238, 221, 8.

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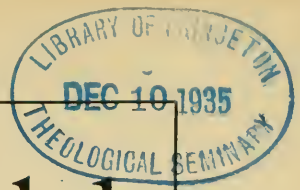
"Keep thy heart with all
diligence for out of it are
the issues of life" Prov. 4:23

"Therefore let no man glory in
man. For all things are yours;
Whether Paul, or Apollos, or
Cephas, or the world, or life, or
death, or things present, or
things to come; all are
yours; And ye are Christ's;
and Christ is God's."

1. Cor. 21, 22, 23.

"Ye search the scriptures
for in them ye think ye
have eternal life and
ye will not come to me. John 5:39"





Northfield Hymnal No. 2



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FOREWORD

While the needs of the Northfield Schools and Summer Conferences have been specially in view in the choice of hymns comprising this collection, we believe they will also meet the requirements of many churches and institutions. Scores of hymnals and collections, both in Great Britain and this country, have been consulted. Hymns which have been found to express the deepest spiritual experiences of the Church through past generations constitute the greater part of the compilation, while those Gospel Hymns have been retained which have stood the test of time. To these have been added a few newer hymns.

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the services of Miss Claire Chapman in the selection of the standard hymns of the church; of the co-operation of Mr. Charles M. Alexander in permission to use recent Gospel Hymns of which he owns the copyright; of Rev. J. Stuart Holden and Rev. George G. Daland for counsel and advice in the choice of tunes. Acknowledgment for permission to use hymns is also due to Mrs. Maltbie Babcock, Mrs. L. S. Chafer, Mr. George C. Stebbins, and Mr. W. H. Doane.

All royalties from the sale of these books go to the Northfield Schools.

W. R. MOODY.

East Northfield, Mass.,
April 3, 1916.

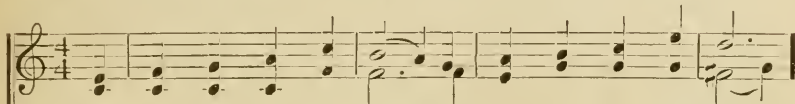
Northfield Hymnal No. 2

1 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

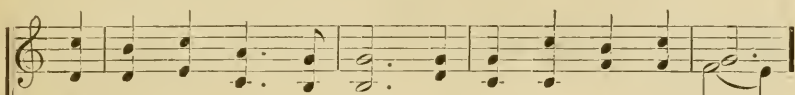
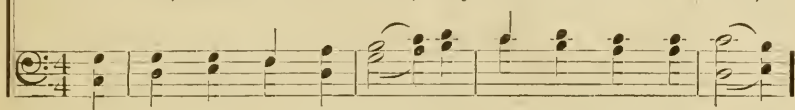
Rev. EDWARD CASWALL.

(Laudes Domini.)

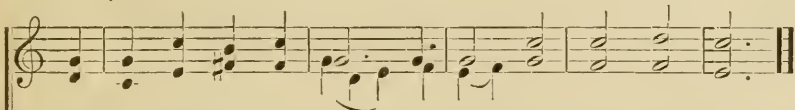
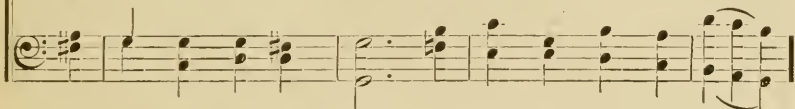
Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



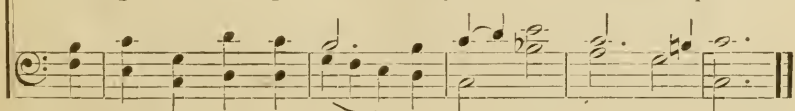
1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A so - lace here I find,
4. In heav-en's e - ter - nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss?
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; The powers of dark-ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th'e - ter - nal song,



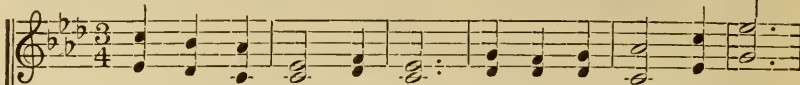
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 My com - fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Through all the a - ges on, May Je - sus Christ be praised.



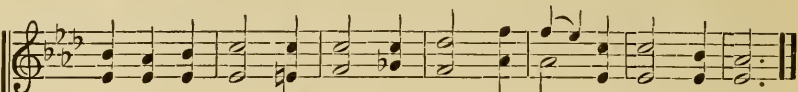
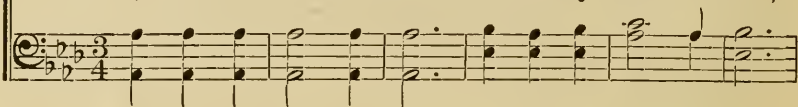
Sweetly the Holy Hymn.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

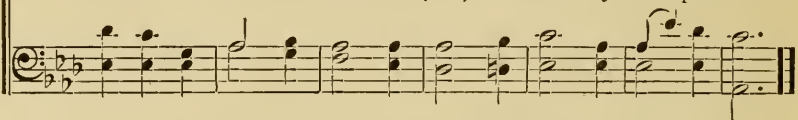
JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.



1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air;
2. While flowers are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend:
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun - tain side, Be - fore the morn - ing's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,



Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer prayer.
 Ere yet the sun the day re - new's, O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.
 We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield, To guard us from our sins.
 The Man of sor - rows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.
 We make the Saviour's name our plea, And sure - ly must pre - vail.



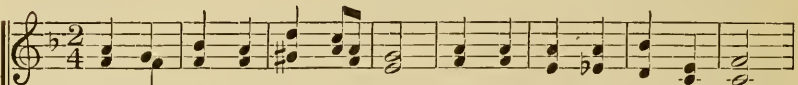
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Softly Now the Light of Day.

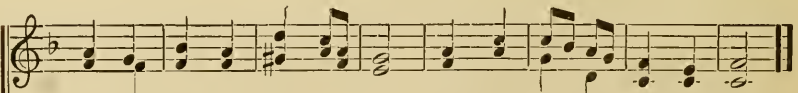
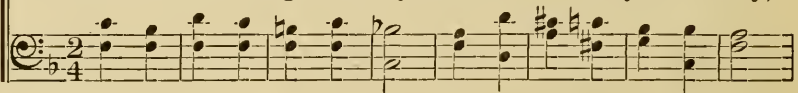
GEORGE W. DOANE.

(Seymour.)

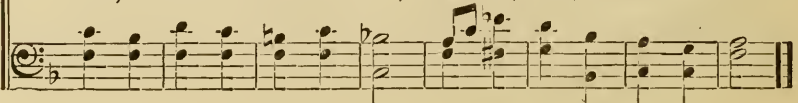
Arr. fr. C. von WEBER.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall tor - ev - er pass a - way;



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

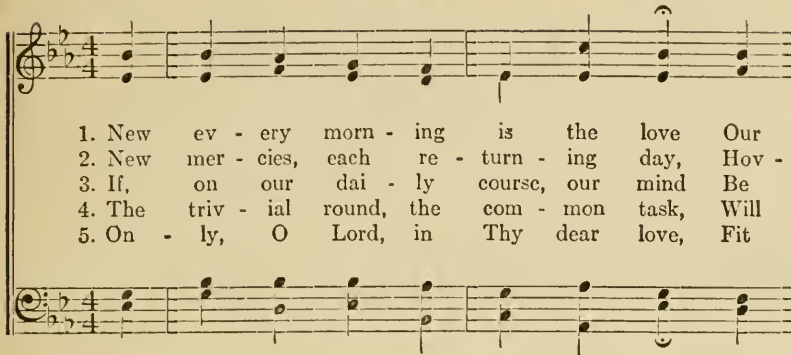


New Every Morning is the Love.

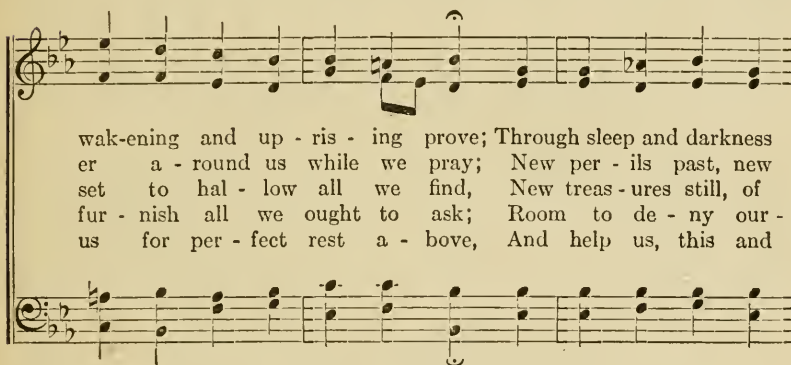
JOHN KEBLE,

(Melcombe.)

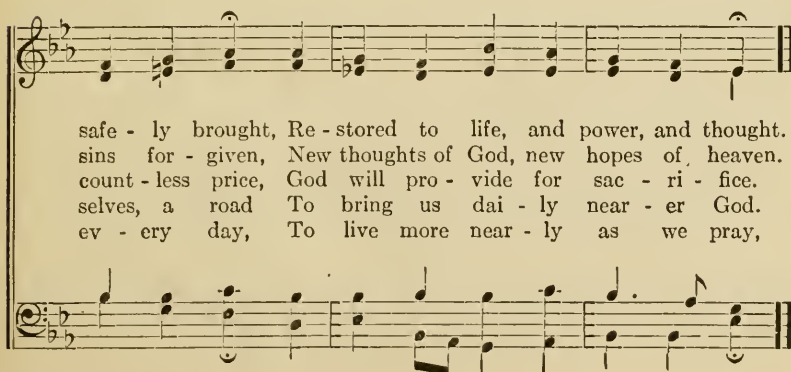
SAMUEL WEBBE.



1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love Our
 2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day, Hov -
 3. If, on our dai - ly course, our mind Be
 4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task, Will
 5. On - ly, O Lord, in Thy dear love, Fit



wak - ening and up - ris - ing prove; Through sleep and darkness
 er a - round us while we pray; New per - ils past, new
 set to hal - low all we find, New treas - ures still, of
 fur - nish all we ought to ask; Room to de - ny our -
 us for per - fect rest a - bove, And help us, this and



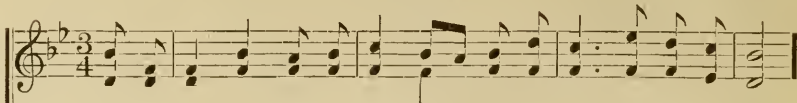
safe - ly brought, Re - stored to life, and power, and thought.
 sins for - given, New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 count - less price, God will pro - vide for sac - ri - fice.
 selves, a road To bring us dai - ly near - er God.
 ev - ery day, To live more near - ly as we pray,

5 Silently the Shades of Evening.

CHRISTOPHER C. COX.

(Stockwell. 8s, 7s.)

DARIUS E. JONES.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve-ning Gath-er round my low-ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Though the world be oft for-got;
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent ho - urs, Where our spir-its on-ly blend,
4. How such ho-ly memories clus-ter, Like the stars when storms are past,



Si - lent - ly they bring be-fore me Fa - ces I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shrouded and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per-ish not.
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble, We still hop-ing for its end.
 Pointing up to that fair heav-en We may hope to gain at last.

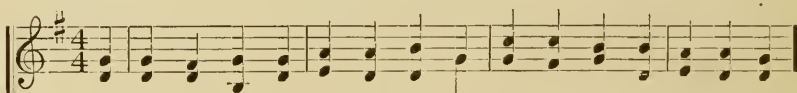


6 Glory to Thee, My God.

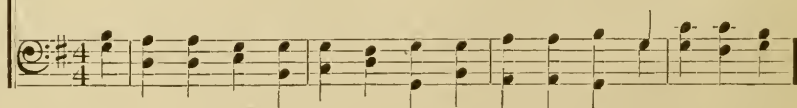
Bishop KEN.

(Tallis' Canon. L. M.)

THOMAS TALLIS.



1. Glo-ry to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless-ings of the light;
2. For-give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son The ill that I this day have done,
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
4. O may my soul on Thee repose, And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
5. When in the night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
6. Praise God from Whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below,



Glory to Thee, My God.—Concluded.



Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.
That with the world, myself and Thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo-rious at the aw-ful day.
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make To serve my God when I awake.
Let no ill dreams dis-turb my rest, No powers of dark-ness me mo-lest.
Praise Him a-bove, an-gel-ic host, Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.



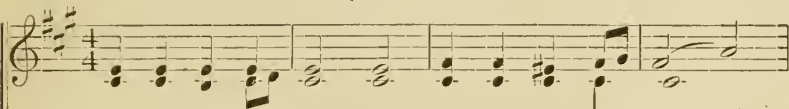
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Now the Day is Over.

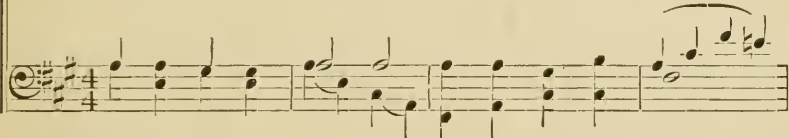
S. BARING-GOULD.

(Twilight. 6, 5, 6, 5.)

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee;
4. Through the long night-watch-es, May Thine an-gels spread
5. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
6. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,



Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-derest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep, blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.



1. eve-ning Steal a - cross the sky.

Day is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touch - ing earth with rest;
 2. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
 3. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light
 Through the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face,
 Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise,

REFRAIN. *pp*

Through all the sky. } Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 Our hearts as - cend. }
 And shad - ows end.

Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee;

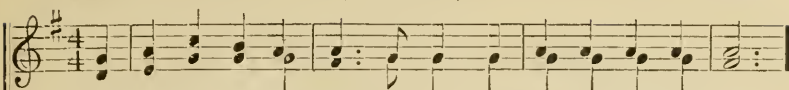
Heaven and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

9 The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

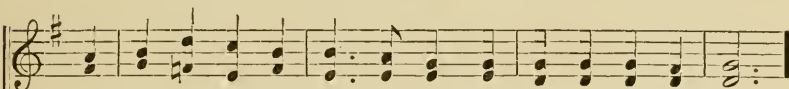
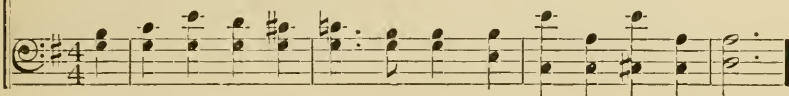
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

(St. Leonard.)

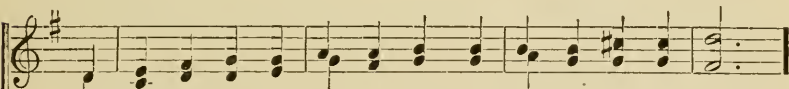
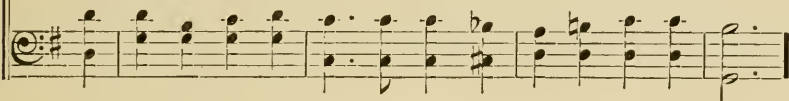
HENRY HILES.



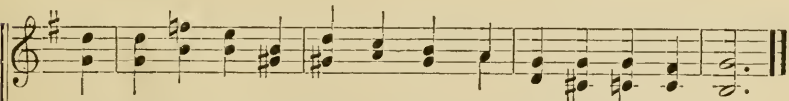
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ening sky;
2. The sor - rows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
3. Slow - ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with - in our heart
4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;



Up - on the frag-rance of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie:
But let the in - cense of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise.
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy That one by one de - part.
From midnight fears and per - ils, thou Our trembling hearts defend;



Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up - on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly, the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heav - ens shine;
Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm and sub-due our woes;



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shadows from our souls,
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.
Through the long day we la-bor, Lord, O give us now re - pose.



At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set.

HENRY TWELLS.

(Angelus. L. M.)

Alt. from GEORGE JOSEPH.

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay ;
 2. Once more 'tis e-ven-tide, and we, Oppressed with various ills draw near:
 3. O Sav-iour Christ, our woes dis-pel : For some are sick, and some are sad,
 4. And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin ;
 5. O Saviour Christ, Thou too art man, Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
 6. Thy touch has still its ancient power ; No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;

O in what div - ers pains they met ! O with what joy they went a - way !
 What if Thy form we can - not see ? We know and feel that Thou art here.
 And some have nev - er loved Thee well, And some have lost the love they had ;
 And they who fain would serve Thee best Are conscious most of wrong with-in.
 Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.
 Hear in this sol-emn eve-ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

11 Saviour, Breathe An Evening Blessing.

JAMES EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Sav-iour, breathe an evening blessing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal :
 2. Though de-struc-tion walk around us, Though the ar-rows past us fly ;
 3. Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee ;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,

rit.

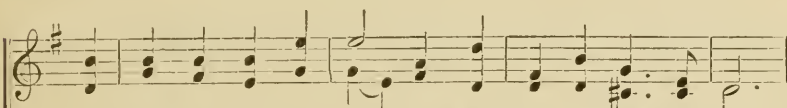
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An-gel-guards from Thee surround us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He who, nev - er wear - y, Watch-est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death-less bloom.

W. C. DIX.

J. B. DYKES.



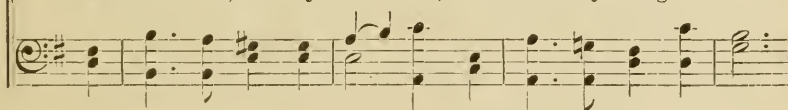
1. "Come un - to me, ye wear - y, And I will give you rest."
2. "Come un - to me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
3. "Come un - to me ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."



O bless - ed voice of Je - sus Which comes to hearts oppressed !
 O lov - ing voice of Je - sus Which comes to cheer the night !
 O peace - ful voice of Je - sus Which comes to end our strife !
 O pa - tient love of Je - sus Which drives a-way our doubt ;



It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way ;
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long ;
 Which calls us, ve - ry sin - ners, Un - worth - y though we be



Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.
 But morn-ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break of day.
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And strong-er than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound - less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee.



Abide With Me.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening." LUKE 24: 29.

T. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bid e with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - ery pass - ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the

deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bid e! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks and

fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid e with me!
 all a - round I see; O Thou, who changeth not, a - bid e with me!
 guide and stay can be? Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid e with me!

O God, Not Only In Distress.

FREDERIC SMITH.

(Riseholme.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. O God, not on - ly in dis - tress, In pain and want and
 2. But oft - ener on the wings of peace, And girt a - bout with
 3. And when the burdened heart can bring Its sor - row to Thy
 4. Thy will is pure, O Lord, and just, And we, frail crea - tures

O God, Not Only In Distress.—Concluded.

wear - i - ness, Thy ten - der spir - it stoops to bless, Thy will is done.
 ten - der - ness Thou comest, and all troubles cease, Thy will is done.
 feet, and cling, Till hope sur - pass - es sor - row - ing, Thy will is done.
 of the dust, Through good or ill can on - ly trust, Thy will is done.

15 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

J. ELLERTON.

(Ellers. 10, 10, 10, 10.)

EDWARD J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night: Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
 us its dark - ness in - to light: From harm and dan - ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife, Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the Bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves, Beside
[the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy disciples lived In Gal - i - lee;

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

JOHN E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-ous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shores, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous Sov- reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

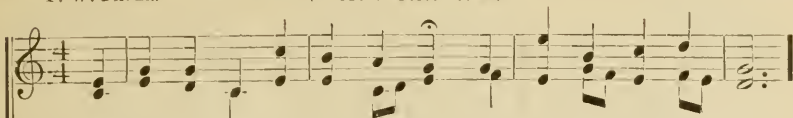
Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on His breast,

18 My God, How Wonderful Thou Art.

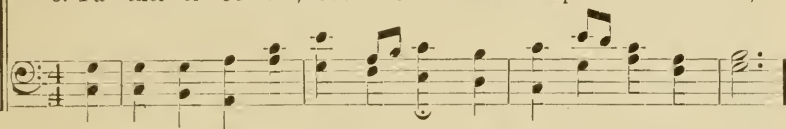
F. W. FABER.

(Westminster. C. M.)

JAMES TURLER.



1. My God, how won-der-ful Thou art, Thy maj-es-ty how bright!
2. How dread are Thine e-ter-nal years, O ev-er-last-ing Lord;
3. O how I fear Thee, liv-ing God, With deep-est, ten-derest fears;
4. Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord, Al-might-y as Thou art;
5. No earth-ly fa-ther loves like Thee, No moth-er half so mild
6. Fa-ther of Je-sus, love's Re-ward! What rap-ture will it be,



How beau-ti-ful Thy mer-cy-seat, In depths of burn-ing light!
 By pros-trate spir-its, day and night, In-ces-sant-ly a-dored!
 And wor-ship Thee with trem-bling hope, And pen-i-ten-tial tears.
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me The love of my poor heart.
 Bears and for-bears, as Thou hast done With me, Thy sin-ful child.
 Pros-trate be-fore Thy throne to lie. And gaze and gaze on Thee.



19 Lord Jesus, Are We One With Thee?

(Westminster. C. M.)

- 1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee?
 O height, O depth of love!
 Thou one with us on Calvary,
 We one with Thee above.
- 2 Such was Thy love, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down;
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.
- 3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confessed and borne by Thee;
 The sting, the curse, the wrath were Thine—
 To set Thy members free.
- 4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
 Still one with us Thou art;
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height
 Thy saints and Thee can part.
- 5 Ere long shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on Thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display,
 That we in Thee are one.

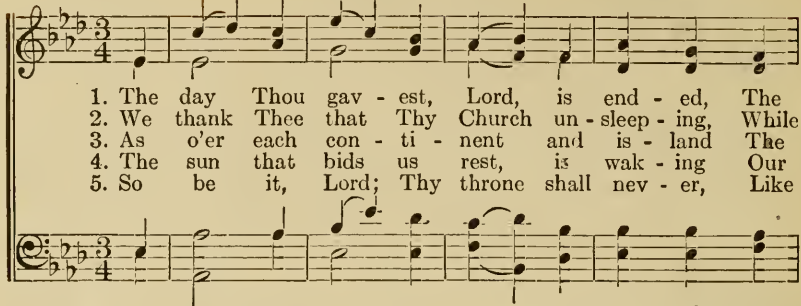
J. TURLER.

The Day Thou Gavest.

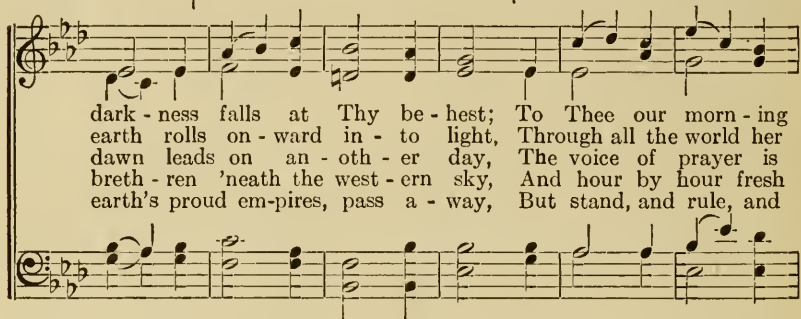
J. ELLERTON.

(St. Clement. 9, 8, 9, 8.)

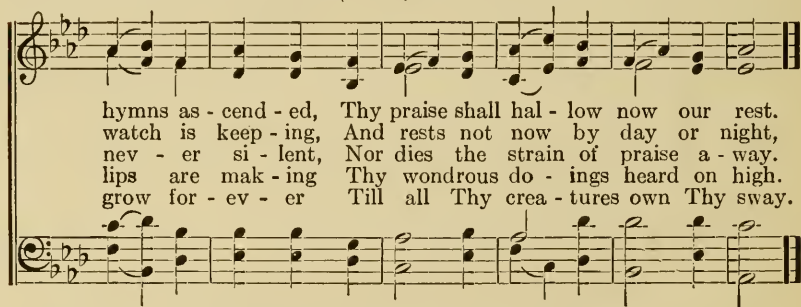
C. C. SCHOLEFIELD.



1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The
 2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un - sleep - ing, While
 3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land The
 4. The sun that bids us rest, is wak - ing Our
 5. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev - er, Like



dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing
 earth rolls on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her
 dawn leads on an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is
 breath - ren 'neath the west - ern sky, And hour by hour fresh
 earth's proud em - pires, pass a - way, But stand, and rule, and



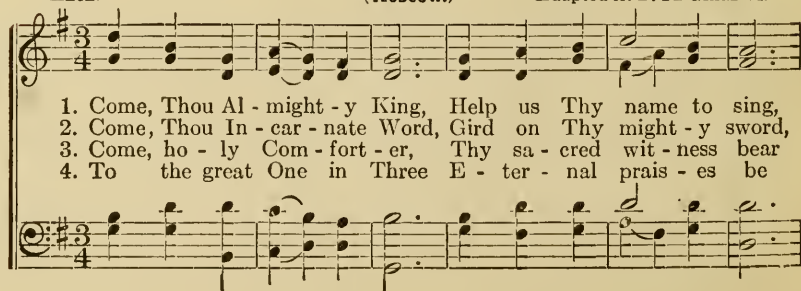
hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.
 watch is keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night,
 nev - er si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.
 lips are mak - ing, Thy wondrous do - ings heard on high.
 grow for - ev - er Till all Thy crea - tures own Thy sway.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anon.

(Moscow.)

Adapted fr. F. DE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
 4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at-tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more: His sov-ereign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
word suc-cess; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - ery heart, And from us ne'er de - part, Spir - it of power.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

22

Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

(Galilee. 3, 7, 8, 7.)

W. H. JUDE, by per.

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea
2. As of old, a - pos-tles heard it By the Gal - i - le - an lake;
3. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store;
4. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
5. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Saviour, may we hear Thy call;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me!"
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred, Leaving all for His dear sake.
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more!"
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these!"
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

(Nicaea. 11, 12, 12, 10.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints adore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-aphim
 sin - ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
 praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

Mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee Perfect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
 Mer-ci-ful and might-y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

O Worship the Lord.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

(Sanctissimus. 12, 10, 12, 10.)

W. H. COOKE.

1. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down be-
 2. Low at His feet lay Thy bur - den of care-ful-ness, High on His
 3. Fear not to en - ter His courts in the slen-der-ness Of the poor
 4. These, though we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness. He will ac-
 5. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down be-

O Worship the Lord.—Concluded.

fore Him, His glo - ry pro - claim; With gold of o-be-dience, and
heart He will bear it for thee, Com-fort thy sor-rows, and
wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine; Truth in its beau-ty, and
cept for the Name that is dear; Morn-ings of joy give for
fore Him, His glo - ry pro - claim; With gold of o-be-dience, and

in-cense of low-li-ness, Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.
answer thy prayerfulness, Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.
love in its ten-der-ness, These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.
evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.
in-cense of low li-ness, Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His name.

25 Awake, and Sing the Song.

Rev. WM. HAMMOND.

(St. Thomas. C. M.)

G. F. HANDEL.

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - en power;
3. Ye pil - grims, on the road To Zi - on's cit - y sing;
4. There shall each raptured tongue His end - less praise pro-claim;

Wake, ev-ery heart and ev-ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Re - joice ye in the Lamb of God— In Christ, th' e - ter - nal King.
And sweet - er voi - ces tune the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.

ISAAC WATTS.

(St. Ann. C. M.)

Dr. CROFT.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived its frame,
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight Are like an eve - ning gone;
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 6. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
 Be Thou our guard while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.

I Was a Wandering Sheep.

HORATIUS BONAR.

(Lebanon. S. M. D.)

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wander-ing sheep, I did not love the fold,
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
 3. Je - sus my Shep - herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 4. I was a wan - dering sheep, I would not be con - trolled,

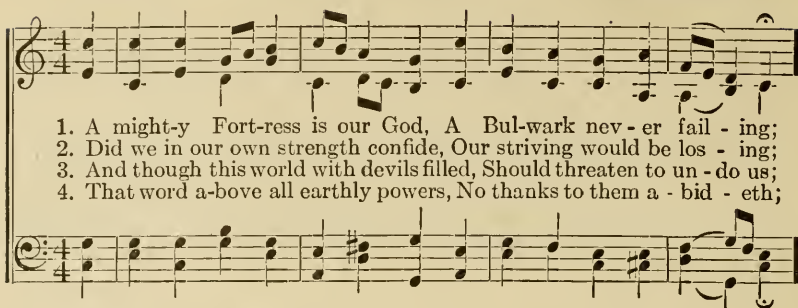
I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con - trolled:
 He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild:
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
 But now I love my Shep - herd's voice, I love, I love the fold;

I was a way - ward child, I did not love my home,
 He found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint and lone;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep;
 I was a way - ward child, I once pre - ferred to roam;

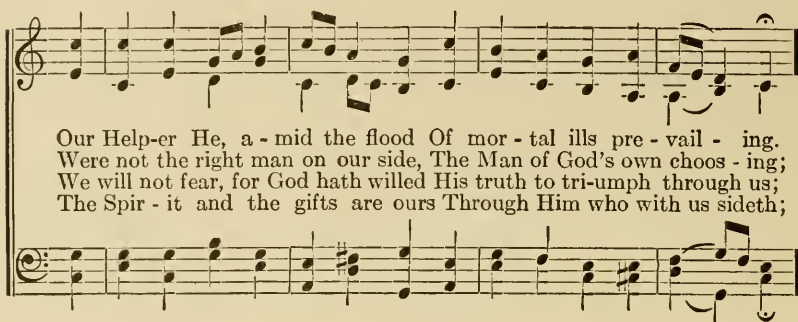
I did not love my Fa - ther's voice, I loved a - far to roam.
 He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wandering one.
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 But now I love my Fa - ther's voice, I love, I love His home!

Tr. F. H. HEDGE.

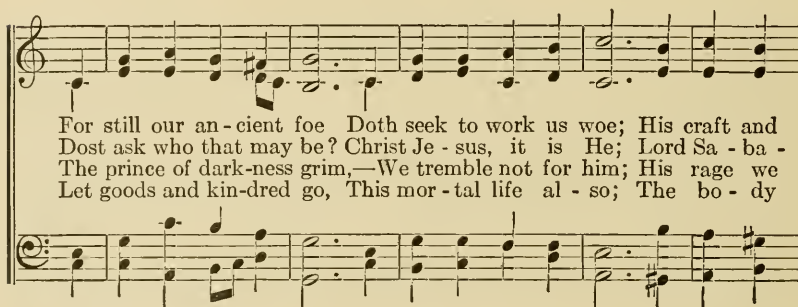
MARTIN LUTHER.



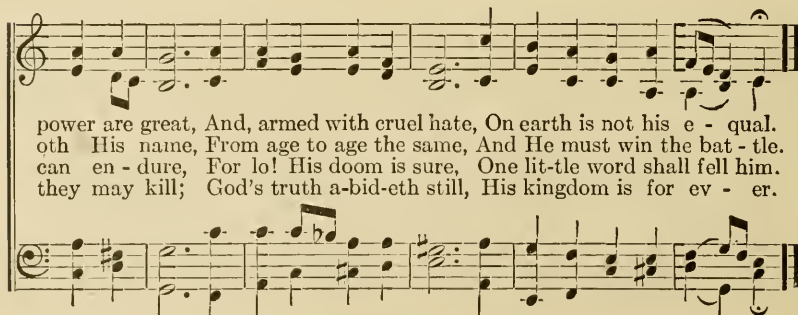
1. A might-y Fort-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be los - ing;
3. And though this world with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us;
4. That word a - bove all earthly powers, No thanks to them a - bid - eth;



Our Help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us;
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sideth;



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba -
 The prince of dark-ness grim,—We tremble not for him; His rage we
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bo - dy



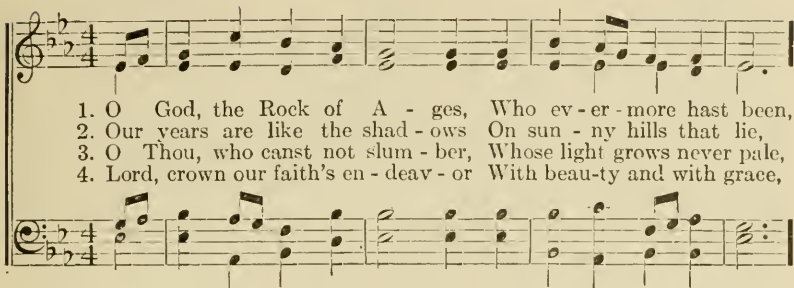
power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 can en - dure, For lo! His doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for ev - er.

O God, the Rock of Ages.

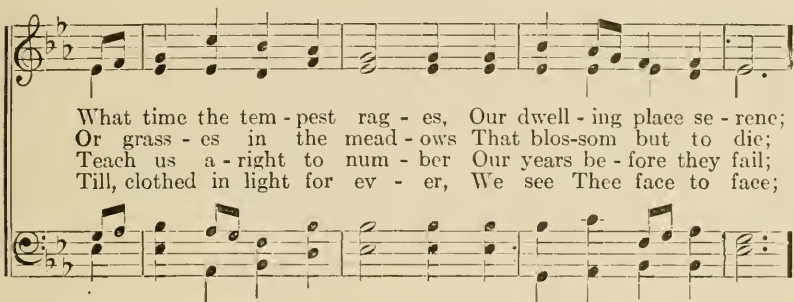
E. H. BICKERSTETH.

(Munich.)

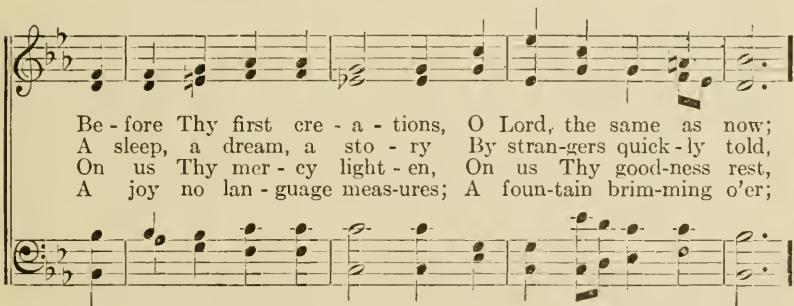
German.



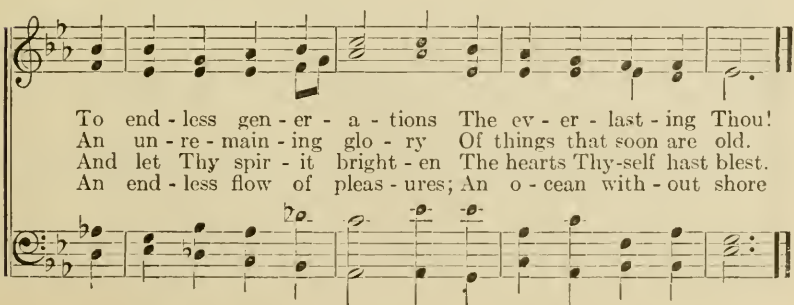
1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
 2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,
 3. O Thou, who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows never pale,
 4. Lord, crown our faith's en - deav - or With beau - ty and with grace,



What time the tem - pest rag - es, Our dwell - ing place se - rence;
 Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die;
 Teach us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail;
 Till, clothed in light for ev - er, We see Thee face to face;



Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now;
 A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry By stran - gers quick - ly told,
 On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On us Thy good - ness rest,
 A joy no lan - guage meas - ures; A foun - tain brim - ming o'er;



To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou!
 An un - re - main - ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
 And let Thy spir - it bright - en The hearts Thy - self hast blest.
 An end - less flow of pleas - ures; An o - cean with - out shore

31 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
 3. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 4. Through Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame;
 5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

32 The Lord is My Shepherd.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS KOSCHAT.

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Through the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af-flic-tion my ta-ble is spread; With
 4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still

feed in green pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my
 Thou art my Guar-dian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
 bless-ings un-meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and
 fol-low my steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek by the

The Lord is My Shepherd.—Concluded.

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, re -
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Through the lands of their sojourn, Thy

deems when oppressed, Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.
Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Comforter near.
prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
kingdom of love, Through the lands of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

33

The Lord's My Shepherd.

PSALM 23.

(Belmont, C. M.)

WM. GARDINER.

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want: He makes me down to lie
2. My soul He doth re - store a - gain; And me to walk doth make
3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale, Yet I will fear no ill;
4. My ta - ble Thou hast fur - nish - ed In pres - ence of my foes;
5. Good - ness and mer - cy all my life Shall sure - ly fol - low me;

In pas - tures green: He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
With - in the paths of right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake.
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.
My head Thou dost with oil a - noint, And my cup o - ver - flows.
And in God's house for - ev - er - more My dwell - ing - place shall be.

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.

(Veni Emmanuel. 8s, 6l.) Ancient Plain Song Melody.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
 2. O come, Thou Rod - of - Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
 3. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir - its by Thine
 4. O come, Thou Key - of - Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our
 5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might! Who to Thy tribes on

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile
 tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple
 ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of
 heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on
 Si - nai's height, In an - cient times didst give the

here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re -
 save, And give them vic - tory o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re -
 night, And death's dark shadows put to flight. Re - joice! Re -
 high, And close the path to mis - er - y. Re - joice! Re -
 law, In cloud, and maj - es - ty and awe. Re - joice! Re -

joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord.

FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

(St. Cecilia. 6s, 4l.)

Rev. L. G. HAYNE.

1. Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;
 2. One in the bond of peace, The serv - ice glad and free
 3. Speed, speed the longed-for time Fore - told by rap - tured seers—
 4. Till rise at last, to span Its firm foun - da - tions broad,

Ful - fill of old Thy word And make the na - tions one;—
 Of truth and right - eous - ness, Of love and eq - ui - ty.
 The proph - e - cy sub - lime, The hope of all the years:—
 The com - mon - wealth of man, The cit - y of our God.

Children of the Heavenly King.

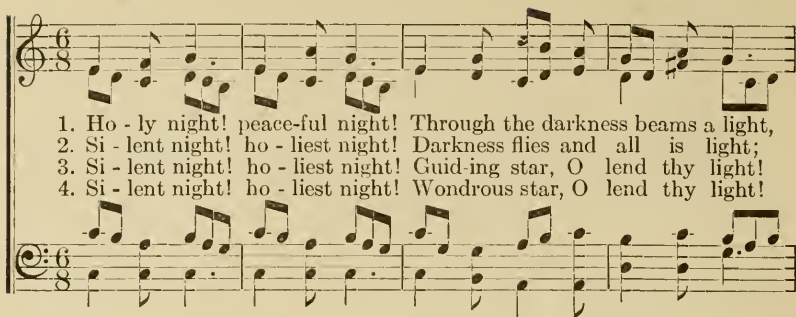
JOHN CENNICK.

(Pleyel's Hymn. 7s, 4l.)

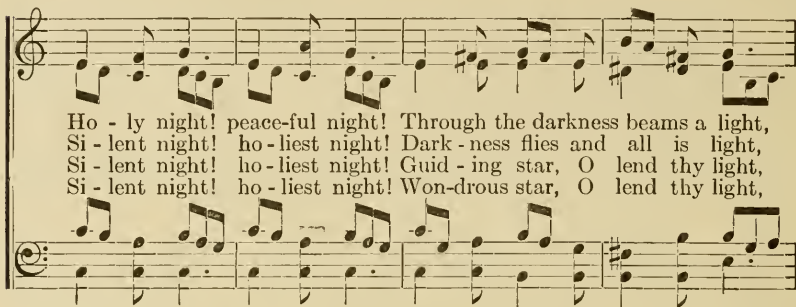
Arr. fr. IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Chil - dren of the heav - en - ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing:
 2. We are travelling home to God In the way the fa - thers trod;
 3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
 4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;
 5. Fear not, brethren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
 6. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

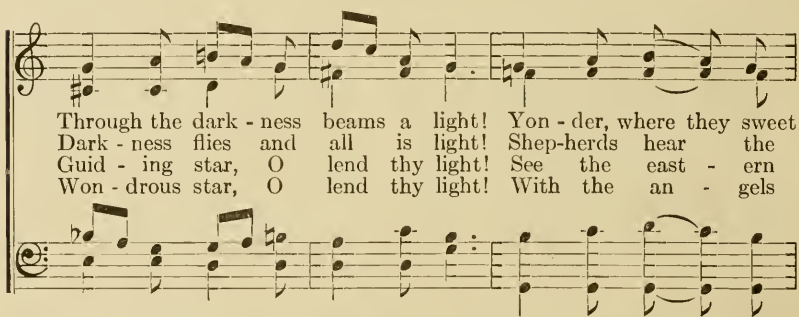
Sing your Sav - iour's worth - y praise, Glo - rious in His works and ways.
 They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
 There your seat is now pre - pared, There's your kingdom and re - ward.
 There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
 Je - sus Christ, your Father's son, Bids you un - dis - mayed go on.
 On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.



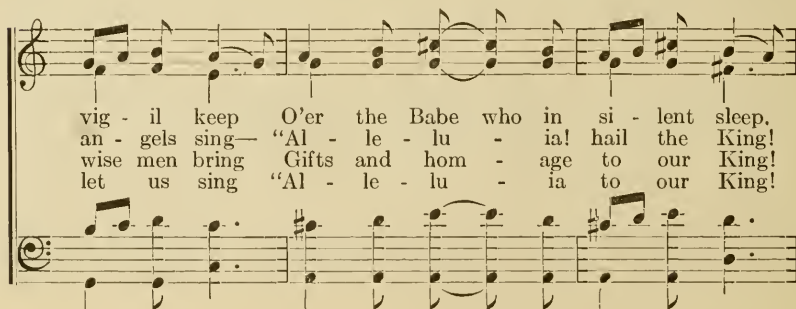
1. Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Through the darkness beams a light,
 2. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Darkness flies and all is light;
 3. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid-ing star, O lend thy light!
 4. Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Wondrous star, O lend thy light!



Ho - ly night! peace-ful night! Through the darkness beams a light,
 Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Dark-ness flies and all is light,
 Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Guid-ing star, O lend thy light,
 Si - lent night! ho - liest night! Won-drous star, O lend thy light,



Through the dark - ness beams a light! Yon - der, where they sweet
 Dark - ness flies and all is light! Shep - herds hear the
 Guid - ing star, O lend thy light! See the east - ern
 Won - drous star, O lend thy light! With the an - gels



vig - il keep O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep,
 an - gels sing "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
 wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
 let us sing "Al - le - lu - ia to our King!

Holy Night! Peaceful Night!—Concluded.

Rests in heav-en - ly peace, Rests in heav-en - ly peace.
 Christ the Sav-iour is here, Christ the Sav-iour is here."
 Christ the Sav-iour is here, Christ the Sav-iour is here.
 Christ our Sav-iour is here, Christ our Sav-iour is here."

38

Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR.

(Holy Night. 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6.)

FRANZ GRUBER.

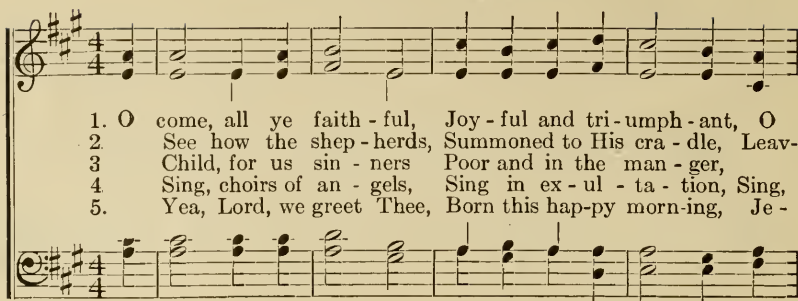
1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright. Round yon
 2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight, Glo - ries
 3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra-diant

Vir - gin Mother and Child. Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
 stream from heav-en 'a - far, Heav-en-ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
 beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re-deem-ing grace,

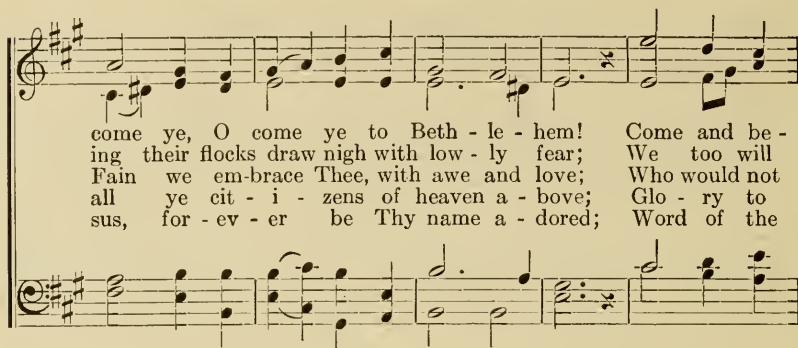
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
 Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour is born!
 Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

O Come, All Ye Faithful.

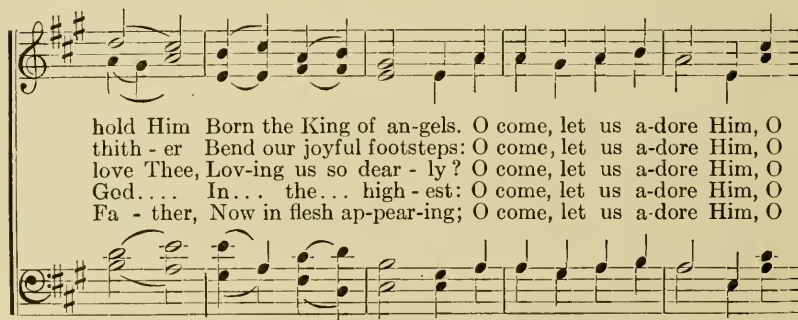
(Adeste Fideles. Irregular.)



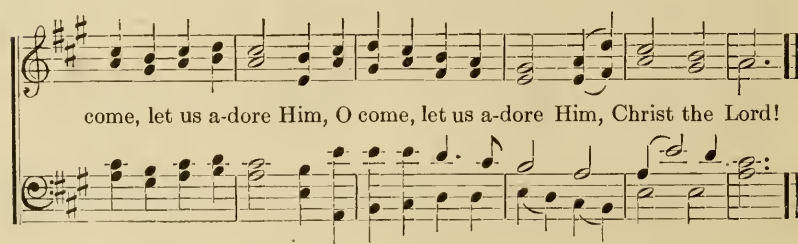
1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O
 2. See how the shep - herds, Summoned to His cra - dle, Leav -
 3. Child, for us sin - ners Poor and in the man - ger,
 4. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing,
 5. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing, Je -



come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem! Come and be -
 ing their flocks draw nigh with low - ly fear; We too will
 Fain we em - brace Thee, with awe and love; Who would not
 all ye cit - i - zens of heaven a - bove; Glo - ry to
 sus, for - ev - er be Thy name a - dored; Word of the



hold Him Born the King of an - gels. O come, let us a - dore Him, O
 thith - er Bend our joyful footsteps: O come, let us a - dore Him, O
 love Thee, Lov - ing us so dear - ly? O come, let us a - dore Him, O
 God... In... the... high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O
 Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing; O come, let us a - dore Him, O



come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord!

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(Mendelssohn. 7s, 41, D.)

F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heaven a-dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!"
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off-spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty,
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!"
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el,
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

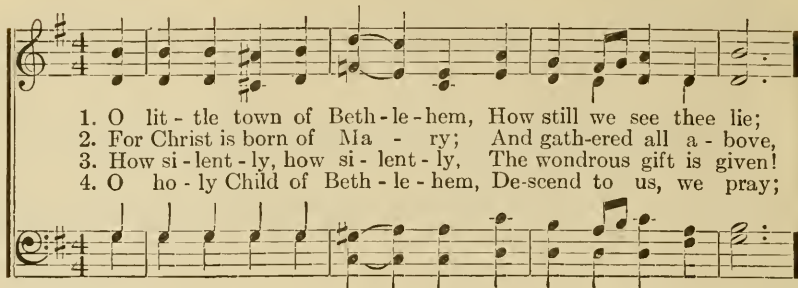
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

O Little Town of Bethlehem.

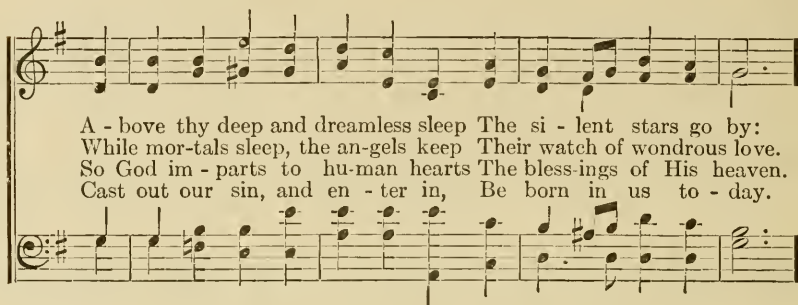
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(St. Louis.)

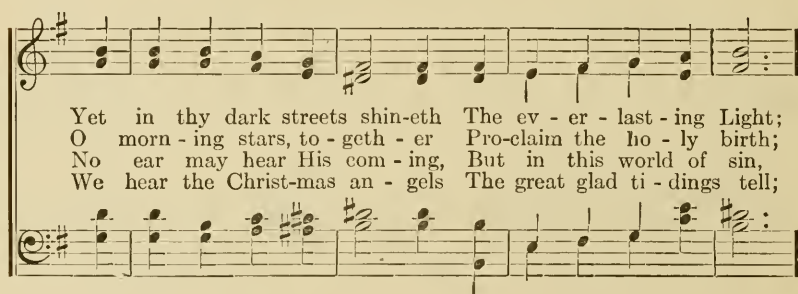
LEWIS H. REDNER



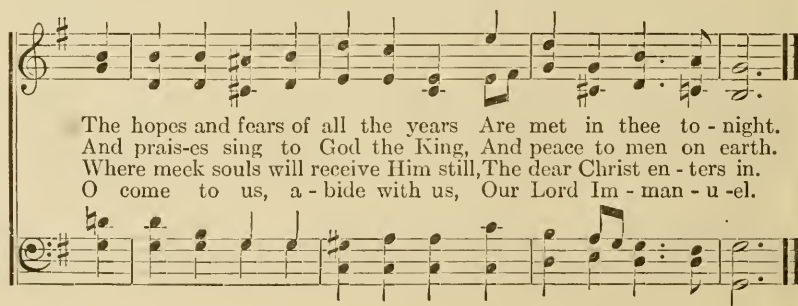
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The wondrous gift is given!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep The si - lent stars go by:
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wondrous love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heaven.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth;
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



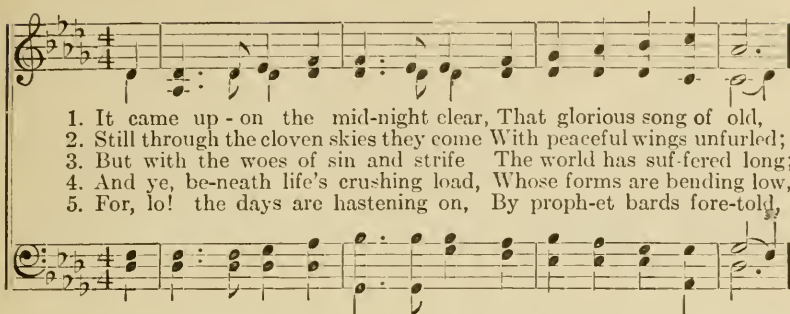
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im - man - u - el.

42 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

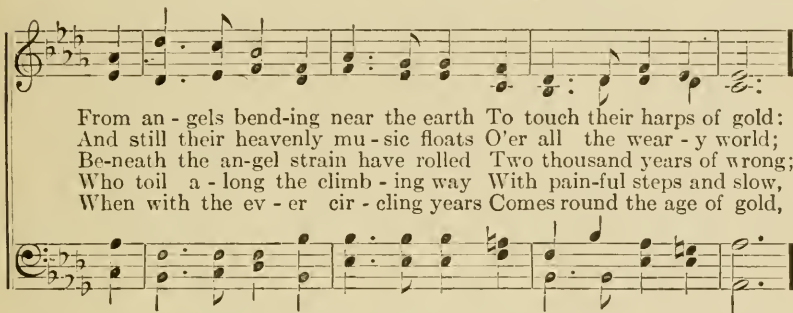
E. H. SEARS.

(St. Sylvester.)

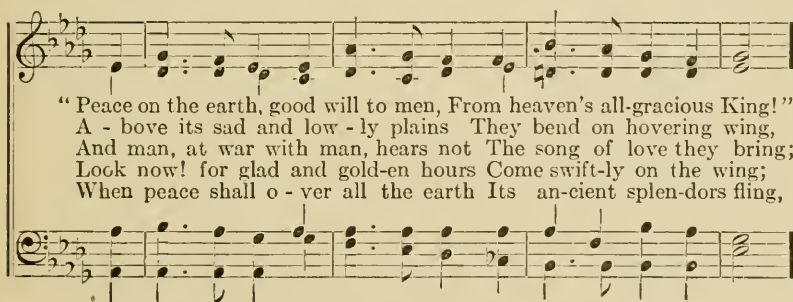
J. BARNBY.



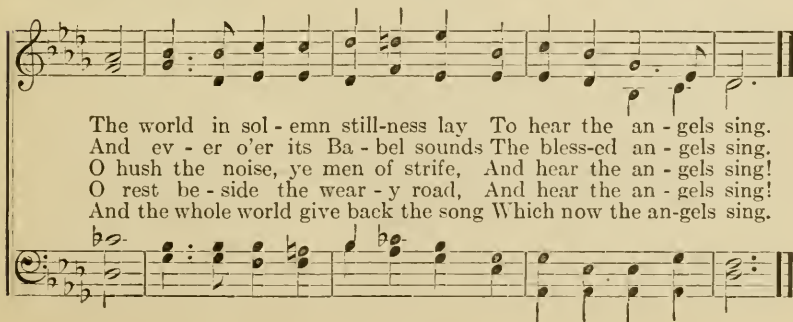
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,
 2. Still through the cloven skies they come With peaceful wings unfurled;
 3. But with the woes of sin and strife The world has suffered long;
 4. And ye, be-neath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low,
 5. For, lo! the days are hastening on, By proph-et bards fore-told,



From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
 And still their heavenly mu-sic floats O'er all the wear - y world;
 Be-neath the an-gel strain have rolled Two thousand years of wrong;
 Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold,



"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heaven's all-gracious King!"
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
 And man, at war with man, hears not The song of love they bring;
 Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift-ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling,



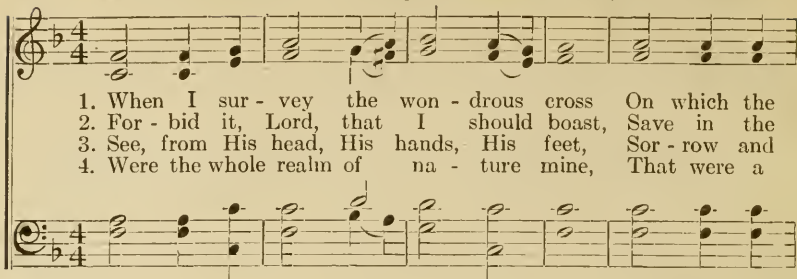
The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing,
 O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing!
 O rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing!
 And the whole world give back the song Which now the an-gels sing.

43 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Hamburg. L. M.

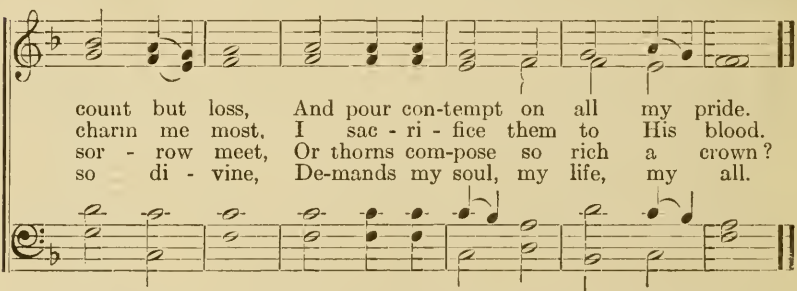
by LOWELL MASON.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God: All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down: Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



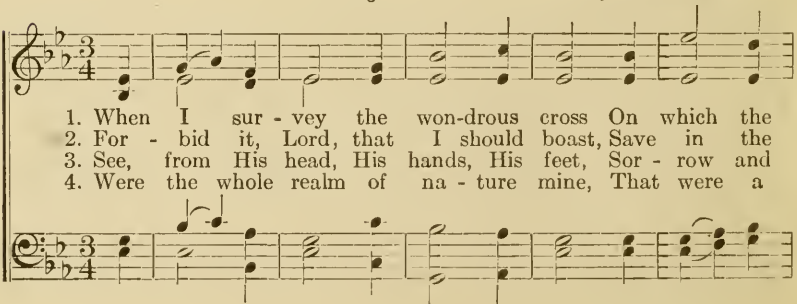
count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

44 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Rockingham. L. M.

Arr. by EDWARD MILLER.



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.—Concluded.

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ my God: All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down: Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

45 Fierce Raged the Tempest.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

St. Aelred. 8, 8, 8, 3.

Dr. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch didst Thy anxious
2. "Save, Lord, we per-ish," was their cry, "Oh, save us in our
3. The wild winds hushed; the an - gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle
4. So, when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us

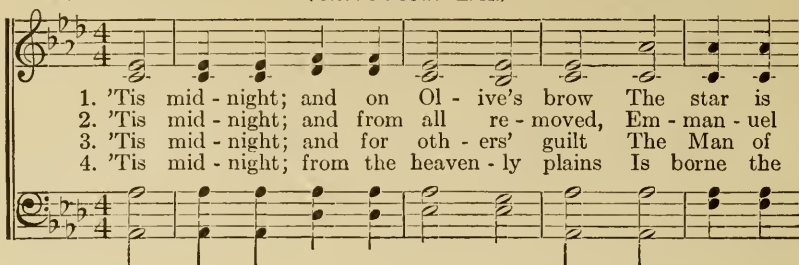
servants keep, But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep, Calm and still.
a - go - ny!" Thy word above the storm rose high, "Peace, be still."
child, to sleep; The sullen billows ceased to leap, At Thy will....
from the shore, Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still."

46 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow.

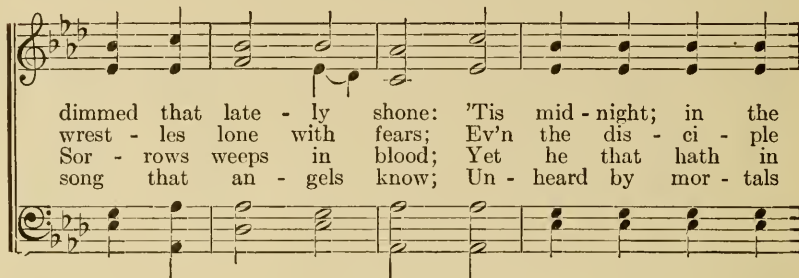
W. B. TAPPAN.

(Olive's Brow. L. M.)

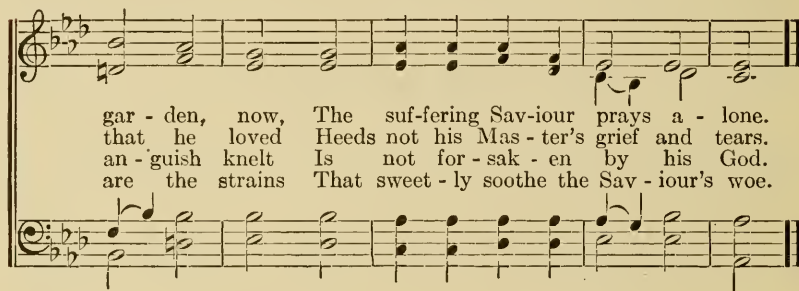
W. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis mid - night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is
 2. 'Tis mid - night; and from all re - moved, Em - man - uel
 3. 'Tis mid - night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of
 4. 'Tis mid - night; from the heaven - ly plains Is borne the



dimmed that late - ly shone: 'Tis mid - night; in the
 wrest - les lone with fears; Ev'n the dis - ci - ple
 Sor - rows weeps in blood; Yet he that hath in
 song that an - gels know; Un - heard by mor - tals



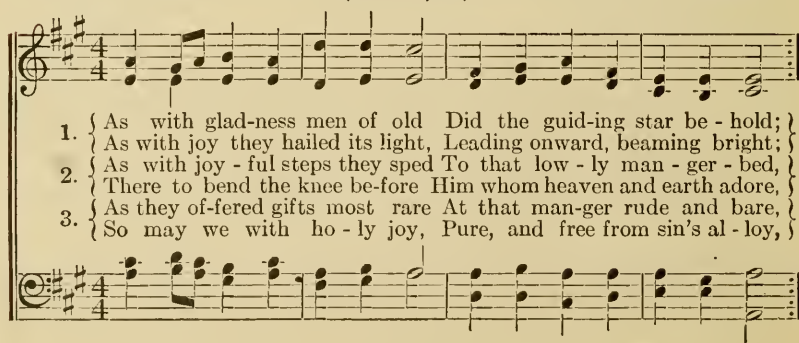
gar - den, now, The suf - fer - ing Sav - iour prays a - lone.
 that he loved Heeds not his Mas - ter's grief and tears.
 an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by his God.
 are the strains That sweet - ly soothe the Sav - iour's woe.

47 As With Gladness Men of Old.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

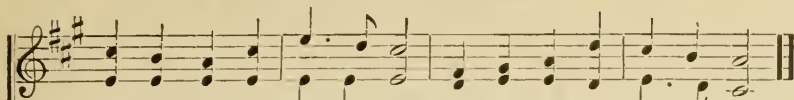
(Dix. 7s, 61.)

Arr. fr. CONRAD KOCHER.

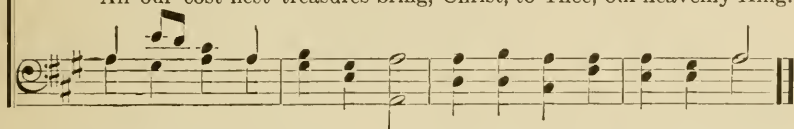


1. { As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be - hold; }
 { As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright; }
 2. { As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed, }
 { There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heaven and earth adore, }
 3. { As they of-fered gifts most rare At that man-ger rude and bare, }
 { So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's al - loy, }

As With Gladness Men of Old.—Concluded.



So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev - er - more be led to Thee.
So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat.
All our cost-liest treasures bring, Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.



4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

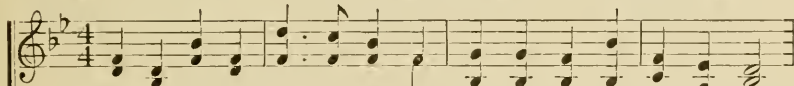
5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluia to our King.

48 God the Lord, a King Remaineth.

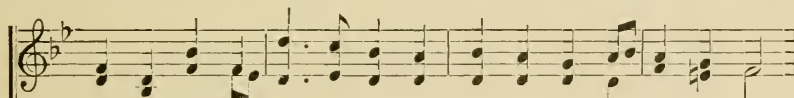
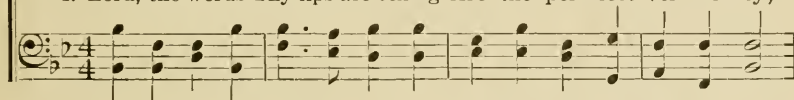
JOHN KEBLE.

(Regant Square. 8s, 7s.)

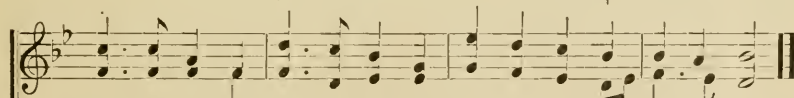
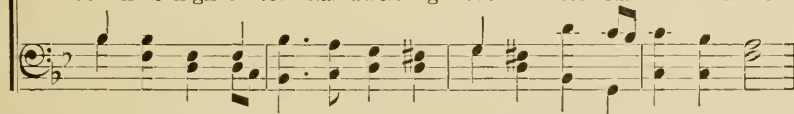
HENRY SMART.



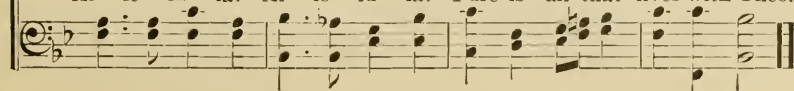
1. God the Lord, a King re-main-eth. Robed in His own glo-ri-ous light;
2. In her ev - er - last - ing sta - tion Earth is poised, to swerve no more;
3. With all tones of wa-ters blend-ing, Glo-ri-ous is the break-ing deep;
4. Lord, the words Thy lips are telling Are the per - fect ver - i - ty;



God hath robed Him, and He reigneth, He hath girded Him with might.
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation, From all time where thought can soar.
Glorious, beauteous, without ending, God, who reigns on heaven's high steep.
Of Thine high e - ter - nal dwell-ing Ho - li - ness shall in - mate be!

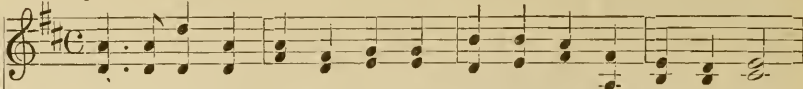


Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! God is King in depth and height.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Lord, Thou art for ev - er - more.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Songs of o - cean nev - er sleep.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Pure is all that lives with Thee.





Bishop CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.



Sir A. SULLIVAN.



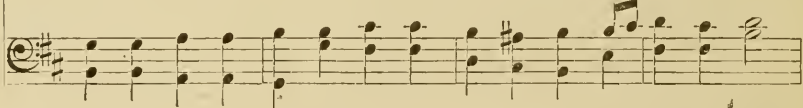
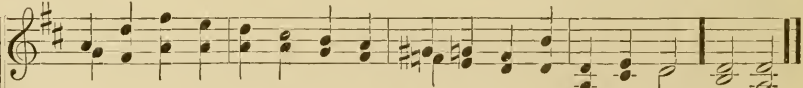
1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voices heaven-ward raise;
 2. Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born,
 3. Christ is ris - en, Christ, the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest-field,
 4. Christ is ris - en, we are ris - en! Shed up - on us heav'n-ly grace,
 5. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry be to God on high;


Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;
 Glo-rious life, and life im-mor-tal, On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn:
 Which with all its full a - bun-dance At His sec - ond com-ing yield;
 Rain and dew and gleams of glo-ry From the brightness of Thy face;
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Sav-iour Who has won the vic - to - ry;

He, Who on the Cross a Vic - tim, For the world's sal - va - tion bled,
 Christ has triumphed, and we con-quer By His might - y en - ter - prise,
 Then the gold-en ears of har-vest Will their heads be-fore Him wave,
 That, with hearts in heav-en dwell-ing, We on earth may fruit-ful be,
 Al - le - lu - ia to the Spir - it, Fount of love and sanc-ti - ty;

Je - sus Christ, the King of glo-ry, Now is ris-en from the dead.
 We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur-rec-tion rise.
 Ripened by His glorious sunshine From the furrows of the grave.
 And by an-gel-hands be gathered, And be ex-er, Lord, with Thee.
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! To the Tri-une Maj-es - ty. A-men.



Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise!

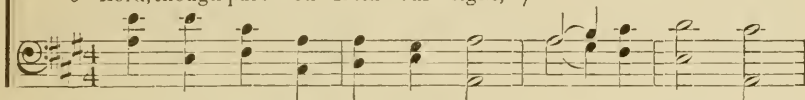
C. WESLEY.

(Ascension.)

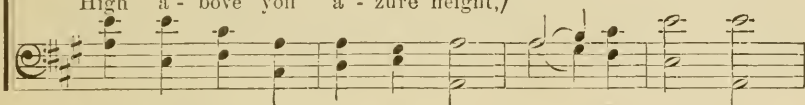
W. H. MONK.



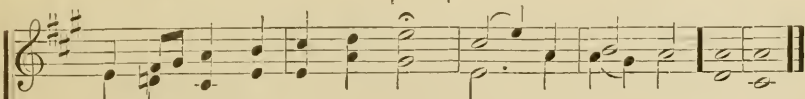
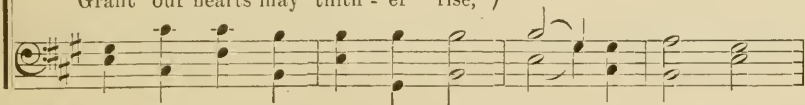
1. Hail the day that sees Him rise,
 2. There the glo-rious tri-umph waits;
 3. Him though high-est heaven re-ceive, } Al - le - lu - ia!
 4. See, He lifts His hands a - bove;
 5. Still for us His death He pleads;
 6. Lord, though part - ed from our sight,



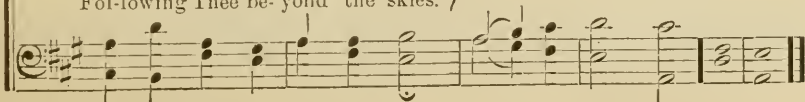
To His throne a - bove the skies,
 Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates;
 Still He loves the earth He leaves } Al - le - lu - ia!
 See, He shows the prints of love;
 Prev - a - lent He in - ter - cedes;
 High a - bove you a - zure height,



Christ, a - while to mor - tals given,
 Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene;
 Though re - turn - ing to His throne,
 Hark! His gra - cious lips be - stow } Al - le - lu - ia!
 Near Him - self pre - pares our place,
 Grant our hearts may thith - er rise,



Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven,
 Take the King of Glo - ry in,
 Still He calls man - kind His own } Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.
 Bless - ings on His church be - low.
 Har - bin - ger of hu - man race.
 Fol - lowing Thee be - yond the skies.



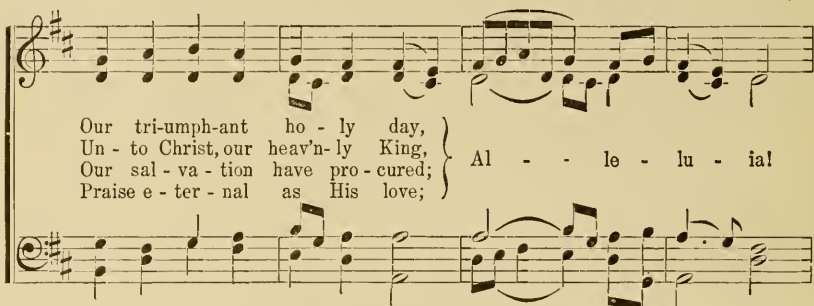
C. WESLEY.

(Easter Hymn.)

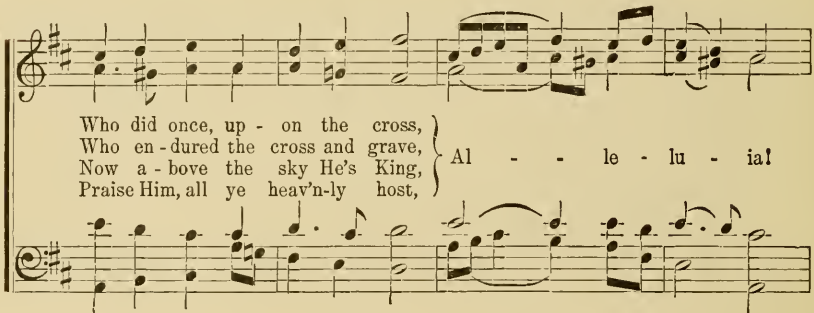
LYRA DAVIDICA.



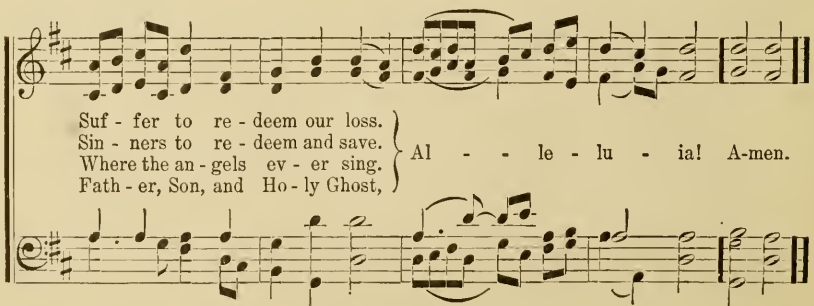
1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day,
 2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
 3. But the pains which He en - dured
 4. Sing we to our God a - bove } Al - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day,
 Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King,
 Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured;
 Praise e - ter - nal as His love; } Al - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once, up - on the cross,
 Who en - dured the cross and grave,
 Now a - bove the sky He's King,
 Praise Him, all ye heav'n-ly host, } Al - - le - lu - ia!



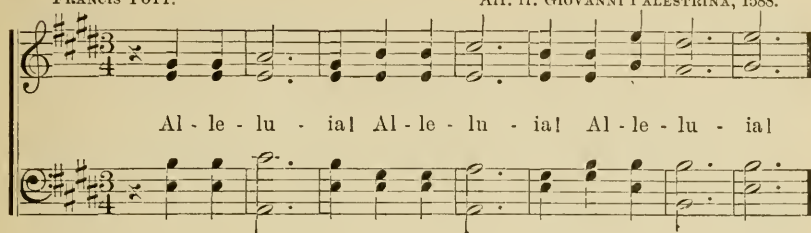
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
 Sin - ners to re - deem and save.
 Where the an - gels ev - er sing.
 Fa - th - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, } Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

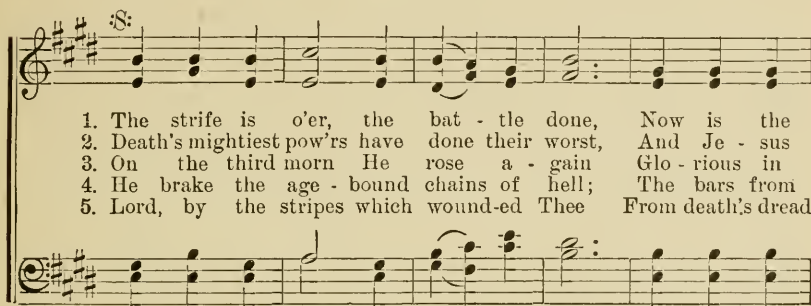
(Victory.)

FRANCIS POTT.

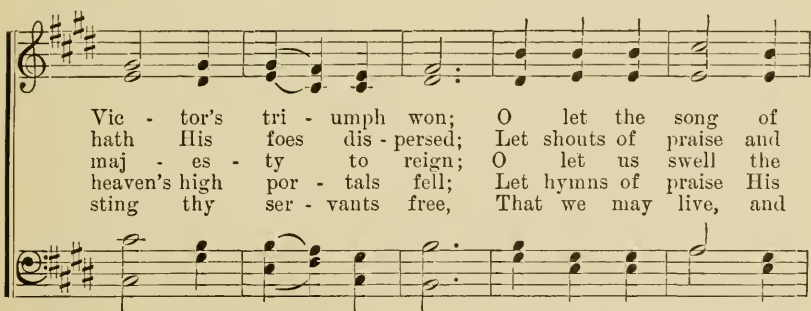
Arr. fr. GIOVANNI PALESTRINA, 1588.



Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, Now is the
 2. Death's mightiest pow'rs have done their worst, And Je - sus
 3. On the third morn He rose a - gain Glo - rious in
 4. He brake the age - bound chains of hell; The bars from
 5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee From death's dread



Vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the song of
 hath His foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and
 maj - es - ty to reign; O let us swell the
 heaven's high por - tals fell; Let hymns of praise His
 sting thy ser - vants free, That we may live, and



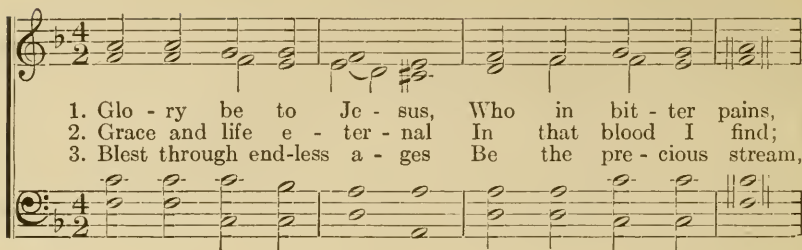
praise be sung:
 joy out - burst:
 joy - ful strain:
 tri - umph tell:
 sing to Thee:

Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

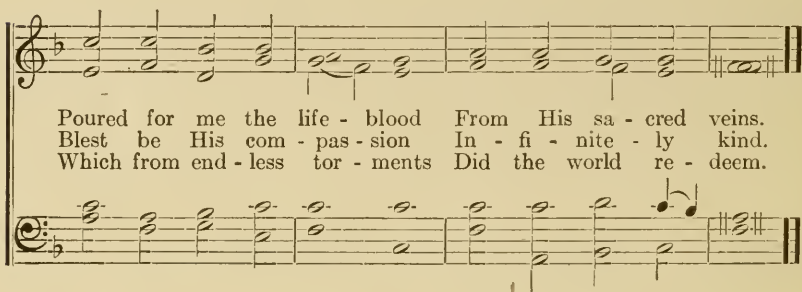
CASWELL.

(6s, 5s.)

FILITZ.



1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who in bit - ter pains,
 2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that blood I find;
 3. Blest through end-less a - ges Be the pre - cious stream,



Poured for me the life - blood From His sa - cred veins.
 Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind.
 Which from end - less tor - ments Did the world re - deem.

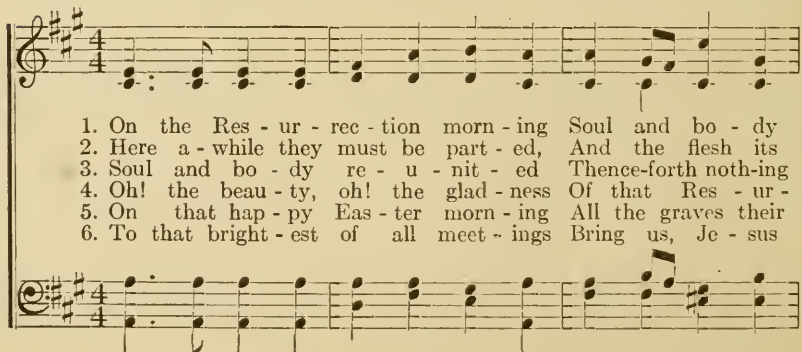
4 Abel's blood for vengeance
 Pleaded to the skies;
 But the blood of Jesus
 For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as it is sprinkled
 On our guilty hearts,
 Satan in confusion
 Terror-struck departs;

6 Oft as earth exulting
 Wafts its praise on high,
 Angel-hosts rejoicing
 Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye then your voices;
 Swell the mighty flood;
 Louder still and louder
 Praise the Lamb of God.

S. BARING-GOULD.



1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Soul and bo - dy
 2. Here a - while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its
 3. Soul and bo - dy re - u - nit - ed Thence-forth noth - ing
 4. Oh! the beau - ty, oh! the glad - ness Of that Res - ur -
 5. On that hap - py Eas - ter morn - ing All the graves their
 6. To that bright - est of all meet - ings Bring us, Je - sus

On the Resurrection Morning.—Concluded.

meet a - gain; No more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain!
 Sab-bath keep, Wait-ing in a ho - ly still - ness, wrapt in sleep.
 shall di - vide, Waking up in Christ's own likeness, sat - is - fied.
 rec - tion day, Which shall not through end-less a-ges pass a - way!
 dead re-store; Fa-ther, sis-ter, child, and mother, meet once more.
 Christ, at last; By Thy cross, through death and judgment holding fast.

55

Fairest Lord Jesus.

Crusaders' Hymn.

Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture!
 2. Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the wood - lands,
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moon - light,

O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
 Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring; Je - sus is fair - er,
 And all the twin - kling star - ry host; Je - sus shines brighter,

Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown!
 Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe-ful heart to sing!
 Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heaven can boast!

Art Thou Weary?

J. M. NEALE.

(Stephanos.)

H. W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest!"

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him, 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
 If He be my Guide? What hath He at last?
 "In His feet and hands are wound- "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 And His side." [prints, Jordan past."
- 3 Is there diadem as Monarch 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 That His brow adorns? Will He say me nay?
 "Yea, a crown in very surety, "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 But of thorns." Pass away."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow, 7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
 What His guerdon here? Is He sure to bless? [gling,
 "Many a joy and many a blessing, "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Never a fear." Answer, 'Yes.'"

Art Thou Weary?

J. M. NEALE.

(Bullinger.)

E. W. BULLINGER.

1. Art thou wear-y, art thou lan-guid, Art thou sore dis-trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest!"

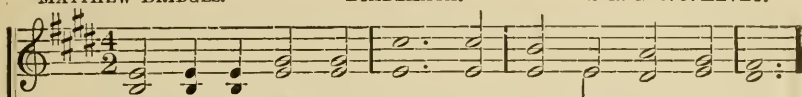
Crown Him with many Crowns.

"And on His head were many crowns."—REV. xix: 12.

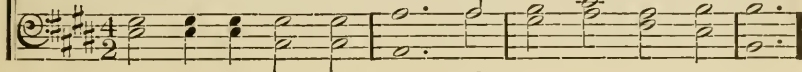
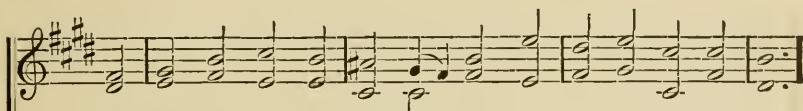
MATTHEW BRIDGES.

DIADEMATA.

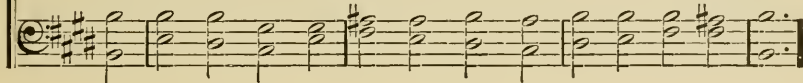
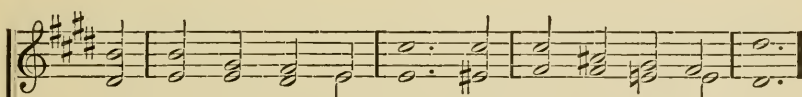
SIR. GEO. J. ELVEY.



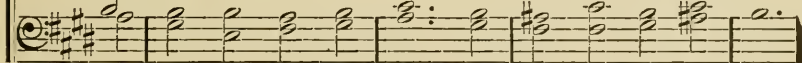
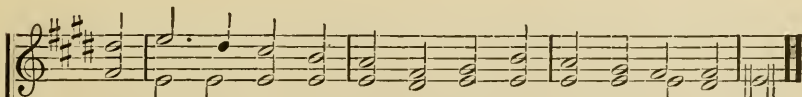
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:
 2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
 3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
 4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,

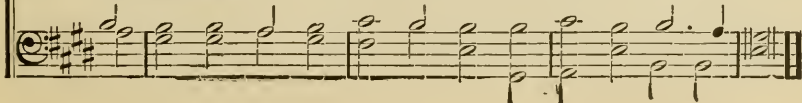
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
 Those wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
 His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

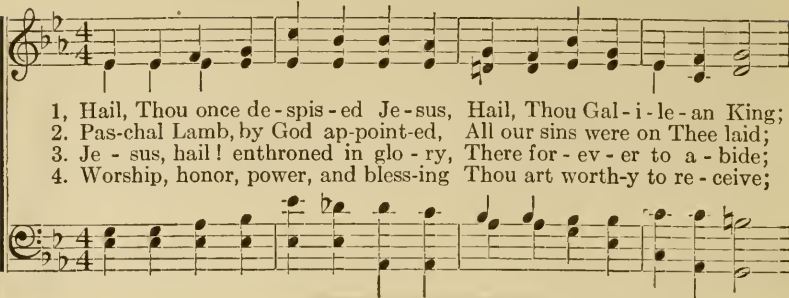
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
 But down-ward bends his burn - ing eye, At mys - ter - ies so bright.
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
 Thy praises shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



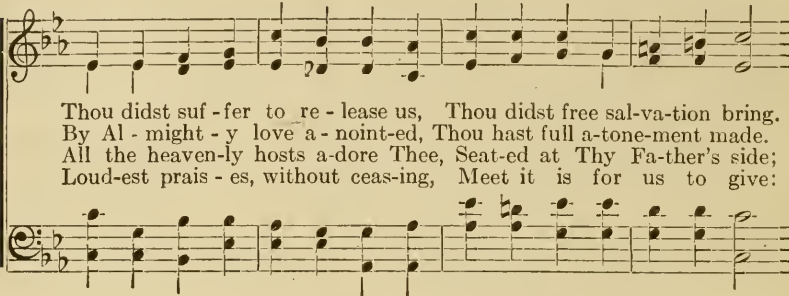
JOHN BAKEWELL.

('St. Hilda.)

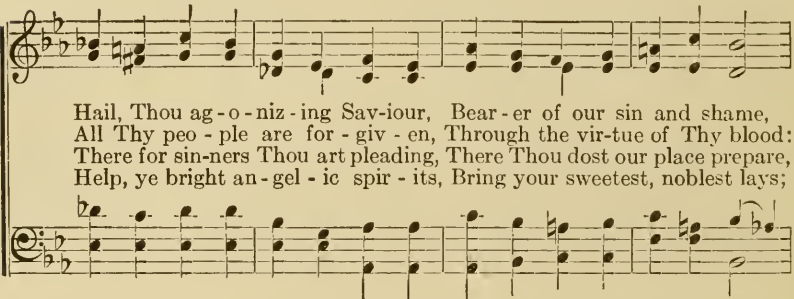
J. BARNEY.



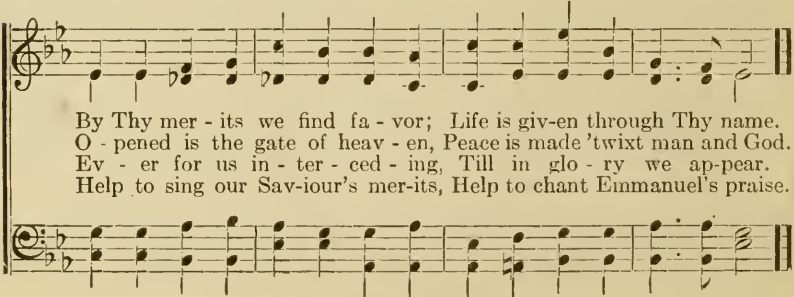
1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King;
 2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins were on Thee laid;
 3. Je - sus, hail! enthroned in glo - ry, There for - ev - er to a - bide;
 4. Worship, honor, power, and bless-ing Thou art worth-y to re - ceive;



Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us, Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
 By Al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
 All the heav-en-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side;
 Loud-est prais-es, without ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give:



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour, Bear-er of our sin and shame,
 All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Through the vir-tue of Thy blood:
 There for sin-ners Thou art pleading, There Thou dost our place prepare,
 Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its, Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;



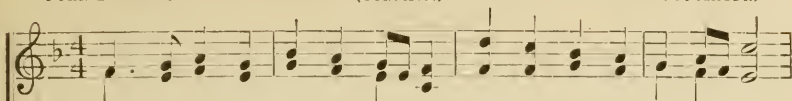
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en through Thy name.
 O-pen-ed is the gate of heav-en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
 Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
 Help to sing our Sav-iour's mer-its, Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

60 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

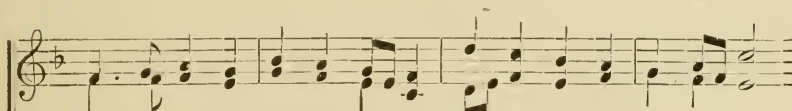
JOHN NEWTON.

(Austria.)

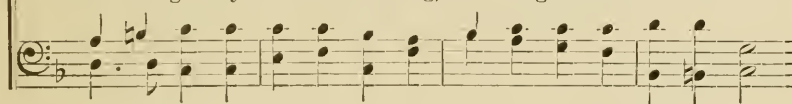
F. J. HAYDN.



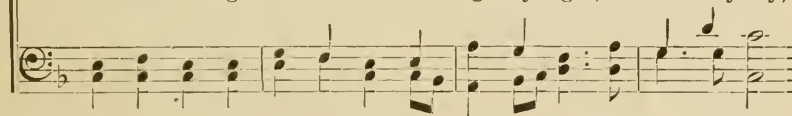
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, eit-y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
3. Round each hab-i-ta-tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap-pear,



He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re-move;
For a glo-ry and a covering, Show-ing that the Lord is near:



On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv-er Ev-er flows their thirst to assuage?
Thus de-riv-ing from their ban-ner Light by night, and shade by day,



With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Nev-er fails from age to age.
Safe they feed up-on the man-na Which He gives them when they pray.



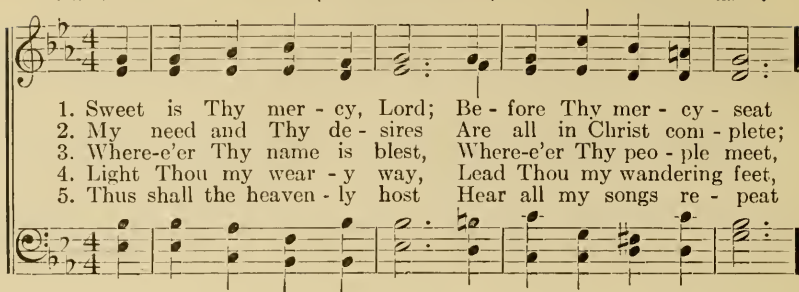
61

Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord.

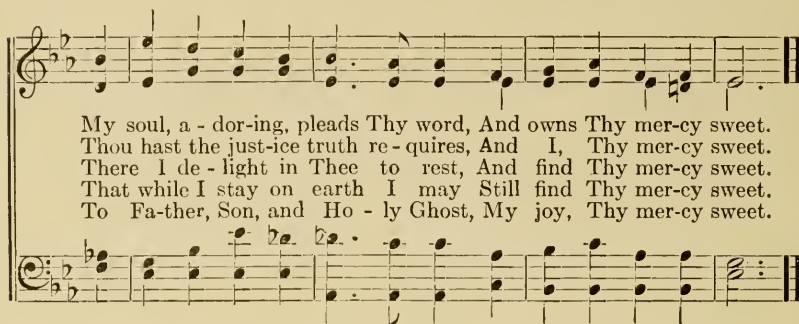
J. S. B. MONSELL.

(St. Andrew. S. M.)

JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Sweet is Thy mer - cy, Lord; Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat
 2. My need and Thy de - sires Are all in Christ com - plete;
 3. Where-e'er Thy name is blest, Where-e'er Thy peo - ple meet,
 4. Light Thou my wear - y way, Lead Thou my wandering feet,
 5. Thus shall the heaven - ly host Hear all my songs re - peat



My soul, a - dor - ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer - cy sweet.
 Thou hast the just - ice truth re - quires, And I, Thy mer - cy sweet.
 There I de - light in Thee to rest, And find Thy mer - cy sweet.
 That while I stay on earth I may Still find Thy mer - cy sweet.
 To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, My joy, Thy mer - cy sweet.

62

Tomorrow, Lord, is Thine.

(St. Andrew. S. M.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 Tomorrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command. | Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young! |
| 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live today! | 4 One thing demands our care,
O! be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed! |
| 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung, | 5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light; [die
Lest life's young golden beams should
In sudden endless night. |

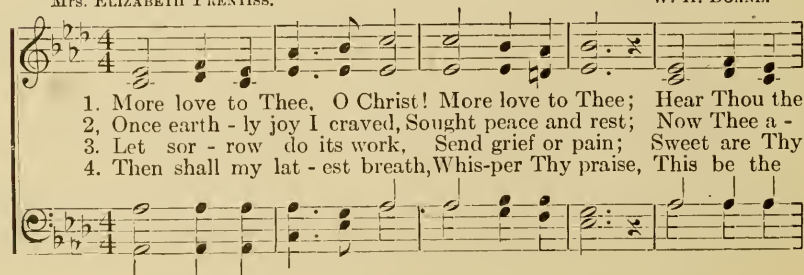
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

63

More Love to Thee, O Christ.

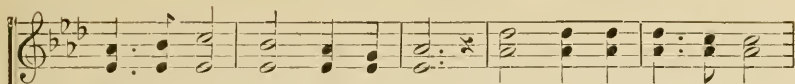
Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

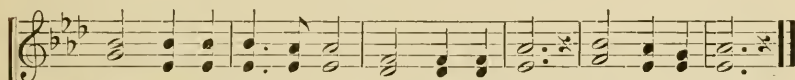


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

More Love to Thee, O Christ.—Concluded.



prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
 mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!



64 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

WILLIAM KETHE.

(Old Hundred. Psalm 100.)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; Without our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, enter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts unto;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for ev-er sure;



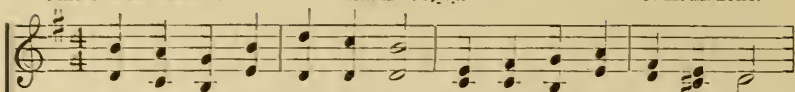
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice.
 We are His flock, He did us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure.



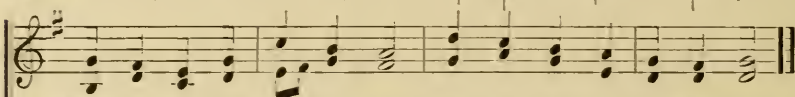
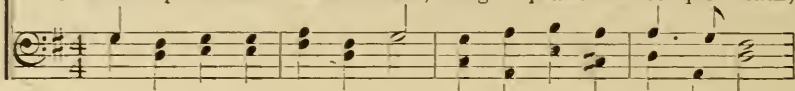
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Vienna. 7s, 4l.

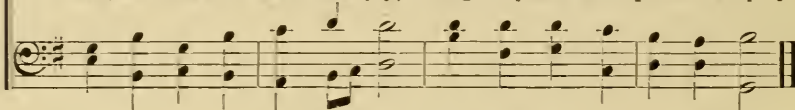
J. H. KNECHT.



1. Songs of praise the an-geis sang, Heaven with al - le - lu - ias rang,
2. Songs of praise a-woke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
3. Heaven and earth must pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day;
4. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glo-rious kingdom come?
5. Saints below, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re-joice;
6. Borne up - on their lat-est breath, Songs of praise shall conquer death;



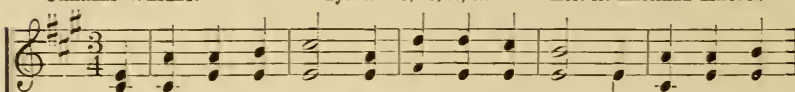
When Je - ho - va's work be - gun, When He spake, and it was done.
 Songs of praise a - rose, when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.
 God will make new heavens, new earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
 No; the church de-lights to raise Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
 Learn-ing here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove.
 Then, a - midst e - ter - nal joy, Songs of praise their powers em-ploy.



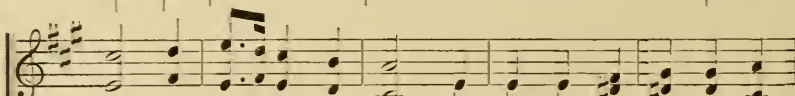
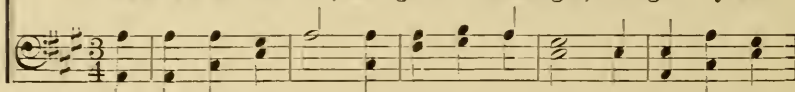
CHARLES WESLEY.

Lyons. 10, 10, 11, 11.

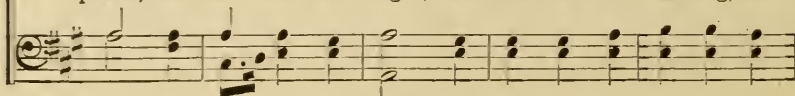
Arr. fr. MICHAEL HAYDN.



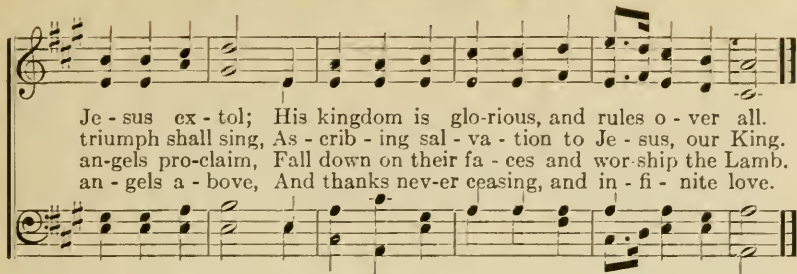
1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a -
2. God rul-eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is
3. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne! Let all cry a -
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and



broad His won - der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious, of
 'nigh - His pres - ence we have. The great con - gre - ga - tion His
 loud, and hon - or the Son. The prais - es of Je - sus the
 power, and wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with



Ye Servants of God.—Concluded.



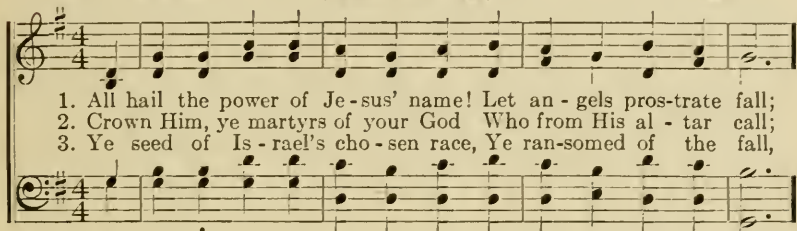
Je - sus ex - tol; His kingdom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.
triumph shall sing, As - crib - ing sal - va - tion to Je - sus, our King.
an - gels pro - claim, Fall down on their fa - ces and wor - ship the Lamb.
an - gels a - bove, And thanks nev - er ceasing, and in - fi - nite love.

67 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

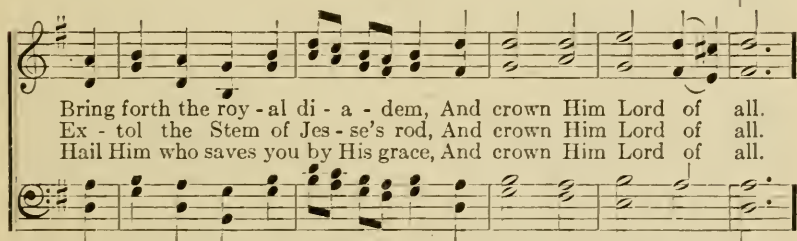
EDWARD PERRONET.

(Coronation. C. M.)

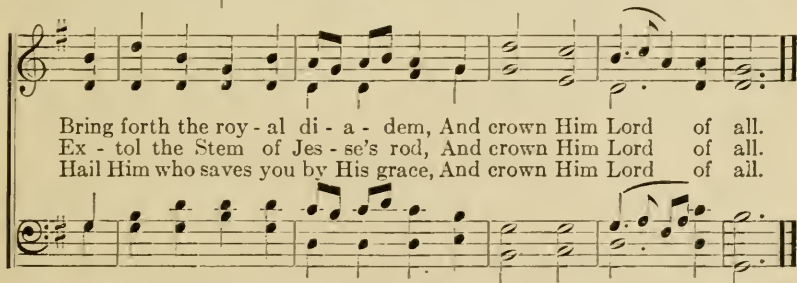
C. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God Who from His al - tar call;
3. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran - somed of the fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the Stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 4 Hail Him the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all! | 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. |
| 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all. | 7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. |

68 Lo, He Comes With Clouds Descending.

Rev. THOMAS KELLY.

HENRY SMART.

1. Lo, He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sin-ners slain;
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now behold Him, Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty;
 3. Those dear to - kens of His pas-sions Still His dazzling bod - y bears:
 4. Now re-emp-tion, long ex - pect - ed, See in sol - emn pomp ap-pear:
 5. Yea, A - men; let all a - dore Thee, High on Thine e-ter-nal throne:

Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the triumph of His train:
 Those who set at nought and sold Him, Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
 Cause of end - less ex - ul - ta - tion To His ransomed wor-ship-pers;
 All His saints, by men re - ject - ed, Now shall meet Him in the air:
 Sav - iour, take the power and glo-ry; Claim the kingdom for Thine own.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap-pears on earth to reign.
 Deep-ly wail-ing, deep-ly wail-ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 With what rapture, with what rapture Gaze we on those glorious scars.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear.
 Oh, come quick-ly, Oh, come quickly! Ev-er-last-ing God come down.

69 Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

GODFREY THRING.

(Ruth. 6, 5, 6, 5, D.)

S. SMITH.

1. Sav-iour, bless-ed Sav-iour, Listen whilst we sing; Hearts and voi-ces
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a - do -
 3. Clear-er still and clear - er, Dawns the light from heaven, In our sad-ness
 4. On-ward, ev - er on-ward, Journeying o'er the road Worn by saints be-

Saviour, Blessed Saviour.—Concluded.

rais - ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we
a - tion Bend-ing low the knee; Thou, for our redemption, Camest on
bring-ing News of sins forgiven; Life has lost its shad-ows, Pure the
fore us, Journeying on to God; Leaving all be-hind us, May we

hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low, Hast gone up on high.
light with - in; Thou hast shed Thy radiance On a world of sin.
hast - en on, Back-ward nev-er look - ing Till the prize is won.

70

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

1. Gra-cious Spir-it Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we covet most
2. Love is kind, and suf-fers long, Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
3. Proph - e - cy will fade a - way, Melt - ing in the light of day;
4. Faith will van - ish in - to sight; Hope be emp-tied in de - light;
5. Faith and hope and love we see Join-ing hand in hand a - gree;
6. From the o-ver-shad - ow - ing Of Thy gold and sil - ver wing

Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heaven-ly love.
Love than death it-self more strong; Therefore give us love.
Love will ev - er with us stay; Therefore give us love.
Love in heaven will shine more bright; Therefore give us love.
But the great - est of the three, And the best, is love.
Shed on us, who to Thee sing, Ho - ly, heavenly love.

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, appal us: Je - sus
 2. Je-sus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal; This shall
 3. Je-sus lives! for us He died; Then, a-lone to Je-sus liv - ing, Pure in
 4. Je-sus lives! our hearts know well Naught from us His love shall sever; Life, nor
 5. Je-sus lives! to Him the throne Over all the world is giv - en: May we

lives! by this we know Thou, Ograve, canst not enthrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!
 calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Al - le - lu - ia!
 heart may we a - bide, Glo-ry to our Sav-iour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia!
 death, nor powers of hell Tear us from His keeping ev - er. Al - le - lu - ia!
 go where He has gone, Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Al - le - lu - ia!

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, Whilst His dear cross appears,
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Cho.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;

D. C. for Chorus.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree.
 When Christ, the might-y Mak-er died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.

And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Come, Ye Faithful.

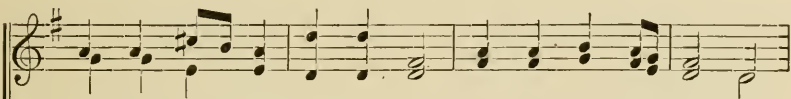
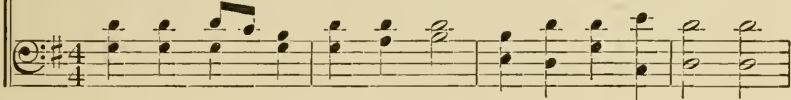
St. Kevin. 7s, 6s, D.

John of Damaseus. Tr. J. M. NEALE.

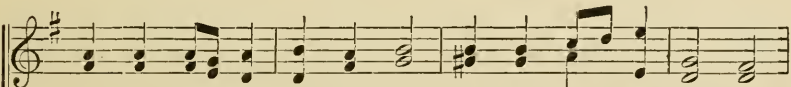
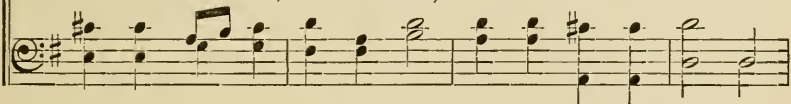
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



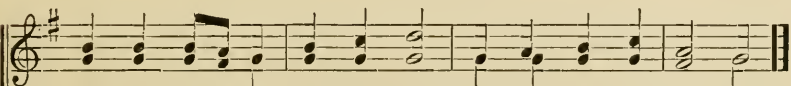
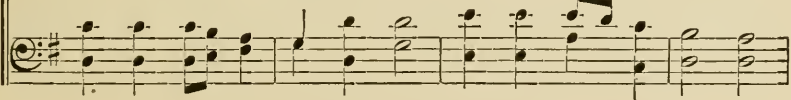
1. Come, ye faith - ful, raise the strain Of tri - umph - ant glad - ness:
2. 'Tis the spring of souls to - day: Christ hath burst His pris - on,
3. Now the Queen of sea - sons, bright With the day of splen - dor,
4. Neith - er, might the gates of death, Nor the tombs dark por - tal,



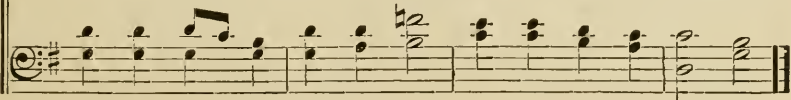
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
 And from three day's sleep in death As a Sun hath ris - en;
 With the roy - al feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren - der;
 Nor the watch - ers, nor the seal, Hold Thee as a mor - tal:



Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
 All the win - ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly - ing
 Comes to glad Je - ru - sa - lem, Who with true af - fec - tion
 But to - day a - midst the twelve Thou didst stand, be - stow - ing



Led them with un - moist - ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters.
 From His light, to whom we give Laud and praise un - dy - ing.
 Wel - comes in un - wear - ied strains Je - sus' res - ur - rec - tion.
 That Thy peace, which ev - er - more Pass - eth hu - man know - ing.

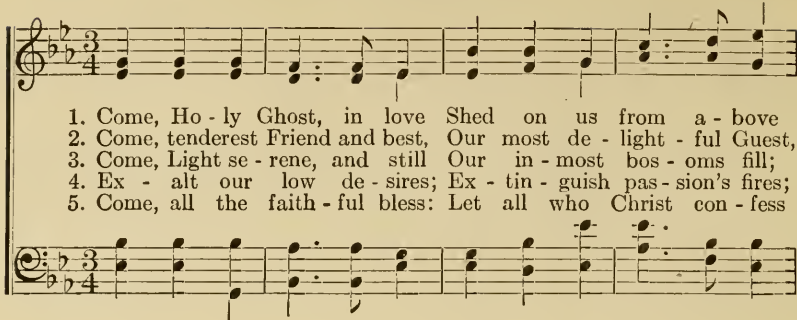


Come, Holy Ghost.

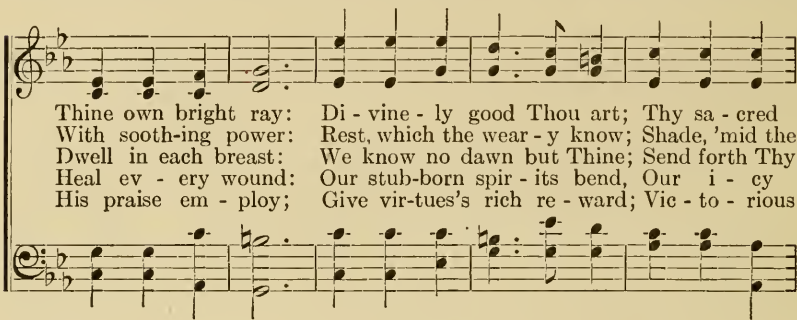
Tr. RAY PALMER.

Braun.

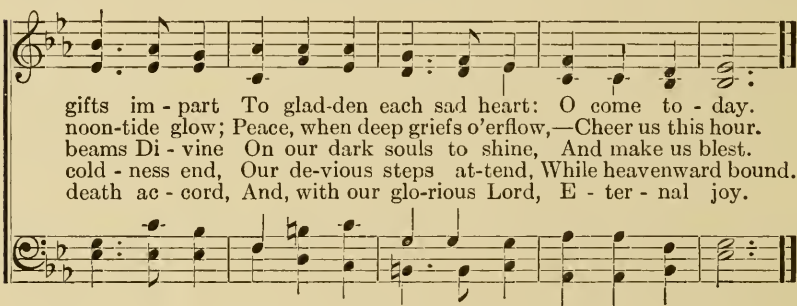
JOHANN G. BRAUN.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove
 2. Come, tenderest Friend and best, Our most de - light - ful Guest,
 3. Come, Light se - rene, and still Our in - most bos - oms fill;
 4. Ex - alt our low de - sires; Ex - tin - guish pas - sion's fires;
 5. Come, all the faith - ful bless: Let all who Christ con - fess



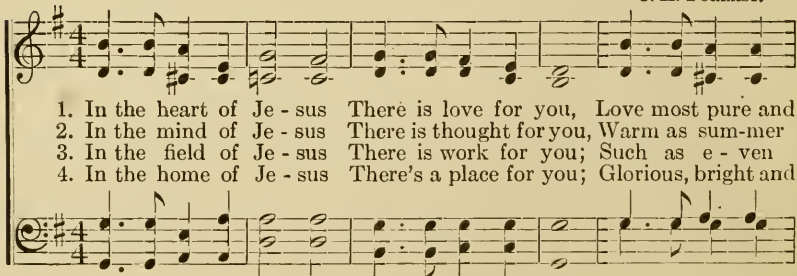
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
 With sooth - ing power: Rest, which the wear - y know; Shade, 'mid the
 Dwell in each breast: We know no dawn but Thine; Send forth Thy
 Heal ev - ery wound: Our stub-born spir - its bend, Our i - cy
 His praise em - ploy; Give vir-tues's rich re - ward; Vic - to - rious



gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart: O come to - day.
 noon-tide glow; Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow, — Cheer us this hour.
 beams Di - vine On our dark souls to shine, And make us blest.
 cold - ness end, Our de - vious steps at - tend, While heavenward bound.
 death ac - cord, And, with our glo - rious Lord, E - ter - nal joy.

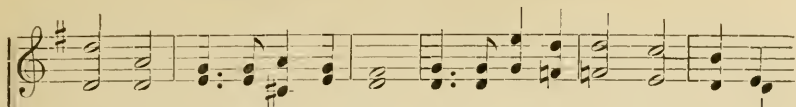
In the Heart of Jesus.

C. H. FORRAST.

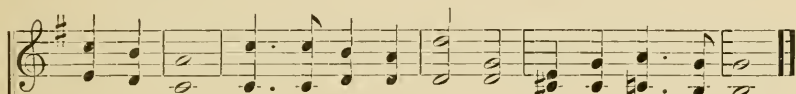
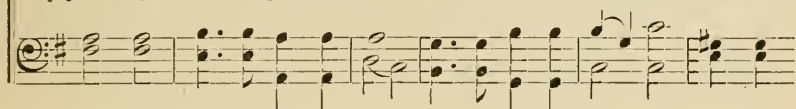


1. In the heart of Je - sus There is love for you, Love most pure and
 2. In the mind of Je - sus There is thought for you, Warm as sum - mer
 3. In the field of Je - sus There is work for you; Such as e - ven
 4. In the home of Je - sus There's a place for you; Glorious, bright and

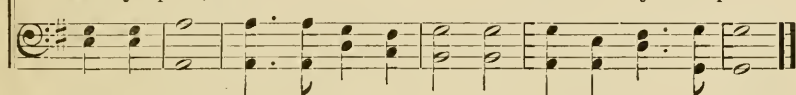
In the Heart of Jesus.—Concluded.



ten - der, Love most deep and true; Why should you be lonely, Why for
sun-shine, Sweet as morning dew; Why should you be fearful, Why take
an - gels Might re - joice to do: Why stand i-dly sigh - ing For some
joy - ous, Calm and peace-ful too: Why then, like a wanderer, Roam with



friendship sigh, When the heart of Je - sus Has a full sup - ply?
anxious thought, Since the mind of Je - sus Cares for those He bought?
life - work grand, While the field of Je - sus Seeks your reap-ing hand?
wear - y pace, If the home of Je - sus Holds for you a place?



76 Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding.

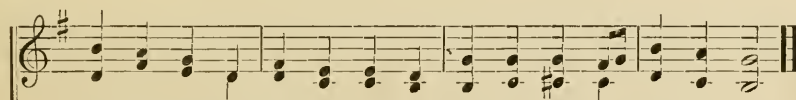
WM. A. MUBLENBERG.

Brocklesbury.

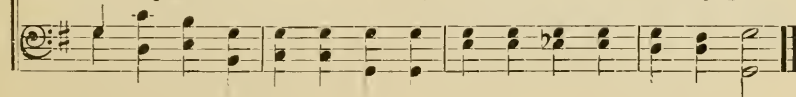
CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD.



1. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding, With the Shepherd's kindest care;
2. Now, these lit - tle ones re-ceiving, Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm;
3. Nev-er, from Thy pas-ture rov-ing, Let them be the li-on's prey;
4. Then, with-in Thy fold e - ter - nal, Let them find a rest - ing-place,



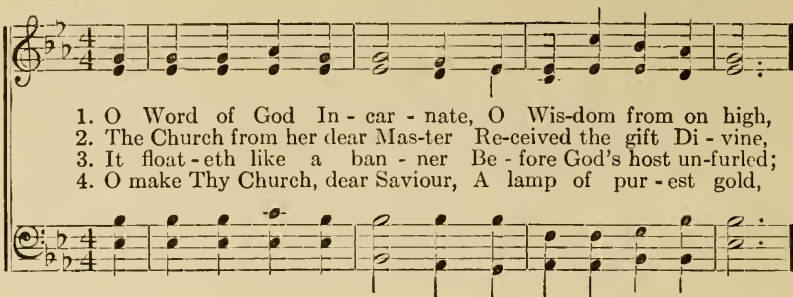
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bosom share.
There, we know, Thy word believing, On - ly there se - cure from harm.
Let thy ten-der-ness, so lov-ing, Keep them through life's dangerous way.
Feed in pas - tures ev - er ver - nal, Drink the riv - ers of Thy grace.



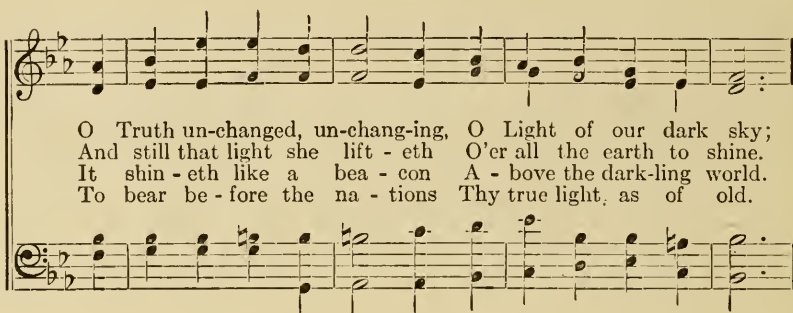
W. W. How.

Aurelia.

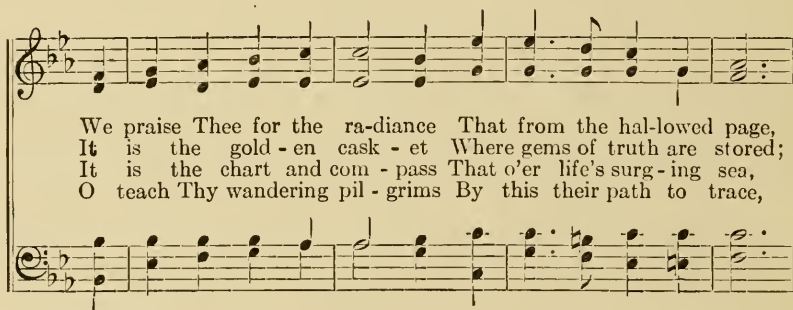
S. S. WESLEY.



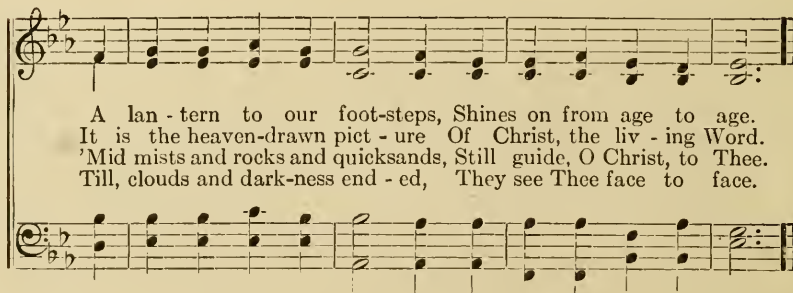
1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift Di - vine,
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled;
 4. O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of pur - est gold,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world.
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light, as of old.



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
 It is the gold - en cask - et Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach Thy wandering pil - grims By this their path to trace,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heaven - drawn pict - ure Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands, Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

O Word of God Incarnate.

W. W. How.

MUNICH. Har. by MENDELSSOHN.

1. { O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, }
 { O Truth, unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky; }
 2. { The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift Di - vine, }
 { And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine; }
 3. { It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled; }
 { It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world. }
 4. { O make Thy Church, dear Saviour, A lamp of pur - est gold, }
 { To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light, as of old. }

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
 It is the gold - en cask - et, Where gems of truth are stored;
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach Thy wandering pil - grims By this their path to trace,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heaven - drawn pict - ure Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 'Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands, Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face.

In Heavenly Love Abiding.

Aurelia.

- 1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?
- 2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
- His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

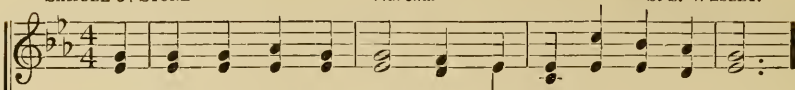
A. L. WARING.

The Church's One Foundation.

SAMUEL J. STONE

Aurelia.

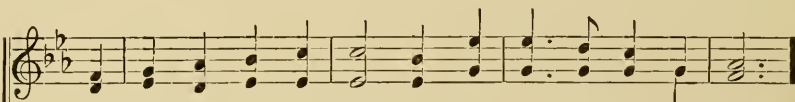
S. S. WESLEY.



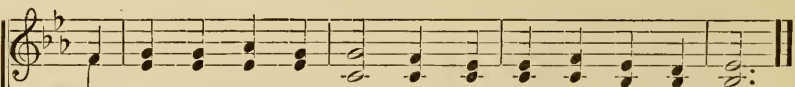
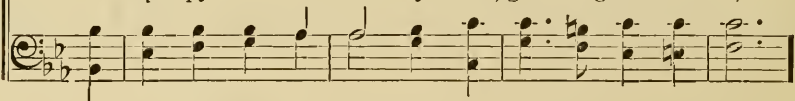
1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Though with a scorn - ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
5. Yet 'she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



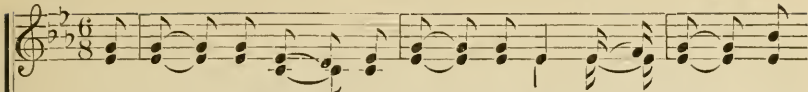
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
 Like them the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



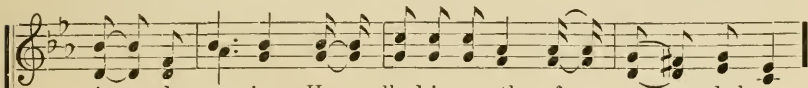
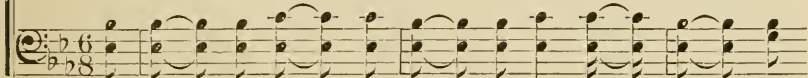
A Homeless Stranger.

A. N.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



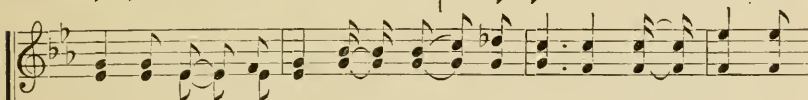
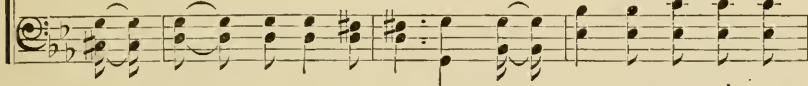
1. A home - less Stran-ger a - mongst us came, To this land of
2. And then from this sad and sor-row-ful land, This land of
3. And I must a - bide where He a - bode, And fol - low His



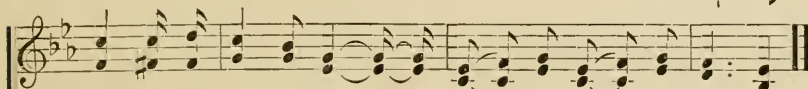
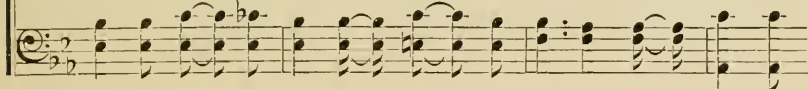
sin and mourn-ing; He walked in a path of sor-row and shame,
 tears He de-part-ed; But the light of His eyes and the touch of His hand,
 steps for - ev - er; His peo-ple, my peo-ple; His God, my God,



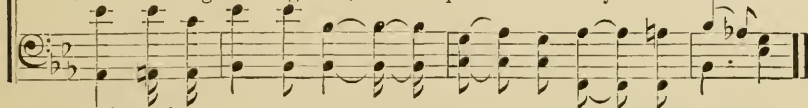
Through in-sult, and hate, and scorn-ing: A Man of sor - rows, of
 Had left me bro - ken-heart-ed: And I clave to Him, as He
 In the land be-yond the riv - er: And where He died would I



toils, of tears, An out - cast man, and lone-ly, But He looked on
 turned His face From the land that was mine no lon-ger, The land I'd
 al - so die; Far dear - er a grave be - side Him, Than a king - ly

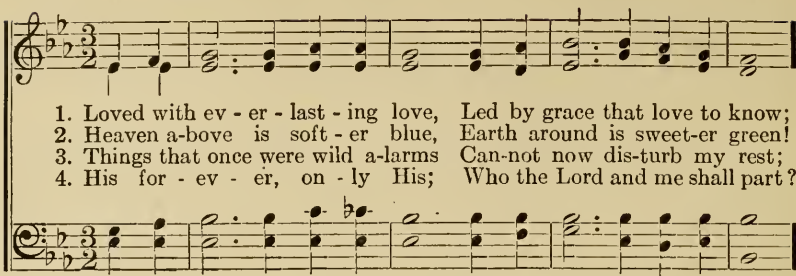


me, and through end-less years, Him must I serve, Him on - ly.
 loved in the gold - en days, Ere I knew the love that was stron ger.
 crown a-mong liv - ing men, The place that they de - nied Him.

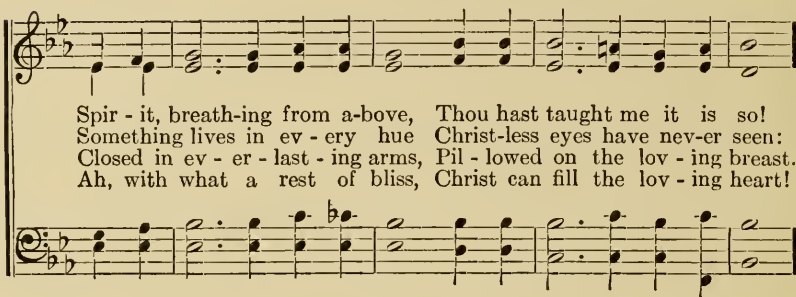


Rev. WADE ROBINSON.

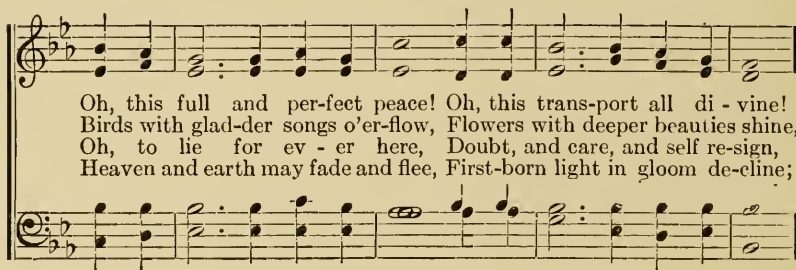
Rev. J. MOUNTAIN,



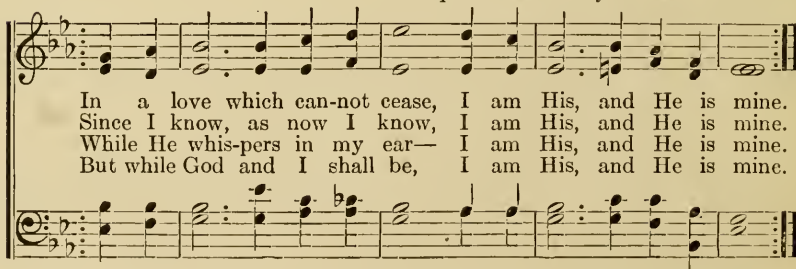
1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
 2. Heaven a-bove is soft - er blue, Earth around is sweet-er green!
 3. Things that once were wild a-larms Can-not now dis-turb my rest;
 4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?



Spir - it, breath-ing from a-bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
 Something lives in ev - ery hue Christ-less eyes have nev-er seen:
 Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
 Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!



Oh, this full and per-fect peace! Oh, this trans-port all di - vine!
 Birds with glad-der songs o'er-flow, Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
 Oh, to lie for ev - er here, Doubt, and care, and self re-sign,
 Heaven and earth may fade and flee, First-born light in gloom de-cline;

Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus.


In a love which can-not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
 Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
 While He whis-pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
 But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

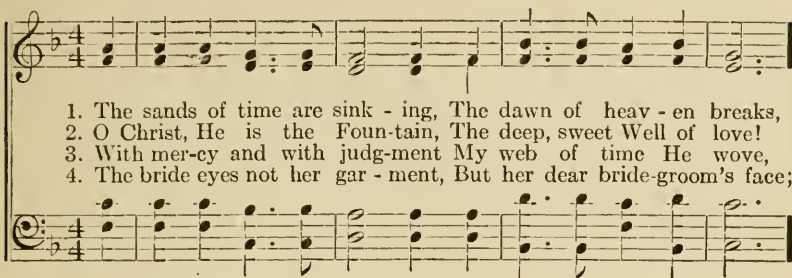
The Sands of Time Are Sinking.

ANNIE R. COUSIN.

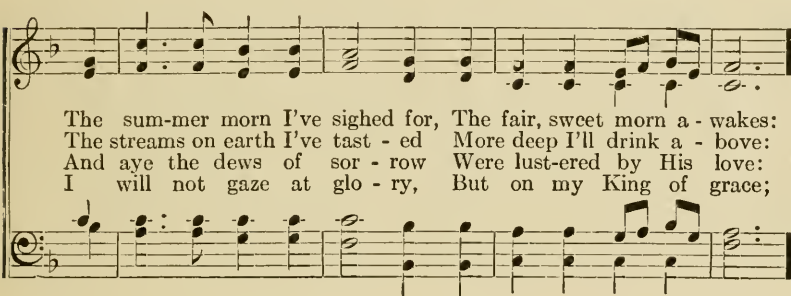
Rutherford,

CHRISTEN D'URHAN.

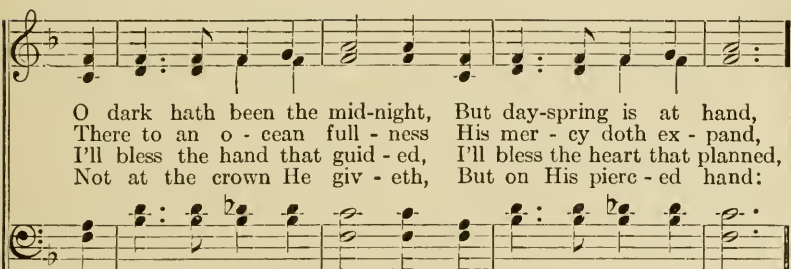
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT.



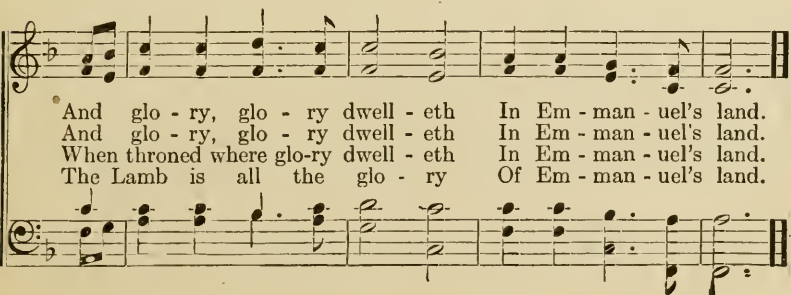
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. O Christ, He is the Foun-tain, The deep, sweet Well of love!
 3. With mer-cy and with judg-ment My web of time He wove,
 4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bride-groom's face;



The sum-mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed More deep I'll drink a - bove:
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were lust-ered by His love:
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace;



O dark hath been the mid-night, But day-spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ed hand:



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo-ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Em - man - uel's land.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

St. John. 7s, 6 l.

R. CECIL.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the tremb-ling chords;
 2. When the wear-y ones we love En-ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. Clouds and conficts round us press: Would we have one sor-row less?
 4. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread:

Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
 Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life - joy o - ver - cast?
 All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
 Sweet memorials,—till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board;

Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
 Hush, be ev-ery mur-mur dumb; It is on - ly "Till He come."
 Death and darkness, and the tomb: On - ly whis - per "Till He come."
 Some from earth, from glo-ry some, Served on - ly "Till He come."

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH,

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
 2. When the wear - y ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove,
 3. Clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one sor-row less?
 4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread:

Till He Come.—Concluded.

Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold-en light be seen;
 When the words of love and cheer Fall no long - er on our ear,
 All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board;

Let us think, how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
 Hush! be ev - ery mur - mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come."
 Death, and dark-ness and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come."
 Some from earth, from glo-ry some, Sev-ered on - ly "Till He come."

85

Till He Come.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

Guide. 7s, 6 l.

MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

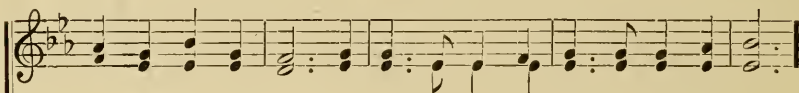
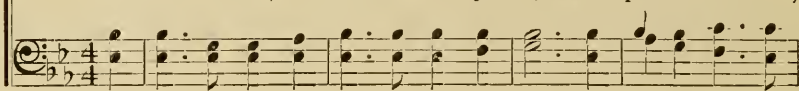
1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords;
 2. When the wear - y ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread:

D. C.—*Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
 Hush, be ev - ery mur - mur dumb: It is on - ly "Till He come."
 Some from earth, from glo-ry some, Sev-ered on - ly "Till He come."*

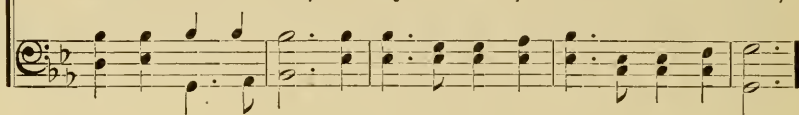
Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold-en light be seen;
 Seems the earth so poor and vast, All our life - joy o - ver - cast?
 Sweet me - mor - ials—till the Lord Call us round His heavenly board;



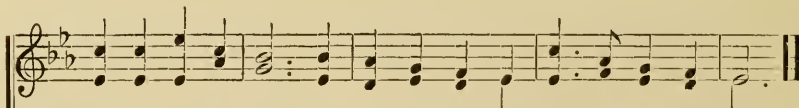
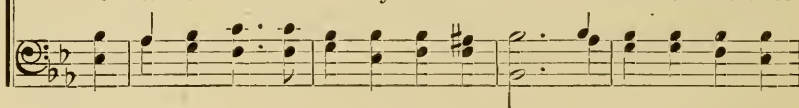
1. And now, O Fa-ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
2. Look, Fa-ther, look on His a-noint-ed face, And on-ly look on
3. And then for those, our dearest and our best, By this pre-vail-ing
4. And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet, Most pa-tient Saviour,



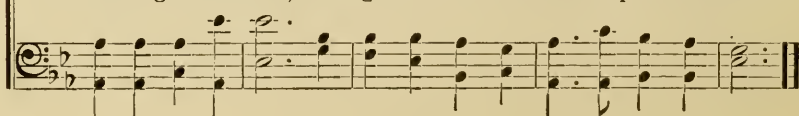
all, on Calvary's tree, And having with us Him that pleads a-bove,
us as found in Him; Look not on our mis-us-ings of Thy grace,
presence we ap-peal; O fold them clos-er to Thy mer-cy's breast,
Who canst love us still; And by this Food, so aw-ful and so sweet,



We here present, we here spread forth to Thee, That on-ly offering
Our prayer so lan-guid, and our faith so dim: For lo! be-tween our
O do Thine ut-most for their soul's true weal: From tainting mischief
De-liv-er us from ev-ery touch of ill: In Thine own serv-ice



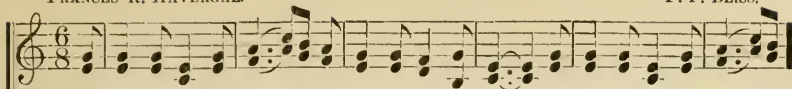
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, im-mor-tal Sac-ri-fice.
sins and their re-ward We set the Pas-sion of Thy Son our Lord.
keep them white and clear, And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
make us glad and free, And grant us nev-er more to part with Thee.



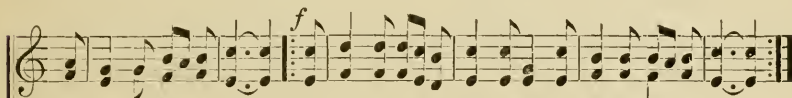
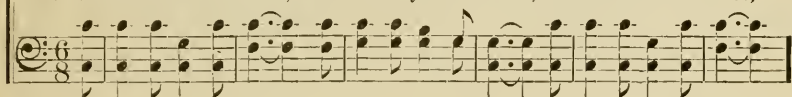
I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

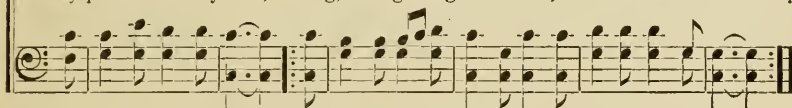
P. P. BLISS.



1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo-ry cir-cled throne I left, for earthly night,
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag-o - ny,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from my home a-bove, Sal-va-tion full and free,



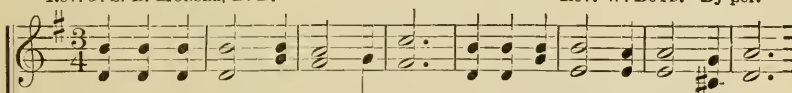
And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 For wand'rings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me!
 To rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 My par-don and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou bro't to Me?



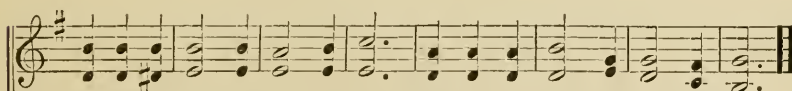
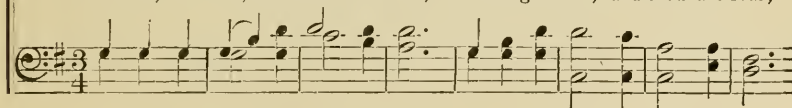
Fight the Good Fight.

Rev. J. S. B. MONSEL, D. D.

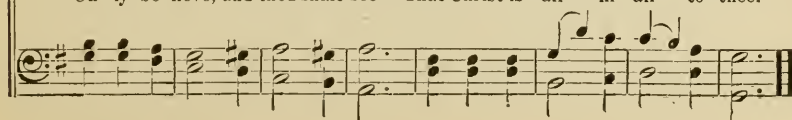
Rev. W. BOYD. By per.



1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His boundless mer-cy will pro-vide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He changeth not, and thou art dear;



Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be-fore thee lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be-lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.



Rev. CHAS. WESLEY.

Seymour. 7s.

C. M. von WEBER.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face;
 3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.
 Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve and sin no more.

90 Hark, My Soul! It is the Lord.

WILLIAM COWPER.

St. Bees.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
 2. "I delivered thee when bound, And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 3. "Can a wom-an's ten - der care Cease to-wards the child she bare?
 4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High-er than the heights a - bove,
 5. "Thou shalt see my glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done:
 6. Lord, it is my chief complaint That my love is weak and faint;

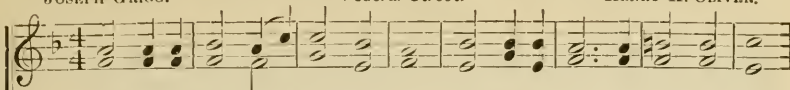
Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right; Turned thy darkness in-to light.
 Yes, she may for - get - ful be, Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.
 Deep-er than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.
 Part-ner of My throne shalt be; Say, poor sin-ner, lovest thou Me?"
 Yet I love Thee, and a - dore; O for grace to love Thee more!

91 Behold a Stranger's At the Door.

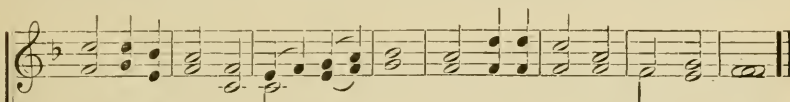
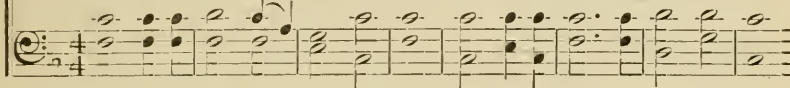
JOSEPH GRIGG.

Federal Street.

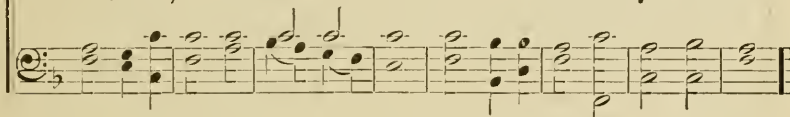
HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be-hold, a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before;
2. Oh, love-ly attitude, He stands With melting heart and laden hands!
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out His en-e-my and thine,
5. Ad-mit Him, ere His an-ger burn—His feet de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn:



Has wait-ed long—is wait - ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kind-ness! And He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.



92 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

Federal Street.

- 1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

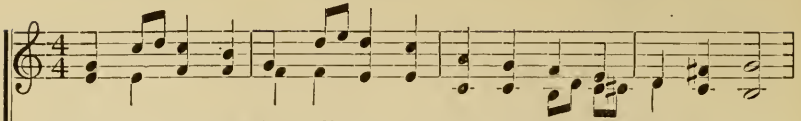
JOSEPH GRIGG.

93 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

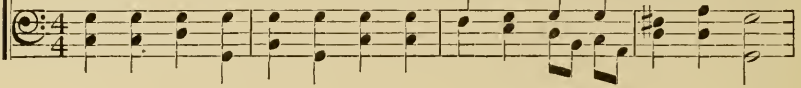
FREDERICK W. FABER.

Wellesley.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more gra - ces for the good;
3. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion In the blood that has been shed;
4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
5. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



There's a kind-ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
There is joy for all the mem-bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.



94 **Something Every Heart is Loving.**

Wellesley.

- 1 Something every heart is loving—
If not Jesus, none can rest;
Lord, my heart to Thee is given;
Take it, for it loves Thee best.
- 2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.
- 3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.
- 4 When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Sheddest for me Thy precious blood;
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,—
Shall I not love Thee, my God?
- 5 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life will be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

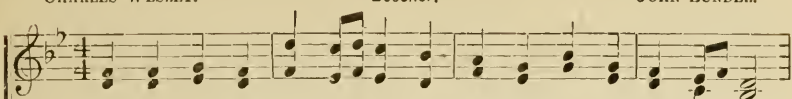
E. F. BEVAN.

Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

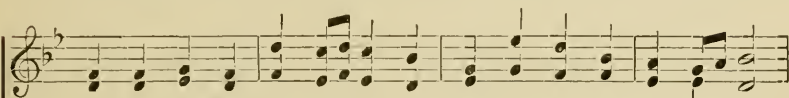
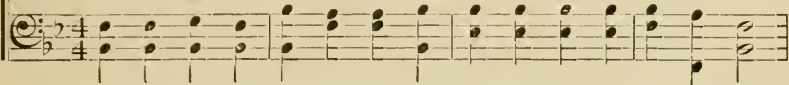
CHARLES WESLEY.

Beecher.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



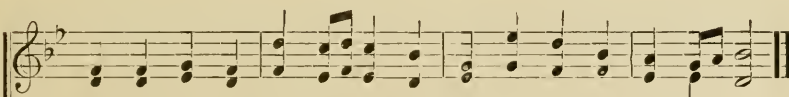
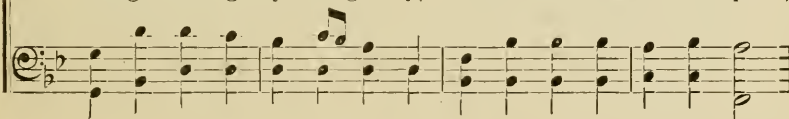
1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spir-it In - to ev - ery troubled breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive!
4. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, and spotless may we be:



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;
 Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.
 Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee!



Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un bound-ed love Thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
 Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a bove,
 Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



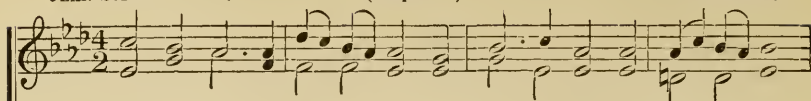
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery tremb-ling heart.
 End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.



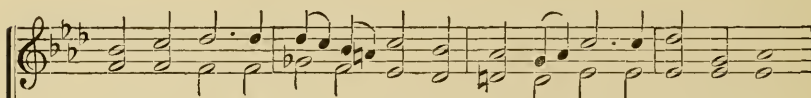
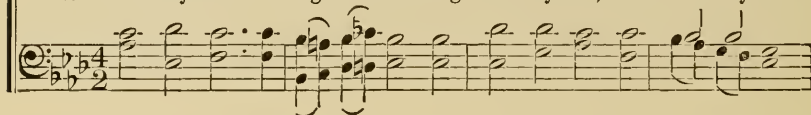
JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

(Requiem.)

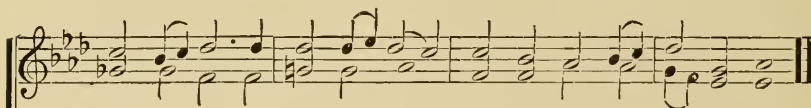
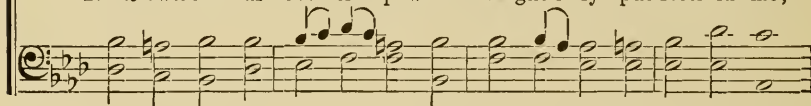
W. SCHULTES.



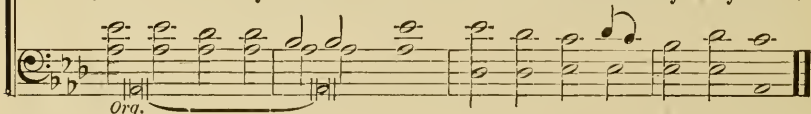
1. Thou whose name is call-ed Je-sus, Ris-en Lord of life and power,
2. Thou canst keep my feet from falling, E-ven my poor wayward feet;
3. All the sin in me, my Sav-iour, Thou canst conquer and sub-due;
4. Thou canst keep me upward look-ing; Ev-er up-ward in Thy face;
5. Oh! what joy to trust Thee, Je-sus, Might-y Vic-tor o'er the grave,
6. Make my life a bright outshin-ing Of Thy life, that all may see



Oh, it is so sweet to trust Thee! Ev-ery day and ev-ery hour
 Thou who dost pre-sent me fault-less, In Thy righteousness complete,
 With Thy sanc-ti-fy-ing pow-er Per-me-ate my spir-it through;
 Thou canst make me stand, up-hold-en By the great-ness of Thy grace;
 And to learn a-mid earth's shadows Thine unceasing power to save!
 Thine own res-ur-rec-tion pow-er Might-i-ly put forth in me;



Of Thy wondrous grace I sing, Saviour, Coun-sel-lor, and King.
 Je-sus, Lord, in know-ing Thee, Oh, what strength and vic-to-ry!
 Let Thy gov-ern-ment in-crease, Ris-en, crown-ed, Prince of Peace.
 Ev-ery prom-ise of Thy word Now I claim from Thee, dear Lord,
 On-ly those who prove Thee know What the grace Thou doth bestow.
 Ev-er let my heart be-come Yet more consci-ously Thy home.



Org.

(Requiem.)

1. "Unto him that hath" Thou givest 2. Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
 Ever "more abundantly;" Strengthen every downward root;
 Lord, I live because Thou livest, Only do Thou ripen faster—
 Therefore give more life to me, More and more—Thy pleasant fruit;
 Therefore speed me in the race, Purge me, prune me, self abase;
 Therefore let me grow in grace. Only let me grow in grace,

Unto Him That Hath.—Concluded.

3. Let me grow by sun and shower,
Every moment water me;
Make me really, hour by hour,
More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace
Day by day my growth in grace.

4. Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;
Raise me higher, sunward soaring,

Mounting as on eagle-wings!
By the brightness of Thy face,
Jesus, let me grow in grace.

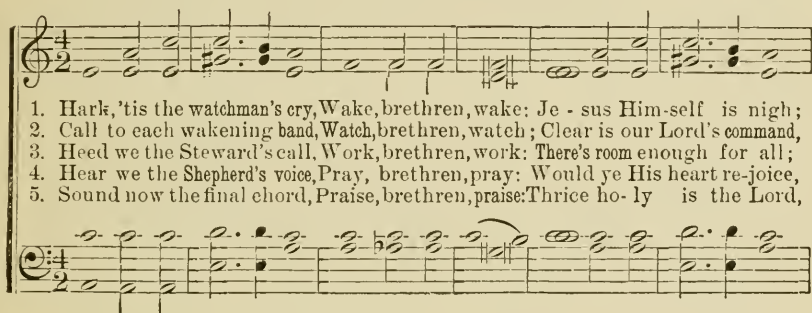
5. Let me, then, be always growing,
Never, never standing still,
Listening, learning, better knowing
Thee and Thy most blessed will.
Till I reach Thy holy place
Daily let me grow in grace.

98

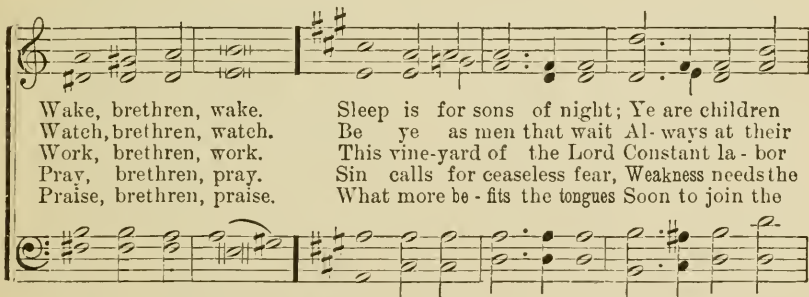
Hark, 'Tis the Watchman's Cry.

(Vigil.)

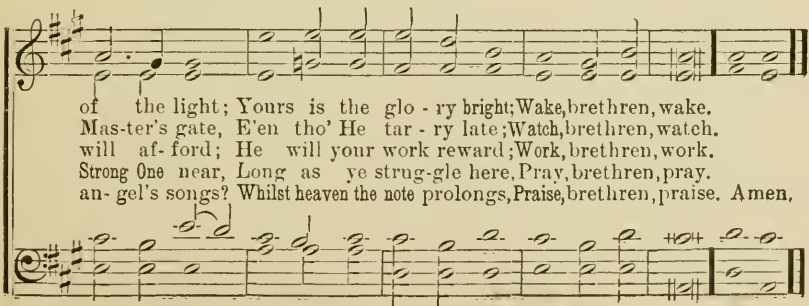
ARTHUR PATTON.



1. Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry, Wake, brethren, wake; Je - sus Him-self is nigh;
2. Call to each wakening band, Watch, brethren, watch; Clear is our Lord's command,
3. Heed we the Steward's call, Work, brethren, work: There's room enough for all;
4. Hear we the Shepherd's voice, Pray, brethren, pray: Would ye His heart re-joice,
5. Sound now the final chord, Praise, brethren, praise: Thrice ho - ly is the Lord,



Wake, brethren, wake. Sleep is for sons of night; Ye are children
Watch, brethren, watch. Be ye as men that wait Al-ways at their
Work, brethren, work. This vine-yard of the Lord Constant la - bor
Pray, brethren, pray. Sin calls for ceaseless fear, Weakness needs the
Praise, brethren, praise. What more be - fits the tongues Soon to join the



of the light; Yours is the glo - ry bright; Wake, brethren, wake.
Mas-ter's gate, E'en tho' He tar - ry late; Watch, brethren, watch.
will af-ford; He will your work reward; Work, brethren, work.
Strong One near, Long as ye strug-gle here, Pray, brethren, pray.
an- gel's songs? Whilst heaven the note prolongs, Praise, brethren, praise. Amen.

Drawn to the Cross.

G. M. IRONS.

(Agnus Dei.)

W. BLOW.

1. Drawn to the Cross which Thou hast blest, With healing gifts for souls distressed,
 2. Stained with the sins which I have wrought In word and deed and secret thought,
 3. Wea - ry of sel-fish-ness and pride, False pleasures gone, vain hopes denied,
 4. Thou knowest all my griefs and fears, Thy grace abused, my misspent years;

To find in Thee my Life, my Rest, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come.
 For pardon which Thy Blood hath bought, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come.
 Deep in Thy wounds my shame to hide, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come.
 Yet now to Thee, for cleansing tears, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come. A - men.

5 I would not, if I could, conceal
 The ills which only Thou canst heal;
 So to the Cross, where sinners kneel,
 Christ crucified, I come.

8 A life of labor, prayers and love,
 Which shall my heart's conversion prove,
 Till to a glorious rest above,
 Christ crucified, I come.

6 Wash me, and take away each stain,
 Let nothing of my sin remain;
 For cleansing, though it be through pain,
 Christ crucified, I come.

9 To share with Thee Thy Life Divine,
 Thy Righteousness, Thy Likeness mine,
 Since Thou hast made my nature Thine,
 Christ crucified, I come.

7 And then for work to do for Thee,
 Which shall so sweet a service be,
 That angels well might envy me,
 Christ crucified, I come.

10 To be what Thou wouldst have me be,
 Accepted, sanctified in Thee,
 Through what Thy grace shall work in me,
 Christ crucified, I come.

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(Woodworth.) WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of
 3. Just as I am, though tossed about, With many a con-flict,
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing

Just As I Am.—Concluded.

shed for me, And that Thou biddest me come to Thee. O Lamb of
one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of
many a doubt, Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of
of the mind, Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of

God, I come! I come! A - men.

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
lieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

101 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven,

H. F. LYTE.

(Benedic Anima.)

J. Goss.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
3. Fa-ther-like, He tends and spares us; Well our feeble frame He knows;
4. An - gels help us to a - dore Him; Ye be-hold Him face to face;

Ransomed, healed, restored, for-giv-en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res-cues us from all our foes.
Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him; Dwell-ers all in time and space.

Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the Ev-er-last-ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faithfulness!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Widely as His mer-cy flows.
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A-men.

B. M. R.

B. M. RAMSEY.

With feeling.

1. Je - sus is call - ing in ac - cents of ten - der - ness, Je - sus is
 2. Take to the Sav - iour thy sor - row and self - ish - ness, Break from the
 3. O Thou who know - est our wants and in - firm - i - ties, Thou who hast

call - ing, my broth - er, to thee, Just as of old, by the wa -
 fet - ters of sin, and be free; Je - sus has prom - ised thee strength
 pro - mised our Help - er to be, Grant us Thy grace, that with heart -

rall.
 ters of Gal - i - lee, Fell from His lips the com - mand, "Fol - low Me."
 as thou need - est it, If thou o - bey the com - mand, "Fol - low Me."
 search - ing earn - est - ness We may re - spond to the call, "Fol - low Me."

REGINALD HEBER.

(Morning Star.)

J. P. HARDING.

1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our
 2. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing, Low lies His
 3. Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of
 4. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion, Vain - ly with
 5. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing, Dawn on our

Brightest and Best.—Concluded.

dark - ness and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-
 head with the beasts of the stall; An - gels a - dore Him in
 E - dom, and of - ferings di - vine, Gems of the moun - tain, and
 gifts would His fa - vor se - cure: Rich - er by far is the
 dark - ness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the ho-

ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem - er is laid!
 slum-ber re-clin-ing, Mak - er and Monarch and Sav-iour of all.
 pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?
 heart's ad-o - ra-tion, Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
 ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem - er is laid! A - men.

104 O the Bitter Shame and Sorrow.

REV. THEO. MONOD.

(St. Jude.)

CHARLES VINCENT.

1. Oh, the bit - ter shame and sor - row, That a time could ev - er be,
 2. Yet He found me; I be-held Him Bleed-ing on th' ac - curs - ed tree,

When I let the Sav-iour's pit - y Plead in vain, and proud-ly an-swered,
 Heard Him pray: "Forgive them, Fa-th r," And my wist-ful heart said faint-ly,

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
 Healing, helping, full and free,
 Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
 Brought me lower, while I whispered,
 "Less of self, and more of Thee."
 "All of self, and none of Thee." A - men.
 "Some of self, and some of Thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
 Deeper than the deepest sea,
 Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
 Grant me now my spirit's longing,
 "None of self, and all of Thee."

1. Not wor- thy, Lord, to gath- er up the crumbs With trembling hand, that
 2. I am not wor- thy to be thought thy child, Nor sit the last and
 3. One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look, And I could face the
 4. And is not mer- cy Thy pre- rog- a - tive—Free mer- cy, bound- less,
 5. I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest; I come, I kneel, I
 6. My praise can on - ly breathe it- self in prayer, My prayer can on - ly

from Thy ta- ble fall, A wea- ry, heav- y - la- den sin- ner comes
 low- est at Thy board; Too long a wan- derer and too oft be- guiled,
 cold, rough world a- gain; And with that treas- ure in my heart could brook
 fath- om- less, Di- vine? Me, Lord, the chief of sin- ners, me for- give,
 clasp Thy pierc- ed feet; Thou bid'st me take my place, a wel- come guest
 lose it- self in Thee; Dwell Thou for- ev- er in my heart, and there,

To plead Thy prom- ise and o- bey Thy call.
 I on - ly ask one rec- on - cil - ing word.
 The wrath of dev- ils and the scorn of men.
 And Thine the great- er glo- ry, on - ly Thine.
 A - mong Thy saints, and of Thy ban - quet eat.
 Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me. A - men.

106 The King of Love My Shepherd is.

H. W. BAKER.

(Dominus Regit Me.)

J. B. DYKES, 1868.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness faileth nev - er; I
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa- ter flow My ransomed soul He lead - eth, And
 3. Per- verse and fool- ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me, And
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill, With Thee, dear Lord, be- side me; Thy
 5. Thou spread'st a ta- ble in my sight; Thy unction grace be - stow - eth; And
 6. And so through all the length of days Thy goodness fail- eth nev - er; Good

The King of Love My Shepherd Is.—Concluded.

noth - ing lack if I ain His And He is mine for - ev - er.
 where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 on His shoulder gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 rod and staff my com - fort still, Thy cross be - fore to guide me.
 O what transport of de - light From Thy pure chalice flow - eth.
 Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er. A - men.

107

No, Not Despairingly.

H. BONAR.

ANON.

1. No, not de - pair - ing - ly, Come I to Thee; No, not dis -
 2. Lord, I con - fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin; All I am
 3. Faith - ful and just art Thou, For - giv - ing all; Lov - ing and
 4. Then all is peace and light This soul with - in; Thus shall I

trust - ing - ly, Bend I the knee; Sin hath gone o - ver me;
 tell I Thee, All I have been; Purge Thou my sin a - way,
 kind art Thou When poor ones call; Lord, let the cleans - ing blood,
 walk with Thee The loved Un - seen; Lean - ing on Thee, my God,

rit......

Yet is this still my plea, Je - sus hath died.
 Wash Thou my soul this day, Lord, make me clean.
 Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
 Guid - ed a - long the road, Noth - ing be - tween.

God Calling Yet!

(Antwerp.)

W. SMALLWOOD, 1876.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas - ures
 2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His
 3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my
 4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but
 5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I

shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all
 lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind care re -
 heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re -
 still in bond - age live? I wait, but He does not for -
 yield with - out de - lay; Vain world, fare-well, from thee I

fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie?
 pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
 ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
 sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
 part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A - men.

God Calling Yet!

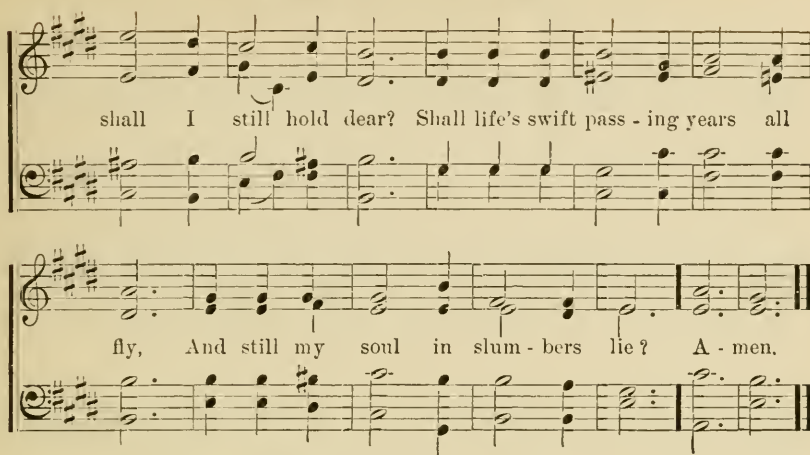
Second Tune.

(St. Crispin.)

G. J. ELVEY, 1863.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleas - ures

God Calling Yet!—Concluded.



shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all
fly, And still my soul in slum - bers lie? A - men.

110

Fierce was the Wild Billow.

J. M. NEALE, Tr.

(Tempest.)

F. HUXTABLE.



1. Fierce was the wild bil - low, Dark was the night, Oars la-bored
2. Ridge of the moun-tain wave, Low - er thy crest; Wail of the
3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me; Soothe Thou my
heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white. Trem-bled the mar - in - ers,
temp - est wind, Be thou at rest; Sor - row can nev - er be,
voy - ag - ing O - ver life's sea; Thou, when the storm of death
Per - il was high; Then said the God of God, "Peace, it is I!"
Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace, it is I!"
Roars, sweeping by, Whis - per, O Truth of Truth, "Peace, it is I!" A - men.

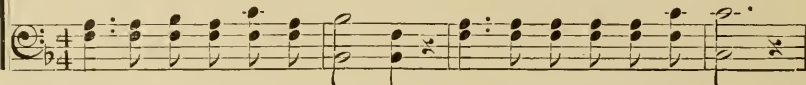
111 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

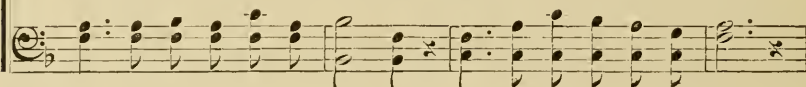
CHARLES C. CONVERSE.



1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?



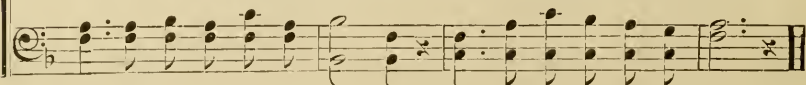
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feited, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery - thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our every weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

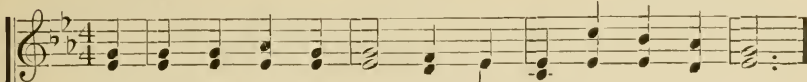


I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR.

(Aurelia.)

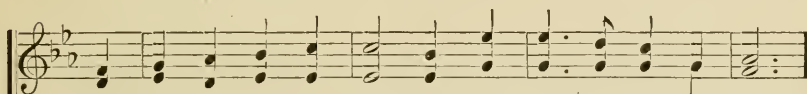
SAMUEL S. WESLEY.



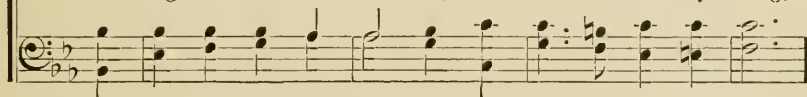
1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in Him;
3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;



He bears it all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
 He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem;
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child;



I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash a - way my stains;
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
 I long to be like Je - sus, A - mid the heavenly throng,



White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 To sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song. A - men.

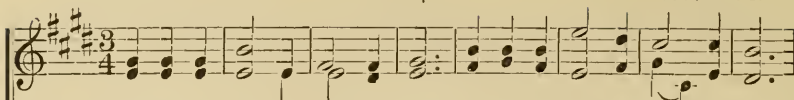


.Take Up Thy Cross.

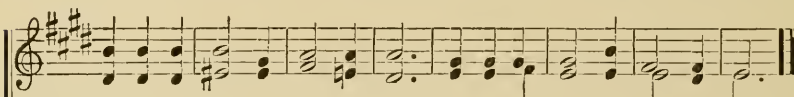
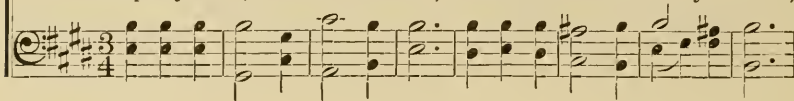
Rev. CHARLES W. EVEREST.

St. Crispini.

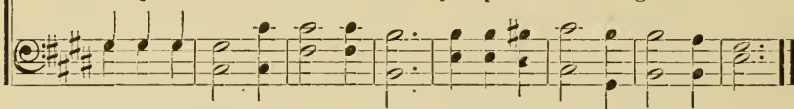
G. J. ELVEY.



1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst My disciple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
3. Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame, And let thy foolish pride be still;
4. Take up thy cross, and fol-low Christ, Nor think till death to lay it down;



Take up thy cross with willing heart, And humbly follow aft - er Me."
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
 Thy Lord re - fused not e'en to die Up-on a cross, on Cal-vary's hill.
 For on-ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo-rious crown.



Take Up Thy Cross.

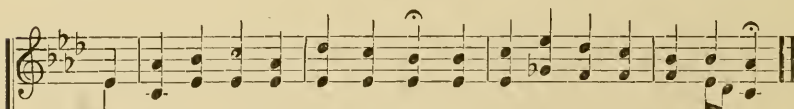
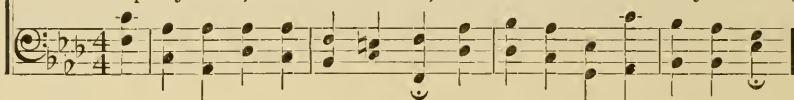
Rev. CHARLES W. EVEREST.

Bresciani.

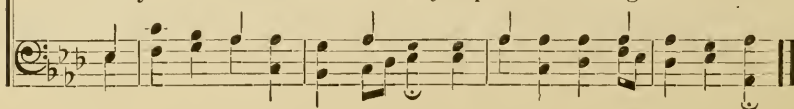
JOS. CLAUSER.



1. "Take up thy cross," the Saviour said, "If thou wouldst my disciple be;
2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak soul with vain alarm;
3. Take up thy cross; nor heed the shame, And let thy foolish pride be still;
4. Take up thy cross, and follow Christ, Nor think till death to lay it down;



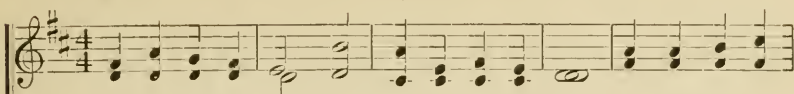
Take up thy cross with will-ing heart, And hum-bly fol-low aft-er Me."
 His strength shall bear thy spir-it up, And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.
 Thy Lord re-fused not e'en to die Up - on a cross, on Cal-vary's hill.
 For on-ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo-rious crown.



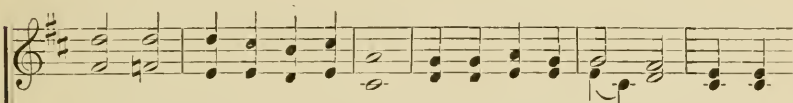
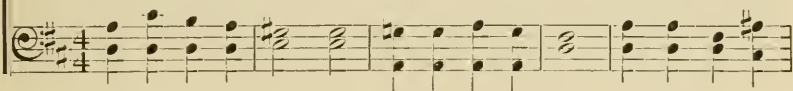
C. M. NOEL.

Vespers.

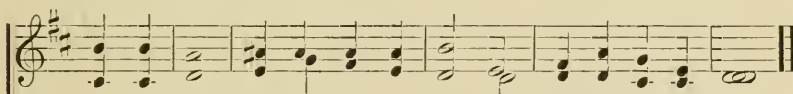
H. A. PROTHERO.



1. In the Name of Je - sus Ev-ery knee shall bow, Every tongue con-
2. At His voice cre-a - tion Sprang at once to sight: All the an-gel
3. Humbled for a sea - son, To re-ceive a name, From the lips of
4. Bore it up tri-umph-ant, With its hu-man light, Through all ranks of
5. Name Him, brothers, name Him With love as strong as death, But with awe and



fess Him King of glo-ry now; 'Tis the Father's pleas-ure We should
fa - ces, All the hosts of light, Thrones and dom-in-a-tions, Stars up -
sin - ners, Un - to whom He came: Faithfully He bore it, Spot-less
crea-tures, To the central height; To the throne of God-head, To the
won-der, And with bat-ed breath; He is God the Sav-iour, He is



call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the Mighty Word.
on their way, All the heav-en-ly or - ders, In their great ar - ray.
to the last, Brought it back vic - to - rious When from death He passed.
Fa-ther's breast, Filled it with the glo - ry Of that per-fect rest.
Christ the Lord, Ev - er to be wor-shipped, Trusted, and a-dored.

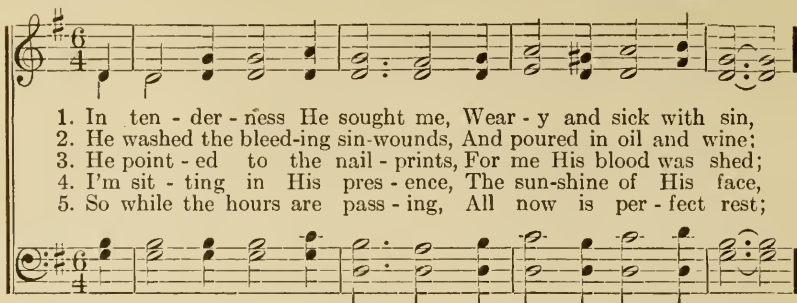


- 6 In your heart enthrone Him,
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

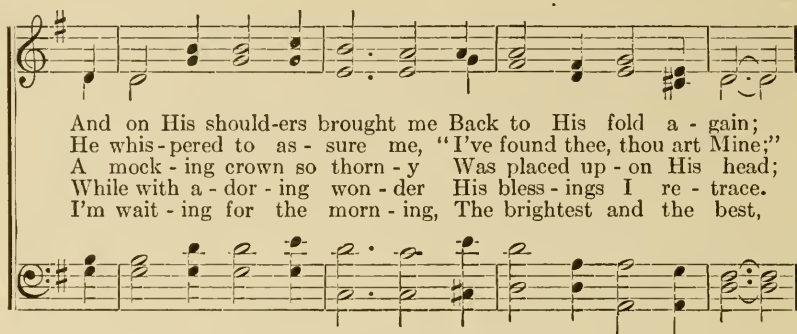
- 7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

A. J. GORDON,

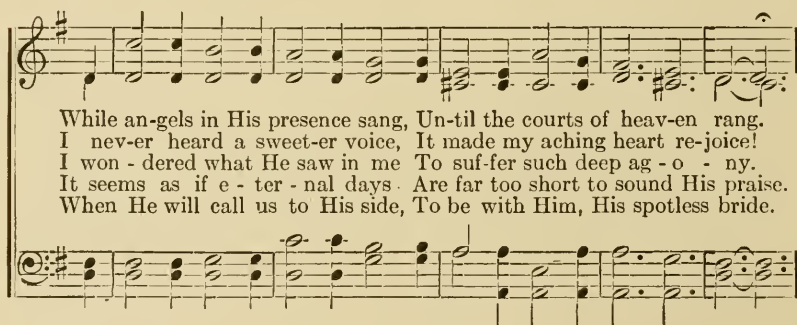
W. SPENCER WALTON.



1. In ten - der - ness He sought me, Wear - y and sick with sin,
 2. He washed the bleed - ing sin - wounds, And poured in oil and wine;
 3. He point - ed to the nail - prints, For me His blood was shed;
 4. I'm sit - ting in His pres - ence, The sun - shine of His face,
 5. So while the hours are pass - ing, All now is per - fect rest;

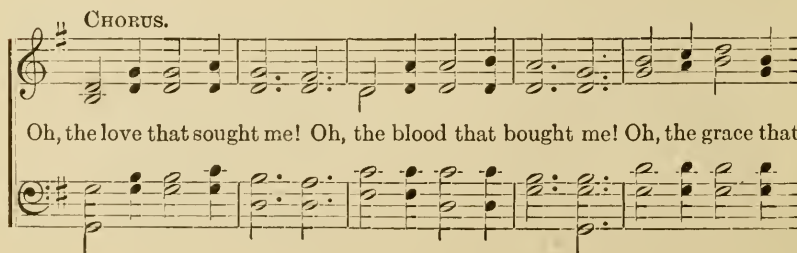


And on His should - ers brought me Back to His fold a - gain;
 He whis - pered to as - sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;"
 A mock - ing crown so thorn - y Was placed up - on His head;
 While with a - dor - ing won - der His bless - ings I re - trace.
 I'm wait - ing for the morn - ing, The brightest and the best,



While an - gels in His presence sang, Un - til the courts of heav - en rang.
 I nev - er heard a sweet - er voice, It made my aching heart re - joice!
 I won - dered what He saw in me To suf - fer such deep ag - o - ny.
 It seems as if e - ter - nal days Are far too short to sound His praise.
 When He will call us to His side, To be with Him, His spotless bride.

CHORUS.



Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me! Oh, the grace that

Oh, the Love That Sought Me!—Concluded.

brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!

117 Oh, the Peace the Saviour Gives!

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Once I thought I walked with Jesus, Yet such changeful feelings had—
2. But He called me clos-er to Him, Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
3. Now I'm trusting every moment, Nothing less can be e - nough;
4. Day by day my soul He's keeping By His wondrous power within;

Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joyful, sometimes sad.
 And when I had ful-ly yield-ed, Filled my soul with perfect peace.
 And the Sav-iour bears me gen-tly O'er those places once so rough.
 And my heart is full of sing - ing To my Sav-iour from all sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, the peace the Sav-iour gives! Peace I nev-er knew be-fore;

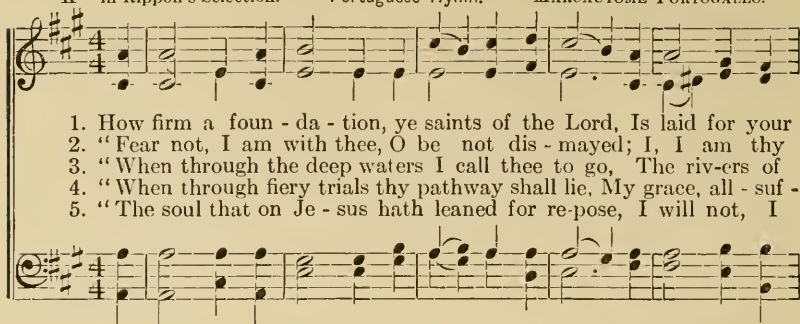
And my way has brighter grown Since I've learned to trust Him more.

How Firm a Foundation.

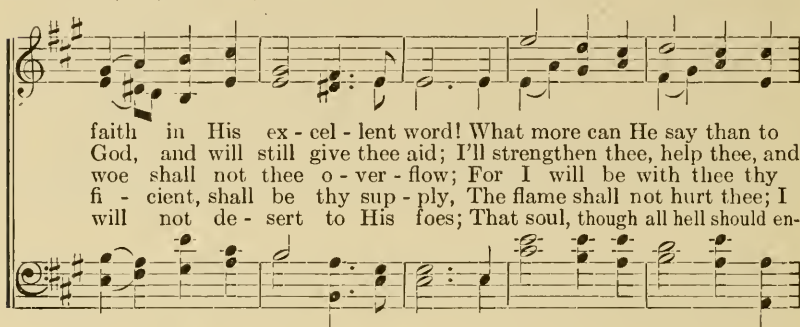
"K" in Rippon's Selection.

Portuguese Hymn.

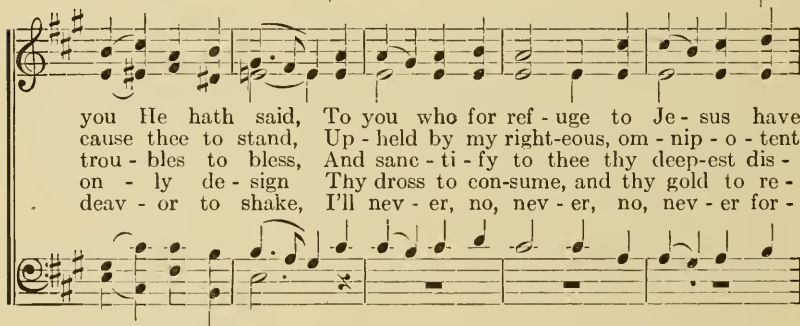
MARCAUTOME PORTOGALLO.



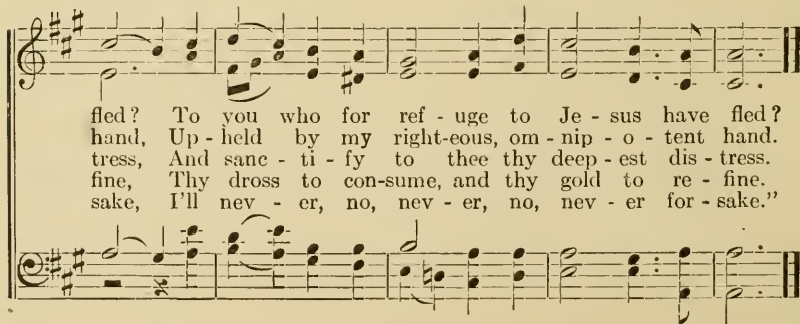
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed; I, I am thy
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all - suf -
5. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
will not de - sert to His foes; That soul, though all hell should en -



you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent
trou - bles to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re -
deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for -



fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
hand, Up - held by my right - eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress.
fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
sake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake."

In the Waves.

T. J. WILLIAMS.

1. In the waves and might-y wa-ters No one will sup-
2. O the grace no will can con-quer, The om-nip-o-o-

port my head But my Sav-iour, my Be-lov-ed,
tence of love. Changeless is my Fa-ther's prom-ise,

Who was strick-en in my stead. He's a Friend in
It will nev-er, nev-er move. In the storm this

death's dark riv-er, He will hold my head a-bove; I shall
is my an-chor—God will nev-er change His mind, In the

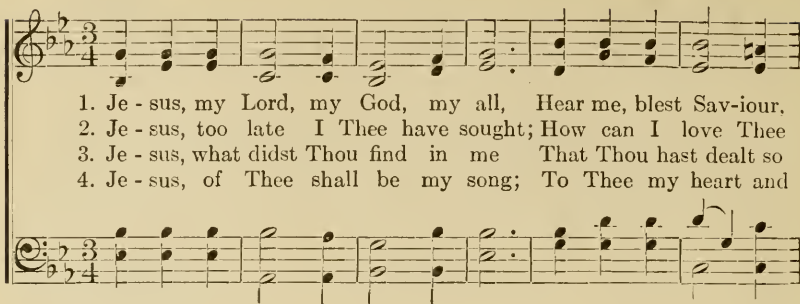
through the waves go sing-ing, For one look of Him I love.
wounds of Christ He prom-ised, Life to me; and He is kind.

120 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All.

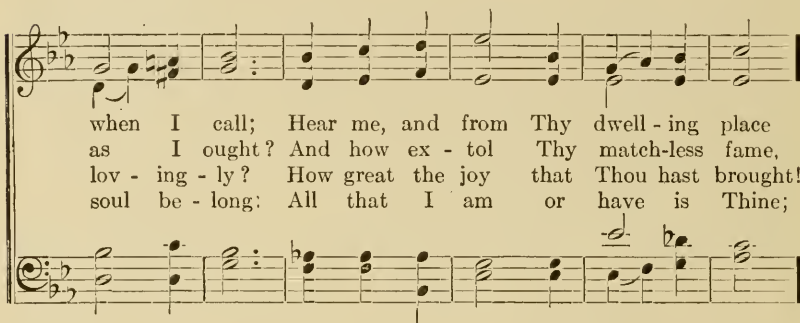
H. COLLINS.

Adoro. Te.

J. BARNBY.

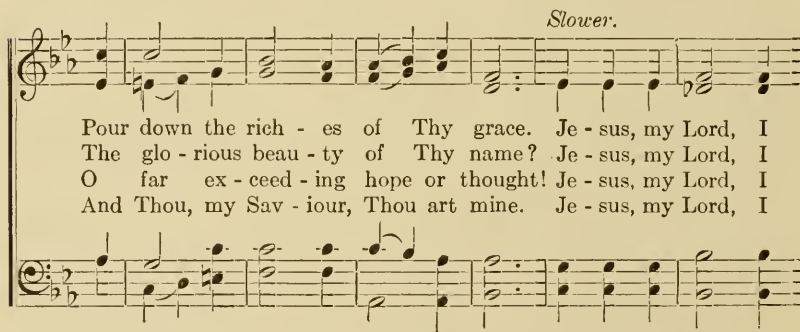


1. Je - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav-iour,
 2. Je - sus, too late I Thee have sought; How can I love Thee
 3. Je - sus, what didst Thou find in me That Thou hast dealt so
 4. Je - sus, of Thee shall be my song; To Thee my heart and



when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing place
 as I ought? And how ex - tol Thy match-less fame,
 lov - ing - ly? How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
 soul be - long; All that I am or have is Thine;

Slower.



Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace. Je - sus, my Lord, I
 The glo - rious beau - ty of Thy name? Je - sus, my Lord, I
 O far ex - ceed - ing hope or thought! Je - sus, my Lord, I
 And Thou, my Sav - iour, Thou art mine. Je - sus, my Lord, I



Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Vox Dilecti.

J. B. DYKES



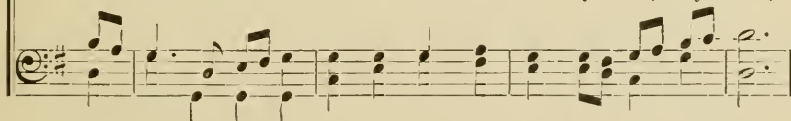
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



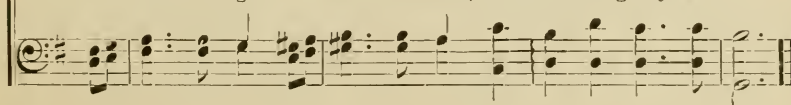
Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y and worn and sad,
 I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.



122 Jesus Wept! Those Tears Are Oyer.

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Autumn.

FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.

1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same;
 2. When the pangs of tri-al sieze us, When the waves of sorrow roll,
 3. Je-sus wept! and still in glo-ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
 4. Je-sus wept! that tear of sor-row Is a leg-a-cy of love;

FINE.

Kinsman, Friend and eld-er Broth-er, Is His ev-er-last-ing name.
 I will lay my head on Je-sus, Pil-low of the troub-led soul.
 Liv-ing to re-trace the sto-ry Of the heart He so-laced here.
 Yes-ter-day, to-day, to-mor-row, He the same doth ev-er prove.

D.S.—*Sav-iour, who can love like Thee, Gra-cious One of Beth-a-ny?*
Sure-ly, none can feel like Thee, Weep-ing One of Beth-a-ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth-a-ny!
Thou art all in all to me, Liv-ing One of Beth-a-ny!
 D. S.

Sav-iour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Beth-a-ny?
 Sure-ly, none can feel like Thee, Weep-ing One of Beth-a-ny!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth-a-ny!
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv-ing One of Beth-a-ny!

123 O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me.

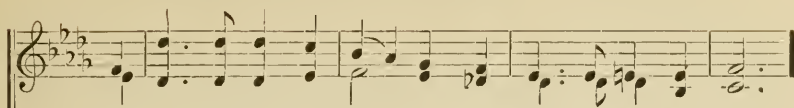
J. G. DECK.

St. Christopher.

F. C. MAKER.

1. O Lamb of God, still keep me, Near to Thy wounded side!
 2. 'Tis on-ly in Thee hid-ing, I feel my life se-cure;
 3. Soon shall my eyes be-hold Thee, With rap-ture face to face;

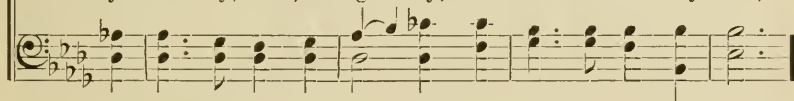
O Lamb of God, Still Keep Me.—Concluded.



'Tis on - ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
On - ly in Thee a - bid - ing, The con - flict can en - dure;
One half hath not been told me Of all Thy power and grace:



What foes and snares sur - round me! What doubts and fears within!
Thine arm the vic - tory gain - eth O'er ev - ery hate - ful foe;
Thy beau - ty, Lord, and glo - ry, The won - ders of Thy love,



The grace that sought and found me, A - lone can keep me clean.
Thy love my heart sus - tain - eth In all its care and woe.
Shall be the end - less sto - ry Of all Thy saints a - bove.



124

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Autumn.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be!
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!</p> | <p>3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.</p> |
| <p>2 Let the world despise and leave me, 4
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.</p> | <p>4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst Thou repine?</p> |

HENRY F. LYTE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
 2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did
 3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe, Or should pain at -
 4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al, I de-part from Thee! When Thou seest me waver, With a
 treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-
 tend me On my path be - low, Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
 turn-eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re-ly-ing Through that

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
 se - ma - ne, Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
 hand to see: Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
 mor-tal strife, Je-sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

EDWIN HATCH.

Miss MARY WHITTLE.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new;
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure;
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine;
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

Breathe On Me, Breath of God.—Concluded.

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldest do;
Un - til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure;
Till all this earth-ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine;
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty;

That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou wouldest do.
Un - til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure.
Till all this earth-ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

127 Take My Life and Let it Be.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Nottingham.

From MOZART.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold—Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine—It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure-store;

Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Every power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart—it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

128 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

HUGH STOWELL.

Retreat.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. From ev - ery storm - y wind that blows, From
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The
 3. There is a spot where spir - its blend, Where
 4. Ah, whith - er could we flee for aid, When
 5. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And

ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 oil of glad - ness on our heads, A place than all be -
 friend holds fel - low - ship with friend; Though sundered far, by
 tempt - ed, des - o - late, dis - mayed, Or how the hosts of
 time and sense seem all no more, And heaven comes down our

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
 sides more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
 faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 hell de - feat, Had suf - fering saints no mer - cy - seat?
 souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

129 What Various Hindrances We Meet.

Retreat.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
 In coming to a mercy-seat!
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
 But wishes to be often there?
- 2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
 withdraw;
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
 Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
- 4 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? ah! think again;
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill a fellow-creature's ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
 To heaven in supplication sent,
 Our cheerful song would oftener be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

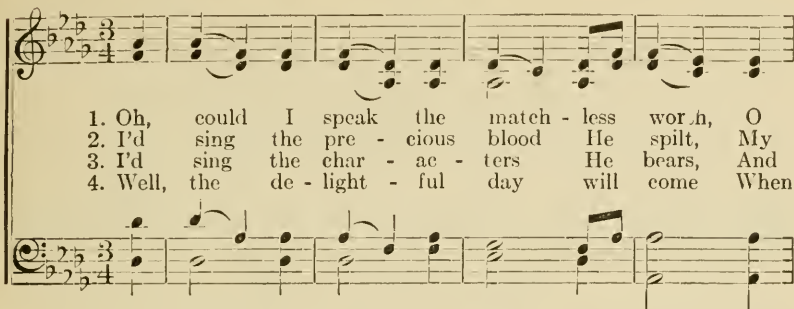
WILLIAM COWPER.

130 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

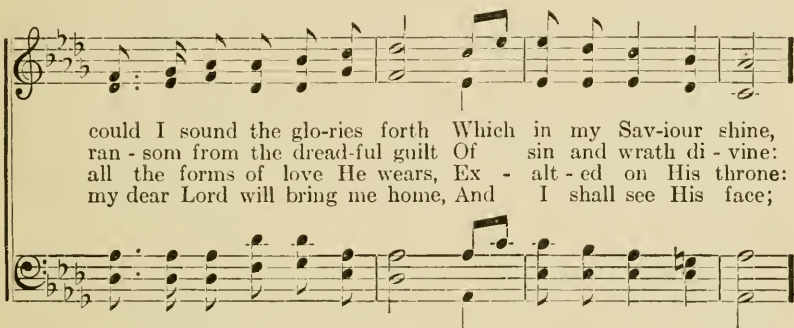
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Ariel

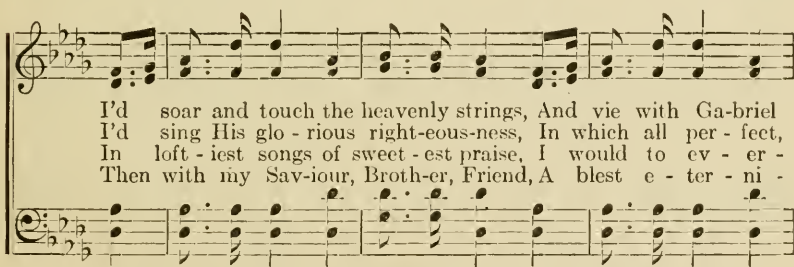
MOZART.



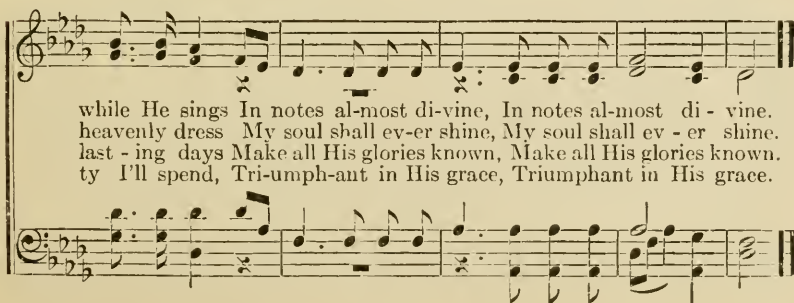
1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, O
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come When



could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine,
 ran-som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine:
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne:
 my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face;



I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel
 I'd sing His glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all per-fect,
 In loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-
 Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-



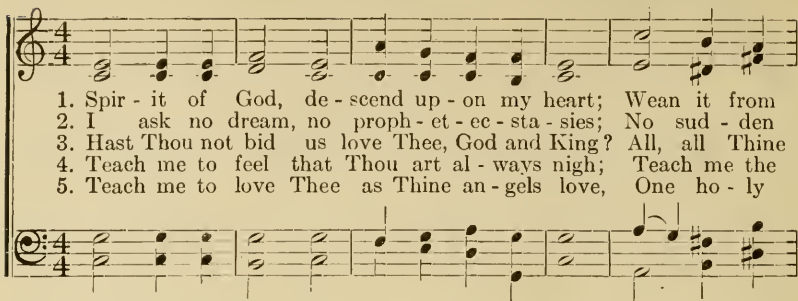
while He sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 last-ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
 ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

131 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

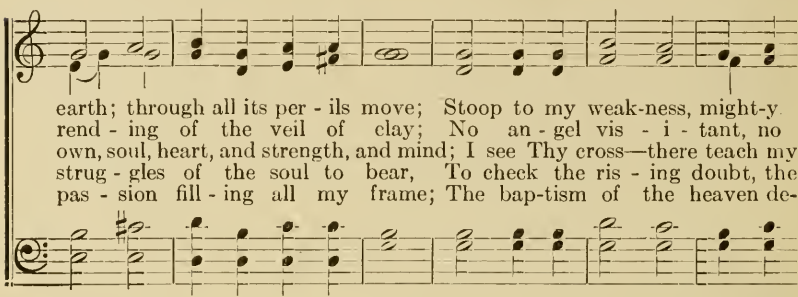
GEORGE CROLY.

Morecambe.


FREDERICK C. ATKINSON.



1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
 2. I ask no dream, no proph - et - ec - sta - sies; No sud - den
 3. Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King? All, all Thine
 4. Teach me to feel that Thou art al - ways nigh; Teach me the
 5. Teach me to love Thee as Thine an - gels love, One ho - ly



earth; through all its per - ils move; Stoop to my weak - ness, might - y
 rend - ing of the veil of clay; No an - gel vis - i - tant, no
 own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind; I see Thy cross—there teach my
 strug - gles of the soul to bear, To check the ris - ing doubt, the
 pas - sion fill - ing all my frame; The bap - tism of the heaven de -

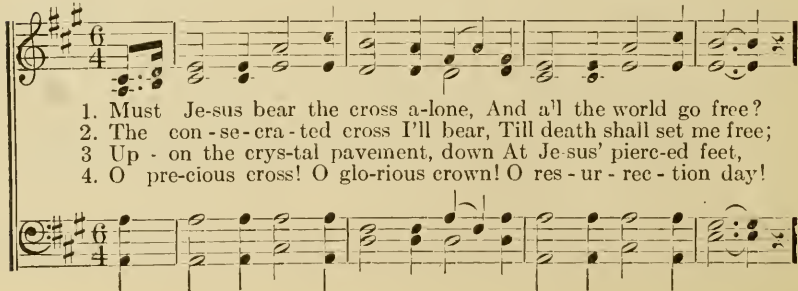


as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
 op - ening skies; But take the dim - ness of my soul a - way.
 heart to cling: O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.
 reb - el sigh; Teach me the pa - tience of un - an - swered prayer.
 scend - ed Dove, My heart an al - tar, and Thy love the flame.

132 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

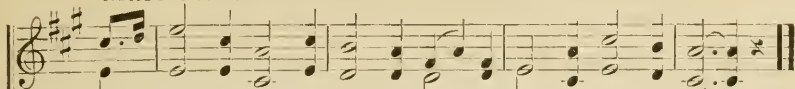
THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEORGE N. ALLEN.

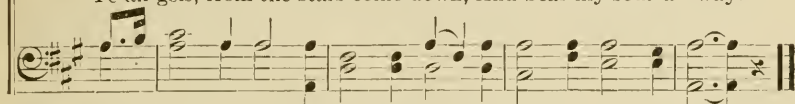


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc - ed feet,
 4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?—Concluded.



No, there's a cross for ev - ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name repeat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



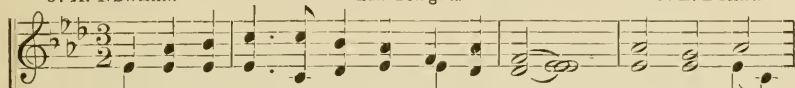
133

Lead, Kindly Light.

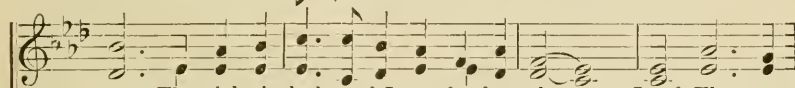
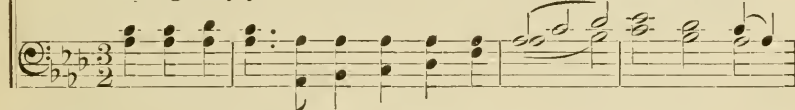
J. H. NEWMAN.

Lux Benigna.

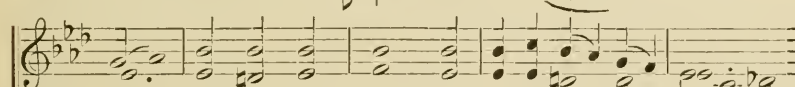
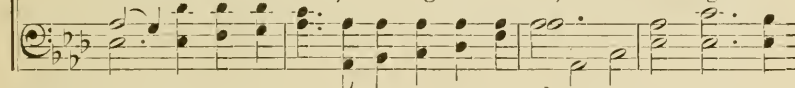
J. B. DYKES.



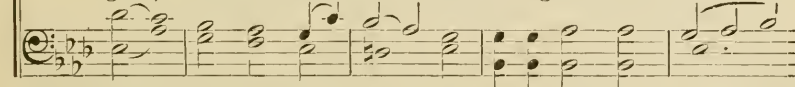
1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-ling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me



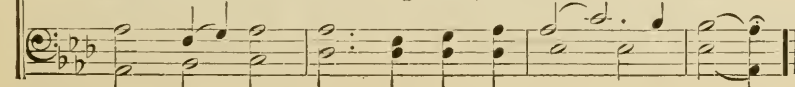
on; The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is



on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
on; I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
gone; And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,



The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

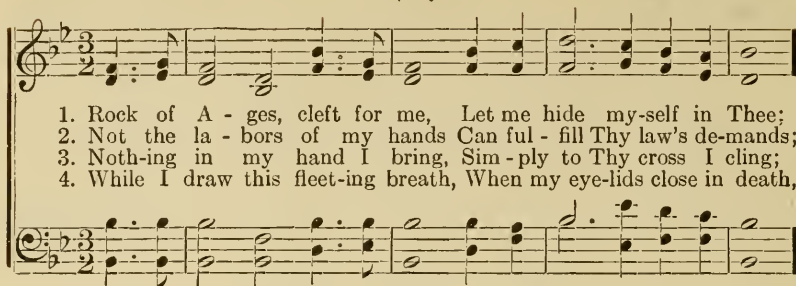


Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

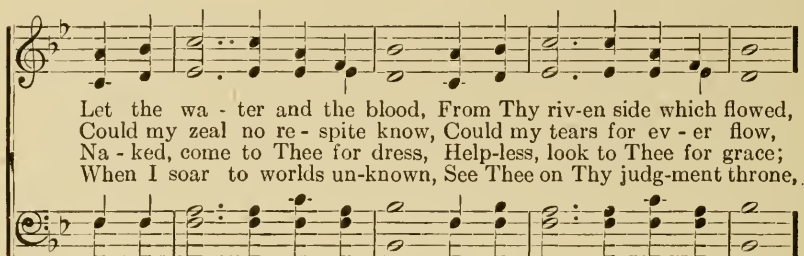
A. N. TOPLADY.

Toplady,

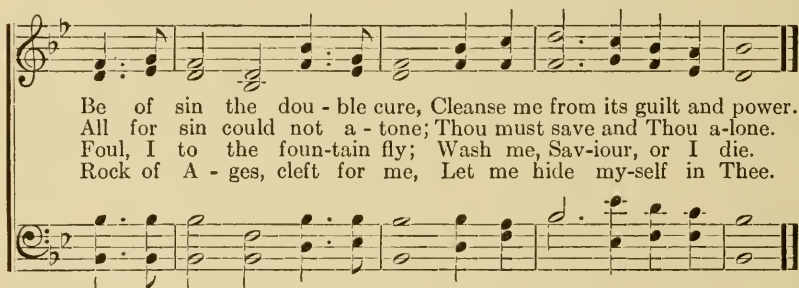
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
 3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,



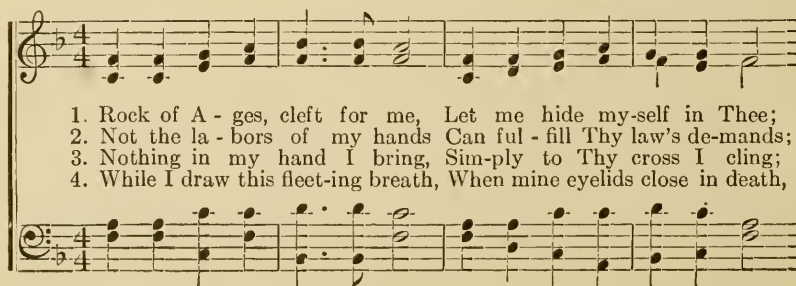
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a-lone.
 Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Gethsemane,

RICHARD REDHEAD.

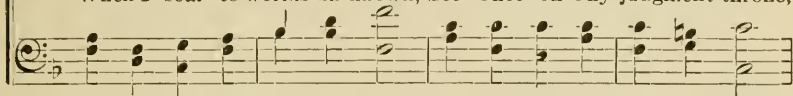


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
 3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,

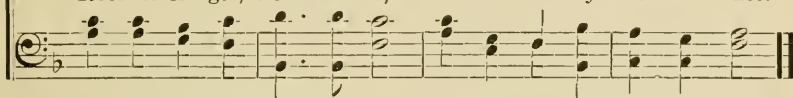
Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.—Concluded.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re-spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
 Nak-ed, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

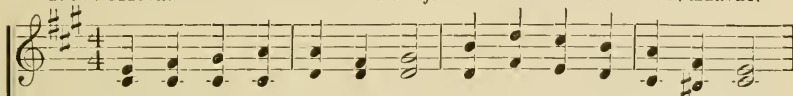


136 Father, Hear Thy Children's Call.

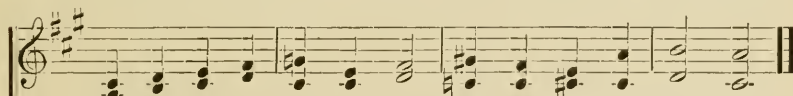
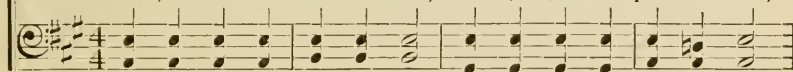
T. B. POLLOCK.

Hervey.

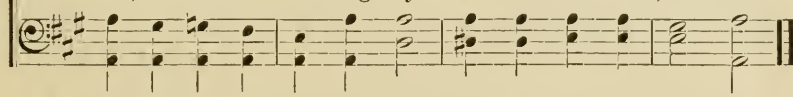
Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY.



1. Fa-ther, hear Thy chil-dren's call: Hum-bly at Thy feet we fall,
2. Christ, beneath Thy cross we blame All our life of sin and shame;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, grieved and tried, Oft for - got - ten and de - fied,
4. Love, that caused us first to be, Love, that bled up-on the tree,



Prod - i - gals, con - fess - ing all: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Pen - i - tent we breathe Thy name: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Now we mourn our stub-born pride: We be - seech Thee, hear us.
 Love, that draws us lov - ing - ly: We be - seech Thee, hear us.



5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
 Into paths of sin have strayed,
 And repentance have delayed:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
 Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
 Evil, long to be made pure:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
 Bound, we pray to be made free,
 Stained, we pray for sanctity:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

8 Thou, who hearest each contrite sigh,
 Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
 Willing not that one should die:
 We beseech Thee, hear us.

"What is this that he saith a little while." JOHN 16: 17.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, for the peace that flow-eth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's
 2. A lit - tle while for pa-tient vi - gil keep - ing, To face the
 3. A lit - tle while the earth - en pitch-er tak - ing, To way - side
 4. A lit - tle while to keep the oil from fail - ing, A lit - tle

desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright for-
 storm and wrestle with the strong; A lit-tle while to sow the seed with
 brooks, from far off fountains fed; Then the parched lip its thirst for ev-er
 while faith's flickering lamp to trim; And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps

ev - er, A - mid the shad-ows of earth's lit - tle while.
 weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har-vest song.
 slak - ing Be-side the ful - ness of the Foun - tain - head.
 hail - ing, We'll haste to meet Him with the Brid - al hymn.

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138 God Sendeth Sun, He Sendeth Shower.

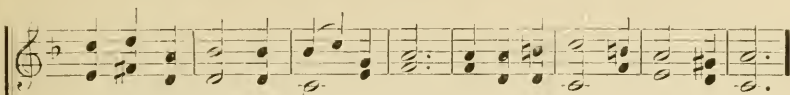
Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Pater Omnium.

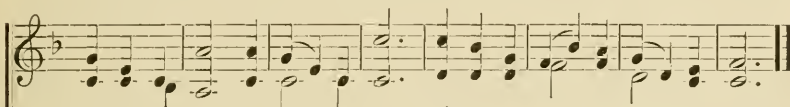
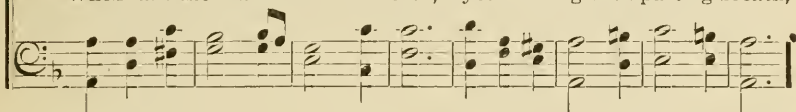
H. J. E. HOLMES.

1. God sendeth sun, He sendeth shower; Alike they're needful for the flower;
 2. Can loving children e'er reprove, With murmurs, those they trust and love?
 3. O ne'er will I at life re-pine; E-nough that Thou hast made it mine;

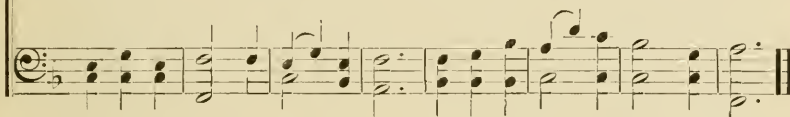
God Sendeth Sun, He Sendeth Shower.—Concluded.



And joys and tears a - like are sent To give the soul fit nour-ish-ment:
Cre - a - tor! I would ev - er be A trust-ing, lov-ing child to Thee:
When falls the shad-ow cold of death, I yet will sing with parting breath,



As comes to me or cloud or sun, Fa-ther, Thy will, not mine, be done.



139

God Is Love.

JOHN BOWRING.

Wilmot.

Arr. from WEBER.



1. God is love; His mer - cy brightens All the paths in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bu-sy ev-er; Man de-cays and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth Will His changeless goodness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en-twin-eth Hope and comfort from a-bove;



Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens, God is mer - cy, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev-er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wisdom, God is love.
Ev - ery - where His beau-ty shin-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.



In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

JOHN BOWRING.

Rathbun.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-oy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
 5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-line.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time abide
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-line.

Like a River, Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per-fect peace; O - ver all vic -
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced upon our

to - rious In its bright increase; Per-fect, yet it flow - eth Full - er
 fol - low, Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry, Not a
 di - al By the Sun of Love. - We may trust Him ful - ly, All for

CHO.—Stayed up-on Je - ho-vah, Hearts are

Like a River Glorious.—Concluded.

Repeat for Chorus. 8:

ev - ery day—Per-fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.
 shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir-it there.
 us to do; They who trust Him whol-ly Find Him whol-ly true.

ful - ly blest; Find-ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

142

Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS,

1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's commands;
 2. Ma - ny might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
 3. Ma - ny gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing through the land,
 4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - tory grand!

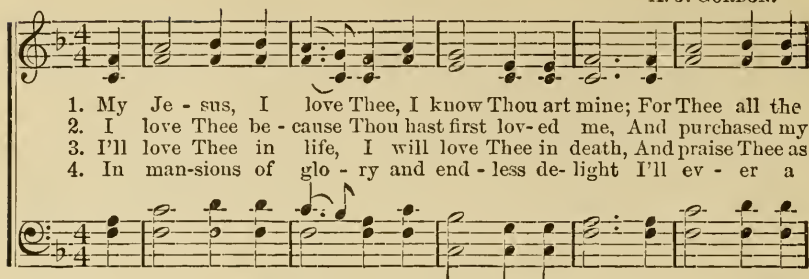
Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's band.
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's band.
 Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's band.
 Sa - tan and his hosts de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's band.

CHORUS.

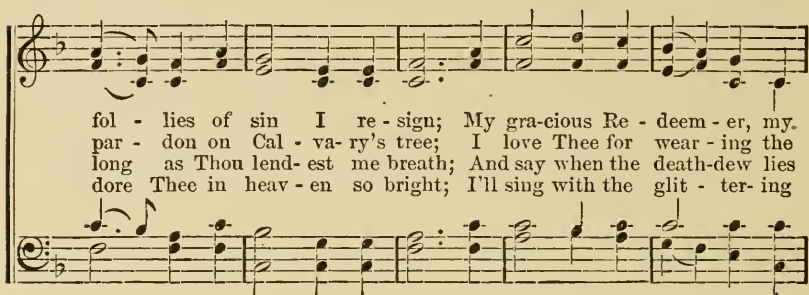
Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone!
 Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!

No. 143. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light I'll ev - er a



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my.
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing



Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,

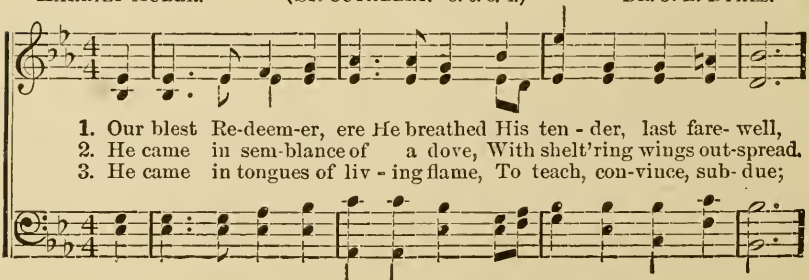
No. 144. Our Blest Redeemer.

"The Comforter . . . shall teach you . . . and bring all things to your remembrance."—
 John xiv : 26.

HARRIET AUBER.

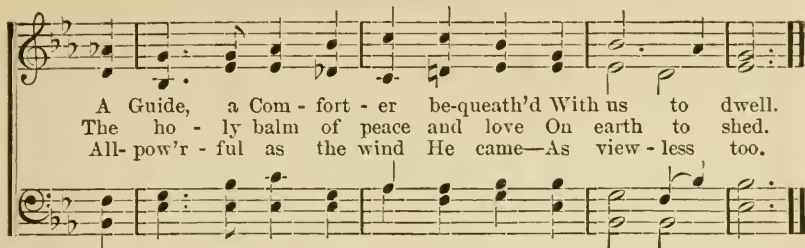
(ST. CUTHBERT. 8. 6. 8. 4.)

DR. J. B. DYKES.



1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare-well,
 2. He came in sem-blance of a dove, With shelt'ring wings out-spread.
 3. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub-due;

Our Blest Redeemer.—Concluded.



A Guide, a Com - fort - er be-queath'd With us to dwell.
The ho - ly balm of peace and love On earth to shed.
All-pow'r - ful as the wind He came—As view - less too.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.</p> <p>5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breathe of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.</p> | <p>6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.</p> <p>7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.</p> |
|--|--|

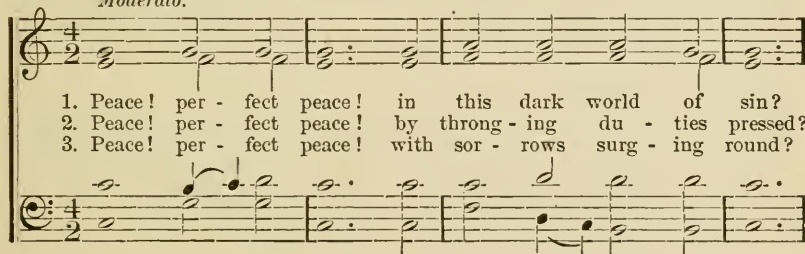
No. 145. Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—ISA. xxvi : 3.

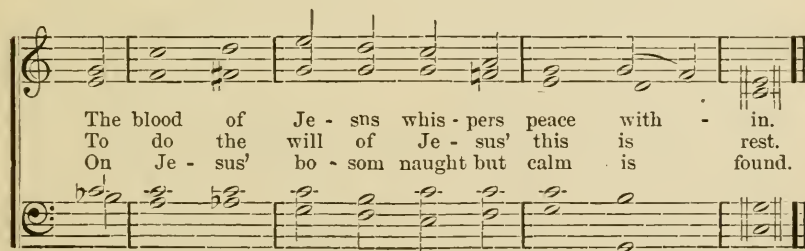
RT. REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, D. D. (PAR TECUM. 10. 10.)

G. T. CALDBECK.

Moderato.



1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?



The blood of Je - sns whis - pers peace with - in.
To do the will of Je - sus' this is rest.
On Je - sus' bo - som naught but calm is found.

- 4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. He holds the key of all un-known, And I am glad;
 2. What if to - mor-row's cares were here, With-out its rest?
 3. The ver - y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;
 4. I can - not read His fu - ture plans, But this I know:
 5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;

If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or if He trust-ed
 I'd rath - er He'd un-lock the day, And, as the hours swing
 For, grop - ing in my mist - y way, I feel His hand; I
 I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge
 For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His care I

it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.
 o - pen, say, "My will is best, My will is best."
 hear Him say, "My help is sure, My help is sure."
 of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.
 safe shall be, For ev - er blest, For ev - er blest.

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147 O Lord, How Happy Should We Be.

JOSEPH ANSTICE.

Innsbruck.

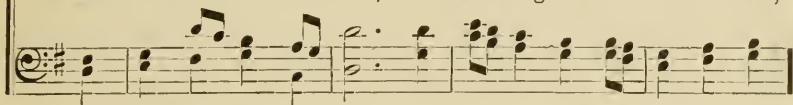
German.

1. O Lord, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee;
 2. How far from this our dai - ly life, How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
 3. Could we but kneel and cast our load, Even while we pray, upon our God,
 4. Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;

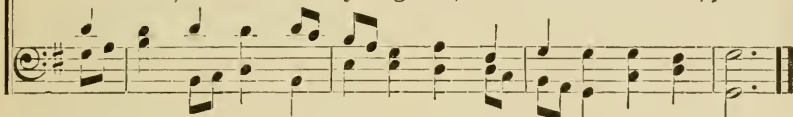
O Lord How Happy We Should Be.—Concluded.



If we from self could rest, And feel at heart that One a-bove,
By sud-den wild a-larms! Oh, could we but re-lin-quish all
Then rise with light-ened cheer; Sure that the Fa-ther who is nigh
Make them from self to cease, Leave all things to a Fa-ther's will,



In per-fect wis-dom, per-feet love, Is work-ing for the best.
Our earth-ly props, and sim-ply fall On Thine al-might-y arms!
To still the fam-ish'd ra-ven's cry, Will hear in that we fear.
And taste, be-fore Him ly-ing still, Even in af-flict-ion, peace.



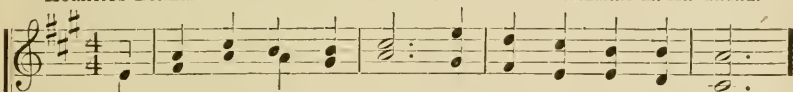
148

I Hear the Words of Love.

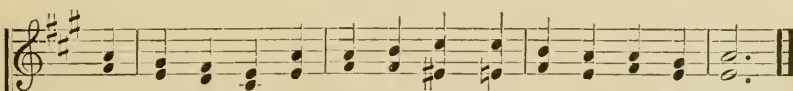
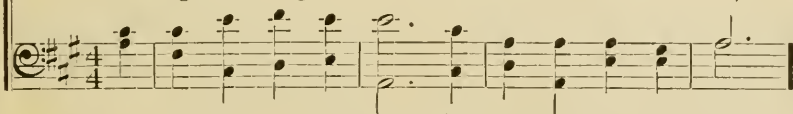
HORATIUS BONAR.

St. Michael.

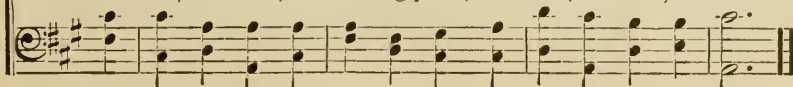
WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.



1. I hear the words of love, I gaze up-on the blood;
2. 'Tis ev-er-last-ing peace, Sure as Je-ho-vah's name;
3. The clouds may go and come, And storms may sweep my sky,
4. My love is oft-times low, My joy still ebbs and flows;
5. I change, He chang-es not, The Christ can nev-er die;



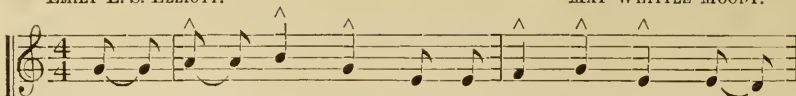
I see the might-y Sac-ri-fice, And I have peace with God.
'Tis sta-ble as His stead-fast throne, For ev-er-more the same.
This blood-sealed friendship changes not, The cross is ev-er nigh.
But peace with Him re-mains the same, No change Je-ho-vah knows.
His love, not mine, the rest-ing-place, His truth, not mine, the tie.



Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT.

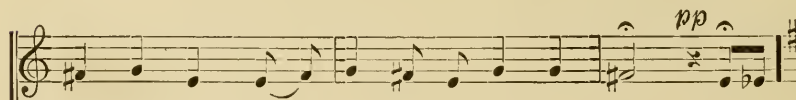
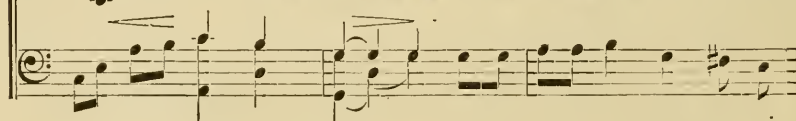
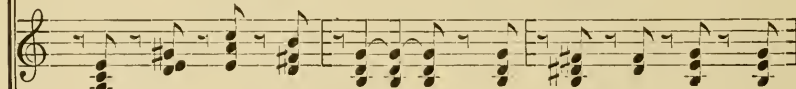
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang Pro-claim-
 3. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv - ing Word That



cam-est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was
 ing Thy roy - al de-cree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
 should set Thy peo-ple free; But with mock-ing scorn, and with



found no room, For Thy Ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
 come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty. Oh,
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. Oh,



Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.—Concluded.

pp

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for

pp

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef, starting with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

f

Thee, O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, come!

f

This system contains the next two staves. The top staff continues the melody, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The bottom staff provides a more active piano accompaniment, also marked with *f*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

There is room in my heart for Thee.

p

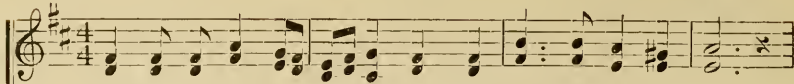
This system contains the final two staves. The top staff concludes the melody with a half note and a whole rest, followed by a double bar line. The bottom staff provides a concluding piano accompaniment, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line.

150 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

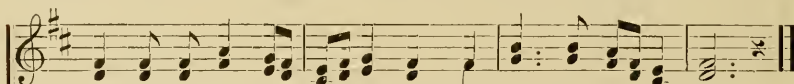
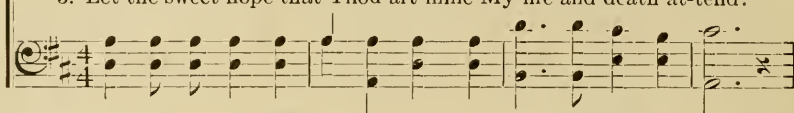
ANNE STEELE.
Alt. A. M. TOPLADY.

Naomi.

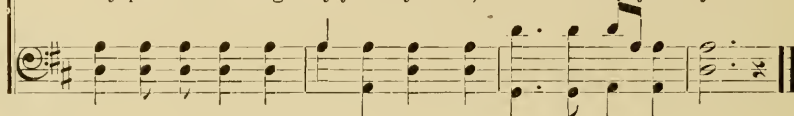
Arr. fr. HANS NAEGLI.
By LOWELL MASON.



1. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - ery mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at-tend:



Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence through my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

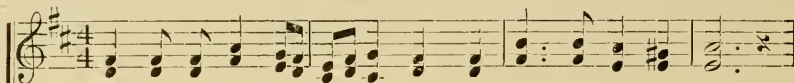


151 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

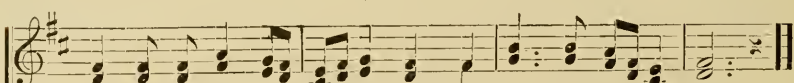
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Naomi.

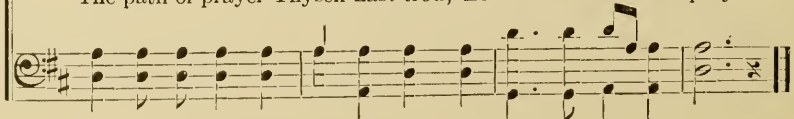
LOWELL MASON.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin-cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex-pressed;
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That in-fant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Christian's vit-al breath, The Christian's native air:
5. Prayer is the con-trite sin-ner's voice, Re-turn-ing from his ways;
6. O Thou, by whom we come to God— The Life, the Truth, the Way;

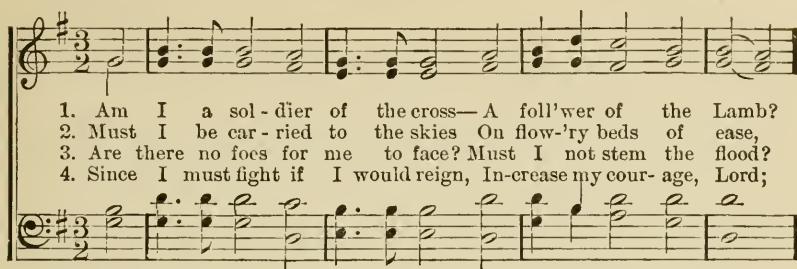


The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem-bles in the breast.
The up-ward glanc-ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The maj - es - ty on high.
His watchword at the gates of death—He enters heaven with prayer.
While angels in their songs re - joice, And cry,—“Behold he prays!”
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod; Lord! teach us how to pray.

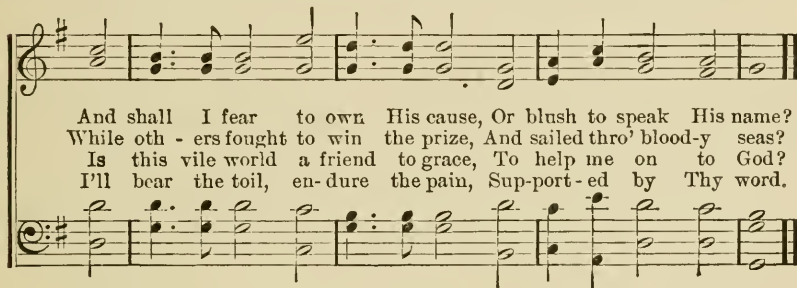


ISAAC WATTS.

THOMAS A. ARNE.



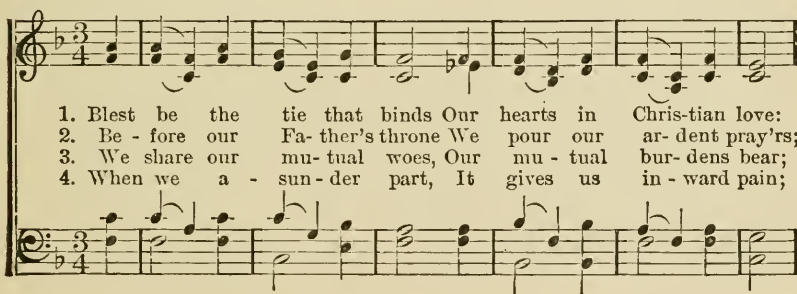
1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



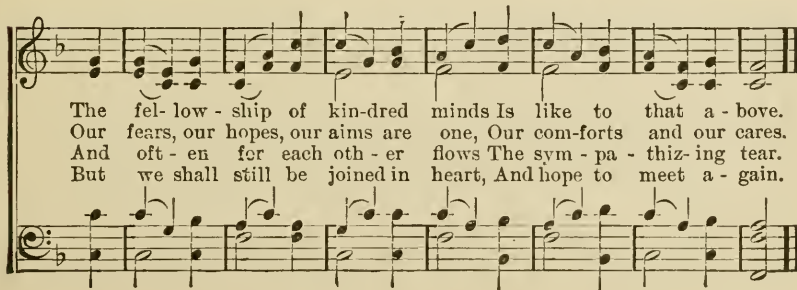
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

JOHN FAWCETT.

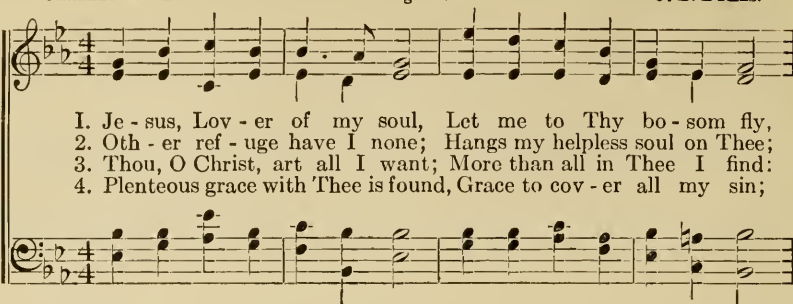
HANS G. NAEGELI.



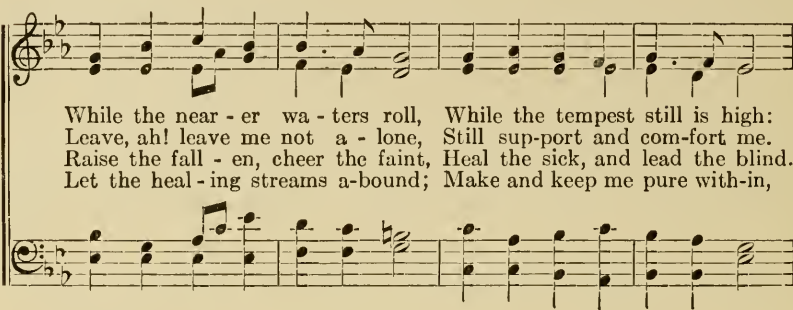
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;



The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.



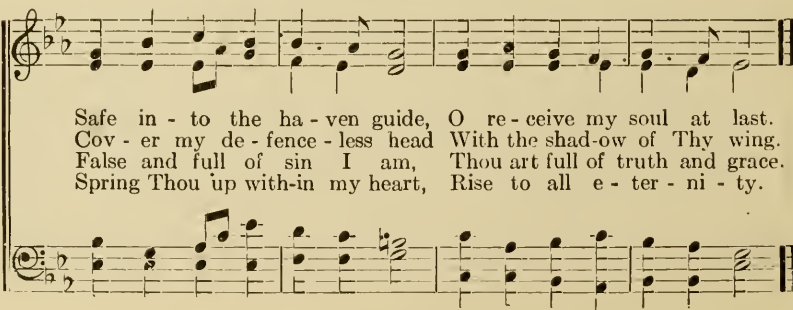
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



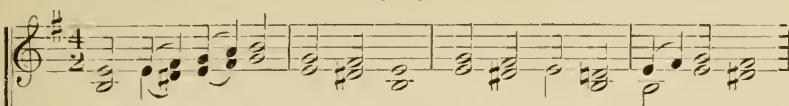
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in,



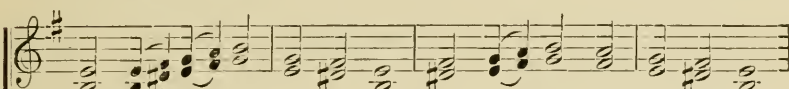
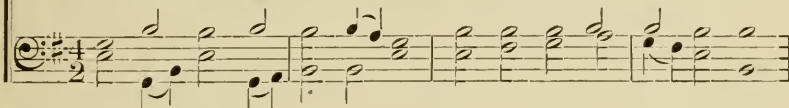
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



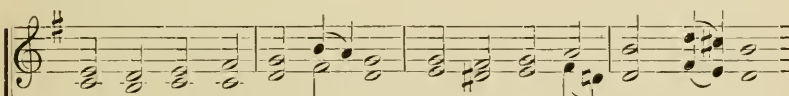
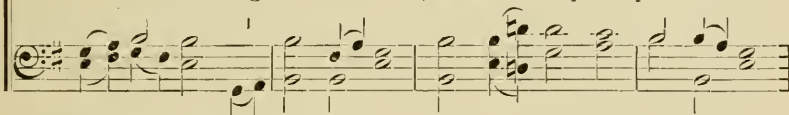
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



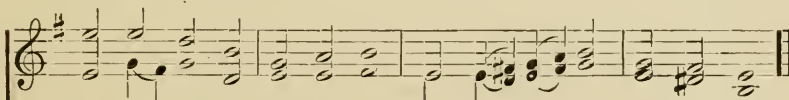
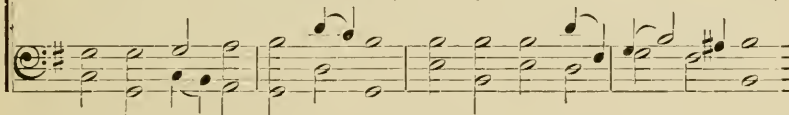
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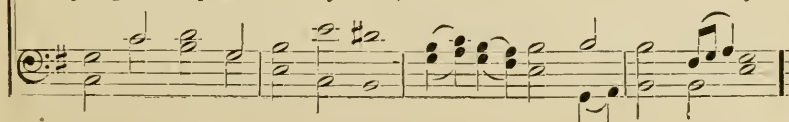
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 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;

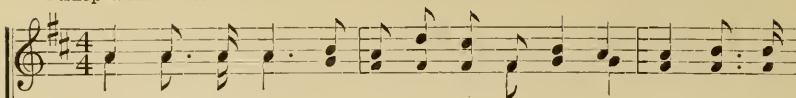


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.



Bishop WILLIAM C. DOANE.

T. A. JEFFERY.



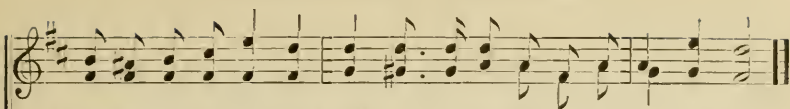
1. An - cient of days, who sit-test, throned in glo - ry; To Thee all
 2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil-dren In all the
 3. O Ho - ly Je - sus, Prince of Peace and Saviour, To Thee we
 4. O Ho - ly Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giv - er, Thine is the
 5. O Tri - une God, with heart and voice a-dor-ing, Praise we the



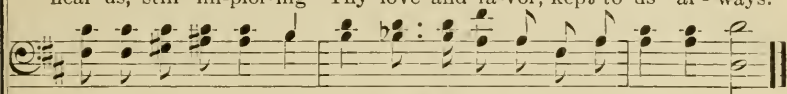
knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blessed the
 a - ges, with the fire and cloud, Through seas dry-shod, through
 owe the peace that still pre-vaile, Still-ing the rude wills
 quick-ening power that gives in - crease; From Thee have flowed, as
 good - ness that doth crown our days; Pray we that Thou wilt



Ancient of Days.—Concluded.



wide world's wondrous story, With life and light since Eden's dawning day.
weary wastes bewildering; To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.
of men's wild be-hav-i-or, And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.
from a pleas-ant riv-er, Our plenty, wealth, pros-per-i-ty and peace.
hear us, still im-plor-ing Thy love and fa-vor, kept to us al-ways.



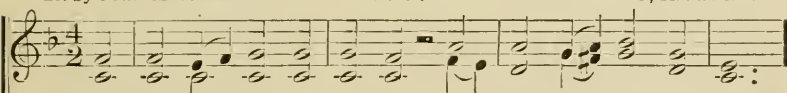
157

O Happy Band of Pilgrims.

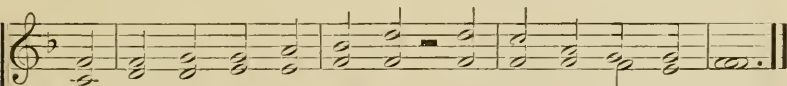
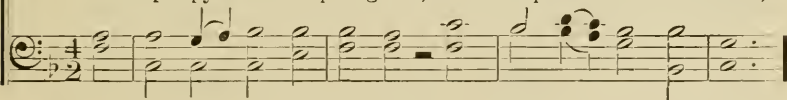
Tr. by JOHN MASON NEALE.

Kocher.

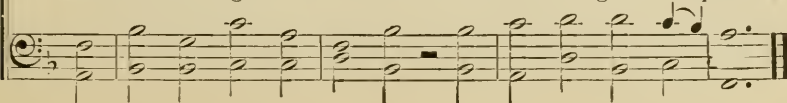
J. H. KNECHT.



- 1 O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread
2. O hap-py if ye la-bor As Je-sus did for men:
3. The cross that Je-sus car-ried He car-ried as your due:
4. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn,
5. The tri-als that be-set you, The sor-rows ye en-dure,
6. What are they but His jew-els, Of right ce-les-tial worth?
7. O hap-py band of pil-grims, Look up-ward to the skies,



With Je-sus as your Fel-low To Je-sus as your Head!
O hap-py if ye hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then!
The crown that Je-sus wear-eth He wear-eth it for you.
The love that through all trou-bles To Him a-lone will turn.
The man-i-fold temp-ta-tions That death a-lone can cure,
What are they but the lad-der Set up to heaven on earth?
Where such a light af-flic-tion Shall win so great a prize.



My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream

Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my Guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - rows
 Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour, then in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change - less be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re - move: O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

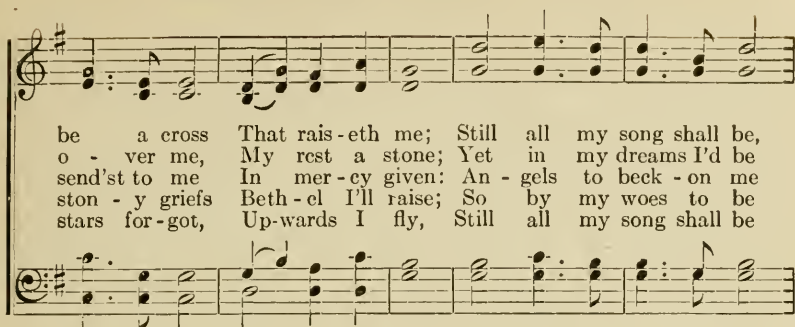
SARAH F. ADAMS.

Bethany.

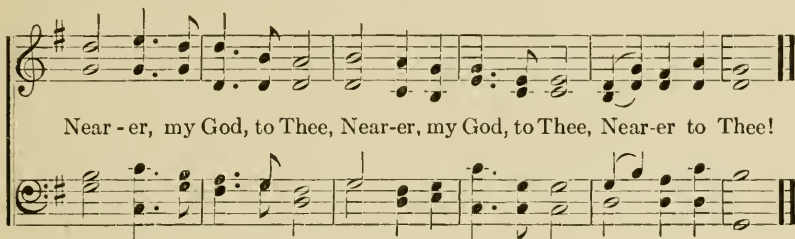
LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven: All that Thou
 4. Then, with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.



be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send'st to me In mer-cy given: An - gels to beck - on me
ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be



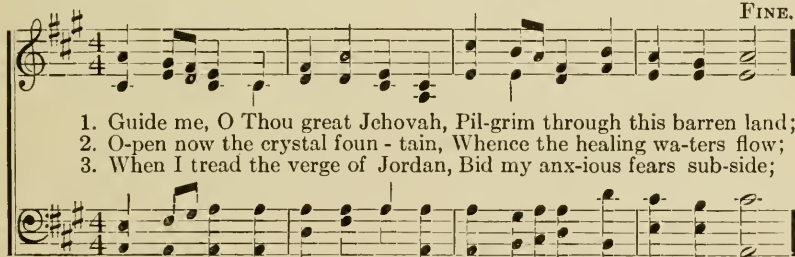
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

160 Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. WILLIAMS.

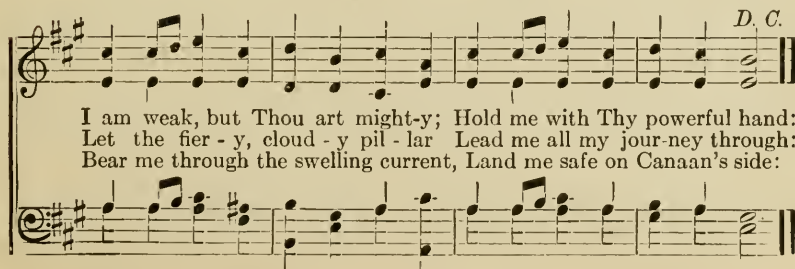
WM. L. VINER.

FINE.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pil-grim through this barren land;
2. O - pen now the crystal foun - tain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;

D. C.—Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-er-er, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of praises, I will ev - er give to Thee.



I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through:
Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright,
 2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound;
 3. I thank Thee more that all our joy Is touched with pain,
 4. I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept The best in store;
 5. I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls, Though am - ply blest,

So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
 So ma - ny gen - tle thoughts and deeds Cir - cling us round;
 That shad - ows fall on bright - est hours, That thorns re - main;
 We have e - nough, yet not too much To long for more:
 Can nev - er find, al - though they seek, A per - fect rest;

So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right.
 That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.
 A yearn - ing for a deep - er peace Not known be - fore.
 Nor ev - er shall, un - til they lean On Je - sus' breast.

162 Thou to Whom the Sick and Dying.

G. THRING.

H. ALBERT.

1. Thou to whom the sick and dying Ev - er came, nor came in vain,
 2. Still the wear - y, sick and dy - ing Need a bro - ther's, sister's care.
 3. May each child of Thine be will - ing, Will - ing both in hand and heart,
 4. So may sick - ness, sin, and sad - ness To Thy heal - ing vir - tue yield,

Thou to Whom the Sick and Dying.—Concluded.

Still with healing word re - ply - ing To the wear-ied cry of pain.
 On Thy high-er help re - ly - ing May we now Thy bur-den share,
 All the law of love ful - fill - ing, Ev - er com-fort to im-part;
 Till the sick and sad, in glad-ness, Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed;

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat.
 Bring-ing all our offerings meet Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat.
 Ev - er bring-ing off-erings meet Suppliants at Thy mer - cy - seat.
 One in Thee to-geth - er meet Par-doned at Thy judg-ment-seat.

Org.

163 Teach Me. O Lord, Thy Holy Way.

W. T. MATSON.

Staincliffe.

R. W. DIXON.

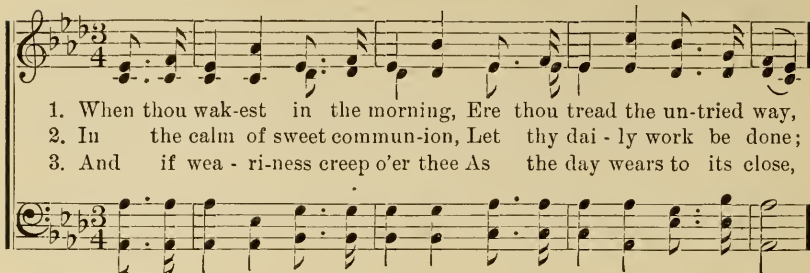
1. Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way, And give me an o - be-dient mind;
2. Guide me, O Saviour, with thy hand, And so control my thoughts and deeds,
3. Help me, O Saviour, here to trace The sacred footsteps Thou hast trod;
4. Guard me, O Lord, that I may ne'er For - sake the right, or do the wrong;
5. Bless me in ev-ry task, O Lord, Be - gun, con-tin-ued, done for Thee;

That in my serv-ice I may find My soul's delight from day to day.
 That I may tread the path which leads Right onward to the bless-ed land.
 And, meek - ly walk-ing with my God, To grow in goodness, truth, and grace.
 A-gainst temptation make me strong, And around me spread Thy sheltering care.
 Ful - fill Thy per-fect work in me; And Thine abound-ing grace af-ford.

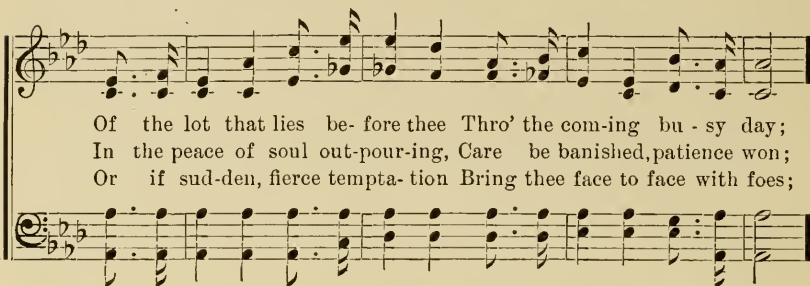
164 When Thou Wakest in the Morning.

G. M. TAYLOR.

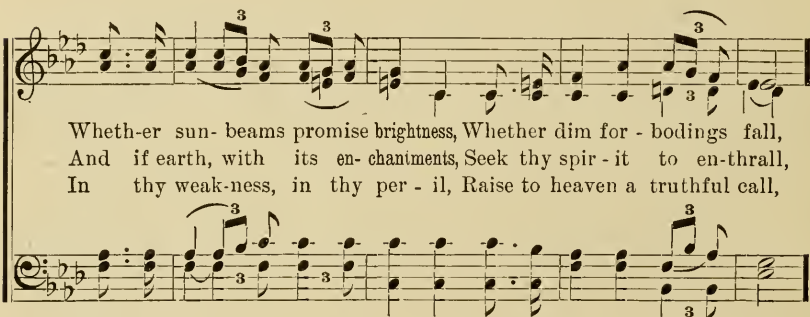
Mrs. LEWIS S. CHAFER.



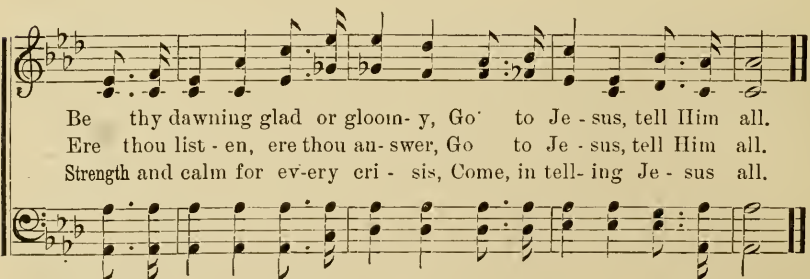
1. When thou wak-est in the morning, Ere thou tread the un-tried way,
 2. In the calm of sweet commun-ion, Let thy dai-ly work be done;
 3. And if wea-ri-ness creep o'er thee As the day wears to its close,



Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bu-sy day;
 In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Care be banished, patience won;
 Or if sud-den, fierce tempta-tion Bring thee face to face with foes;



Wheth-er sun-beams promise brightness, Whether dim for-bod-ings fall,
 And if earth, with its en-chantments, Seek thy spir-it to en-thrall,
 In thy weak-ness, in thy per-il, Raise to heaven a truthful call,



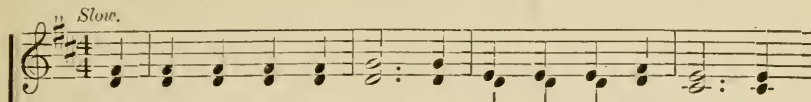
Be thy dawning glad or gloom-y, Go' to Je-sus, tell Him all.
 Ere thou list-en, ere thou au-swer, Go to Je-sus, tell Him all.
 Strength and calm for ev-ery cri-sis, Come, in tell-ing Je-sus all.

Make Me a Captive, Lord.

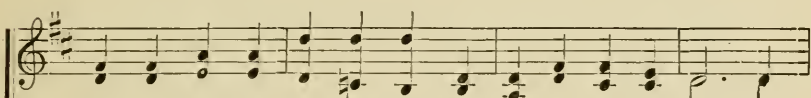
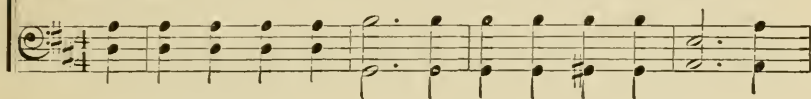
GEORGE MATHESON.

(Leominster.)

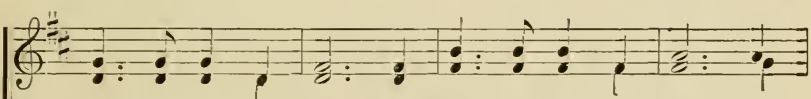
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Slow.

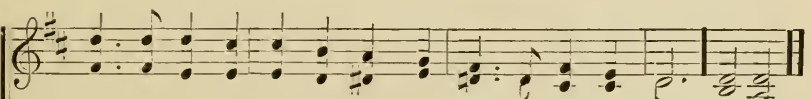
1. Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be free; Force
2. My heart is weak and poor Un - til it mas-ter find: It
3. My power is faint and low Till I have learned to serve, It
4. My will is not my own Till Thou hast made it Thine; If



me to ren - der up my sword, And I shall conqueror be. I
has no spring of ac - tion sure—It va - ries with the wind: It
wants the need - ed fire to glow, It wants the breeze to nerve; It
it would reach a mon-arch's throne It must its crown re-sign: It



sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand; Im -
can - not free - ly move Till Thou hast wrought its chain; En -
can - not drive the world Un - til it - self be driven, Its
on - ly stands un - bent A - mid the clash - ing strife, When



pris - on me with - in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand.
slave it with Thy matchless love, And deathless it shall reign.
flag can on - ly be un-furled When Thou shalt breathe from heaven.
on Thy bo - som it has leant, And found in Thee its life. A-men.

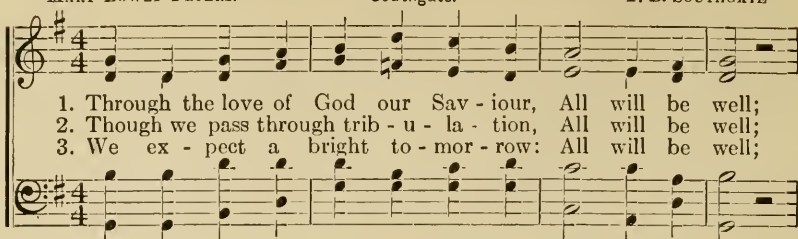


166 Through the Love of God Our Saviour.

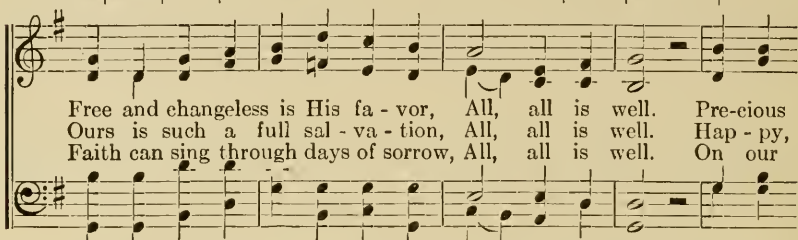
MARY BOWLY PETERS.

Southgate.

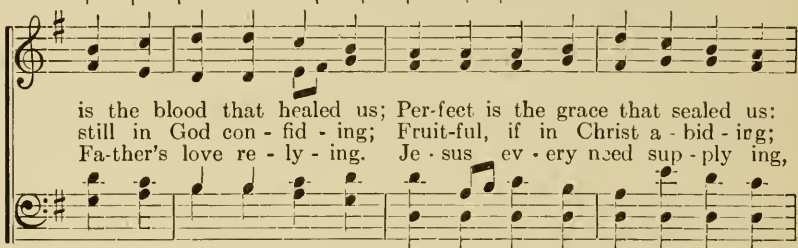
T. B. SOUTHGATE



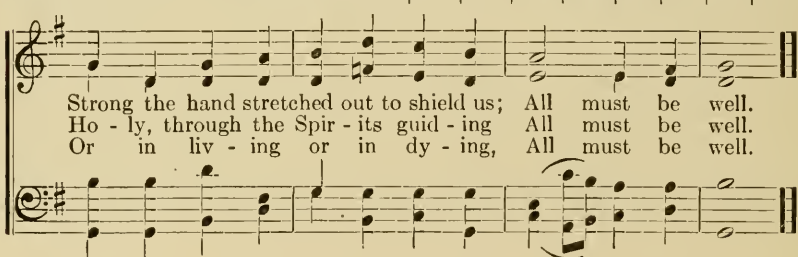
1. Through the love of God our Sav - iour, All will be well;
 2. Though we pass through trib - u - la - tion, All will be well;
 3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row: All will be well;



Free and changeless is His fa - vor, All, all is well. Pre - cious
 Ours is such a full sal - va - tion, All, all is well. Hap - py,
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow, All, all is well. On our



is the blood that healed us; Per - fect is the grace that sealed us:
 still in God con - fid - ing; Fruit - ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing;
 Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing. Je - sus ev - ery need sup - ply ing,

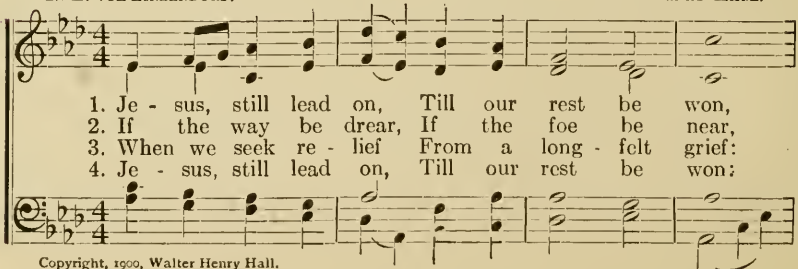


Strong the hand stretched out to shield us; All must be well.
 Ho - ly, through the Spir - its guid - ing All must be well.
 Or in liv - ing or in dy - ing, All must be well.

167 Jesus, Still Lead On.

N. L. von ZINZENDORF.

WALTER HENRY HALL.

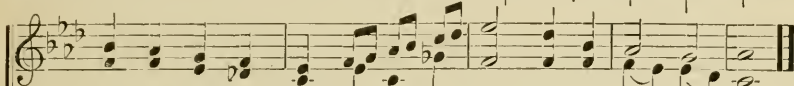


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won,
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near,
 3. When we seek re - lief, From a long - felt grief:
 4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won;

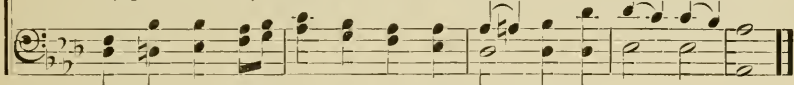
Jesus, Still Lead On.—Concluded.



And al-though the way be cheer-less, We will fol-low,
Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us; Let not faith and
When temp-ta-tions come al-lur-ing, Make us pa-tient
Heaven-ly Lead-er, still di-rect us, Still sup-port, con-



calm and fear-less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther-land.
hope for-sake us; For, through many a woe To our home we go.
and en-dur-ing; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.
sole, pro-TECT us, Till we safe-ly stand In our Fa-ther-land.

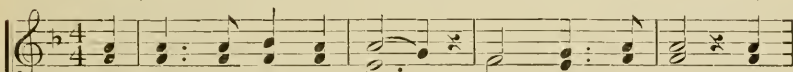


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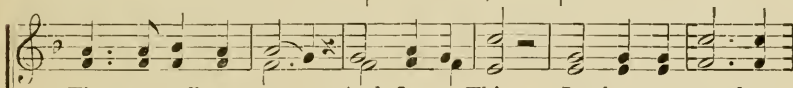
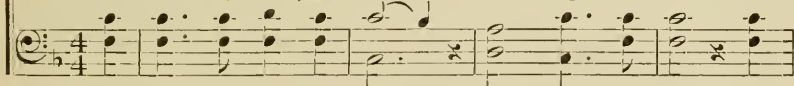
I Lift My Heart to Thee.

CHARLES E. MUDIE.

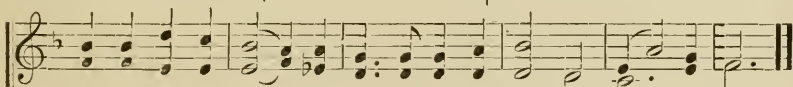
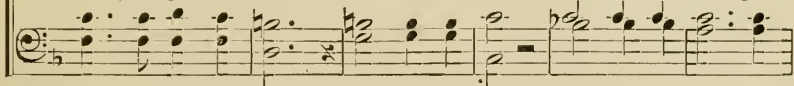
THOMAS M. MUDIE.



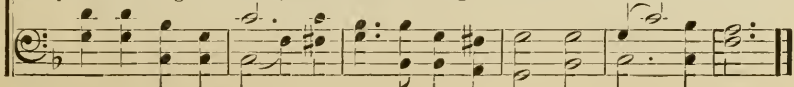
1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav-iour di-vine; For
2. Thine am I by all ties, But chief-ly Thine, That
3. To Thee, Thou bleed-ing Lamb, I all things owe,—All
4. How can I, Lord, with-hold Life's bright-est hour From



Thou art all to me. And I am Thine, Is there on earth a
through Thy sac-ri-fice Thou, Lord, art mine. By Thine own cords of
that I have and am, And all I know. All that I have is
Thee; or gathered gold, Or an-y power? Why should I keep one

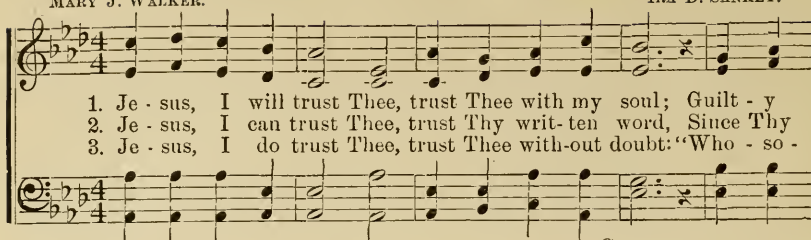


clos-er bond than this, That "my Beloved's mine, and I am His?"
love so sweet-ly wound A-round me, I to Thee am close-ly bound.
now no long-er mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
pre-cious thing from Thee, When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

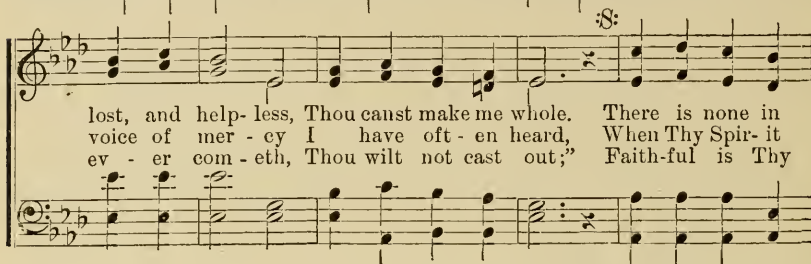


MARY J. WALKER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

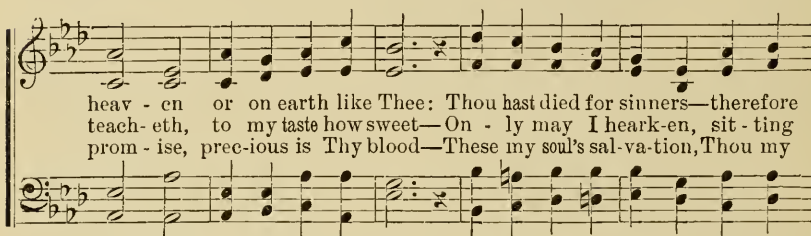


1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt - y
 2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy writ - ten word, Since Thy
 3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with - out doubt: "Who - so -



lost, and help - less, Thou canst make me whole. There is none in
 voice of mer - cy I have oft - en heard, When Thy Spir - it
 ev - er com - eth, Thou wilt not cast out," Faith - ful is Thy

D.S.—Je - sus, I will



heav - en or on earth like Thee; Thou hast died for sinners—therefore
 teach - eth, to my taste how sweet—On - ly may I heark - en, sit - ting
 prom - ise, prec - ious is Thy blood—These my soul's sal - va - tion, Thou my

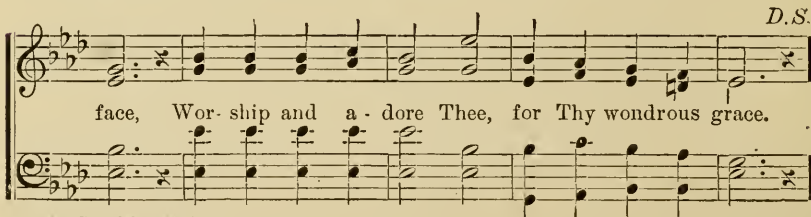
trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst

FINE. CHORUS.



Lord for me. } In Thy love con - fid - ing I will seek Thy
 at Thy feet. }
 Sav - iour God! }

make me whole.



face, Wor - ship and a - dore Thee, for Thy wondrous grace.

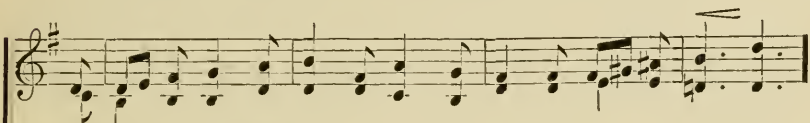
D.S.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



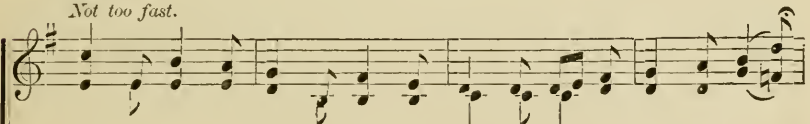
1. I've found the life of tru - est joy, My heart is o - ver - flow - ing;
2. Once self - ish joy I vain - ly tried, And sought the world for pleas - ure;
3. But now the truth that makes me free Is like a well up - spring - ing;



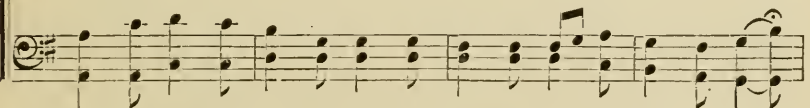
By day and night my glad em - ploy, This se - cret to be show - ing.
 Now self with Christ is cru - ci - fied, And He is all my treas - ure.
 The ris - en Christ now lives in me, And fills my soul with sing - ing.



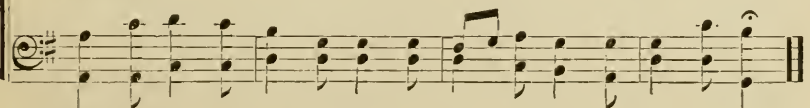
REFRAIN.

Not too fast.

Oh, the joy of lov - ing Je - sus, Oh, the gladness that is given



When we know the Fa - ther sees us One with Je - sus there in Heaven.



O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

W. W. How.

St. Edith.

EDWARD HUSBAND.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo, that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:
 And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
 "I died for you, my chil - dren. And will ye treat me so?"

Shame on us, Christian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
 O love that pass-eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
 O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.

A. REED.

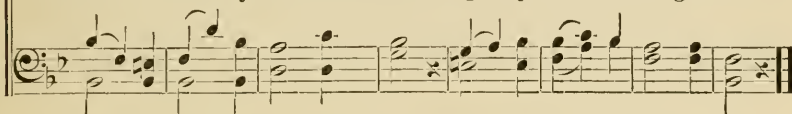
GOTTSCALK.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
 4. Ho-ly spir - it all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Holy Ghost, With Love Divine.—Concluded.



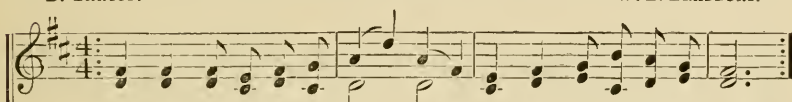
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with-out con - trol, feld do - min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev - ery i - dol throne, Reign supreme— and reign alone.



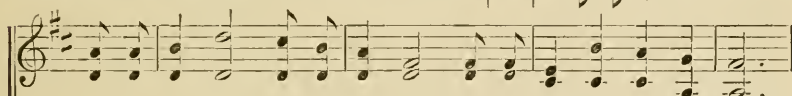
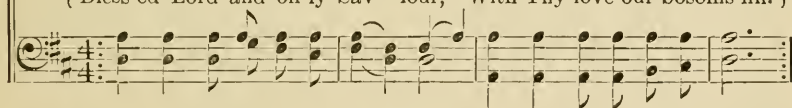
173 Saviour, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us.

D. THRUPP.

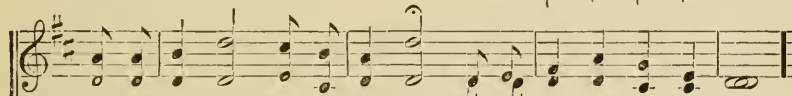
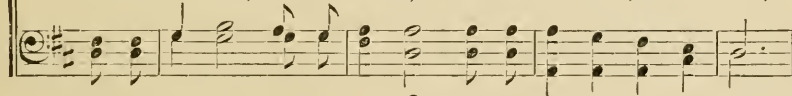
W. B. BRADBURY.



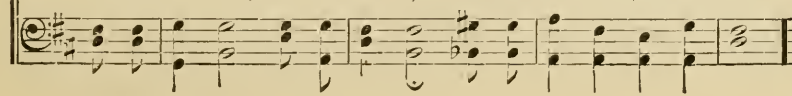
1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd, lead us, Much we need Thy tenderest care; }
 { In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare. }
2. { We are Thine; do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
 { Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us if we go a - stray. }
3. { Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sinful though we be; }
 { Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. }
4. { Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear - ly let us do Thy will; }
 { Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav - iour, With Thy love our bosoms fill. }



Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee;
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still;



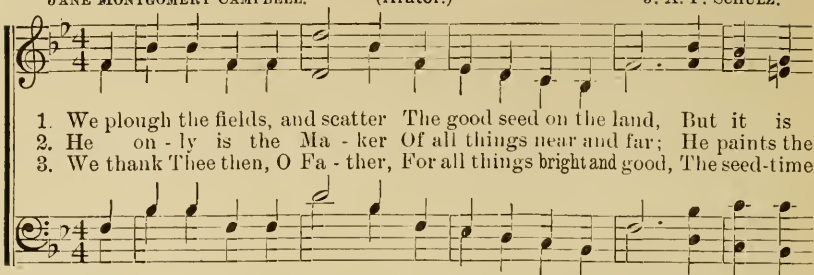
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Let us ear - ly turn to Thee,
 Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.



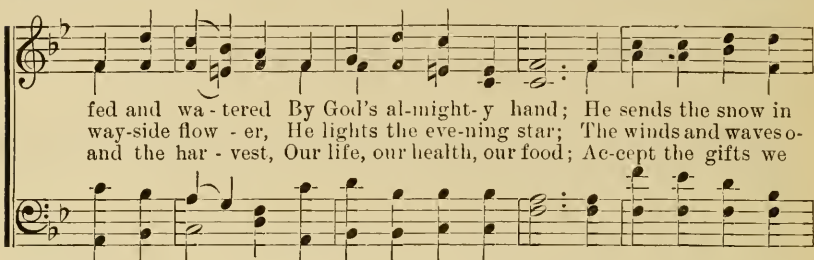
JANE MONTGOMERY CAMPELL.

(Arator.)

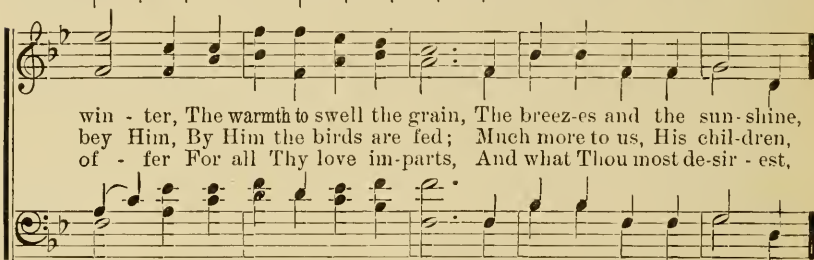
J. A. P. SCHULZ.



1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is
 2. He on - ly is the Ma - ker Of all things near and far; He paints the
 3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good, The seed-time

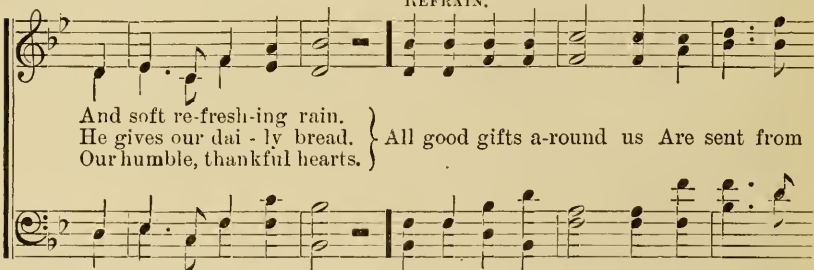


fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in
 way-side flow - er, He lights the eve-ning star; The winds and waves o -
 and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; Ac-cept the gifts we

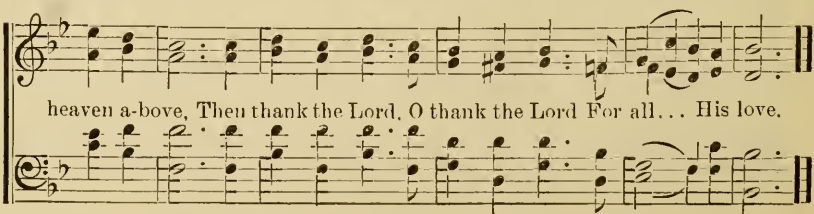


win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine,
 bey Him, By Him the birds are fed; Much more to us, His chil-dren,
 of - fer For all Thy love im-parts, And what Thou most de-sir - est,

REFRAIN.



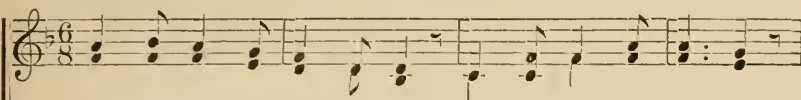
And soft re-fresh-ing rain. }
 He gives our dai - ly bread. } All good gifts a-round us Are sent from
 Our humble, thankful hearts. }



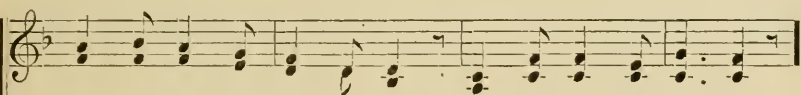
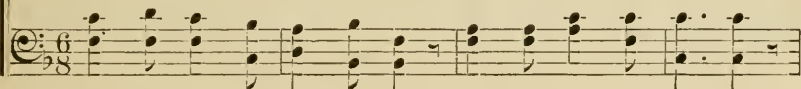
heaven a-bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all... His love.

F. J. CROSBY.

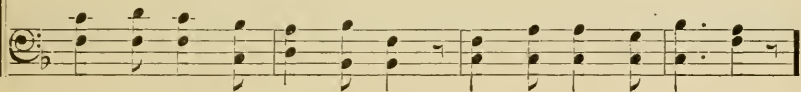
W. H. DOANE.



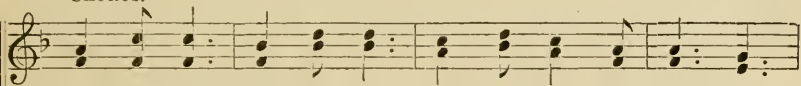
1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the Cross, I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,



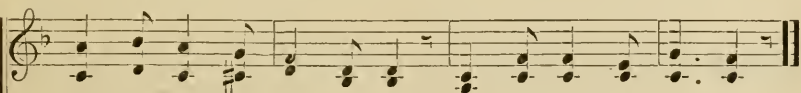
Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's mountain.
 There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.



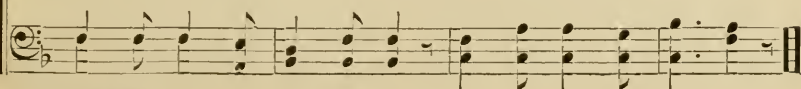
CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



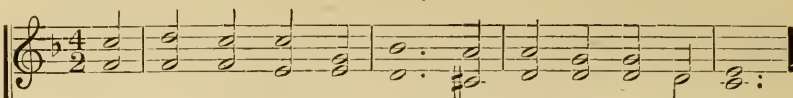
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.



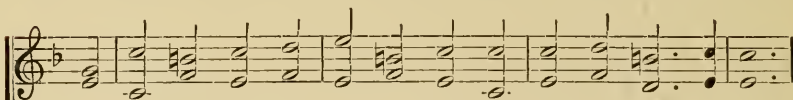
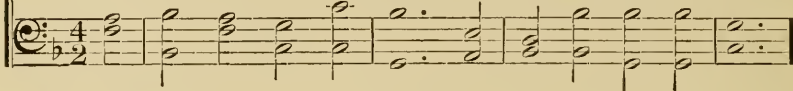
H. BONAR.

Chalvey.

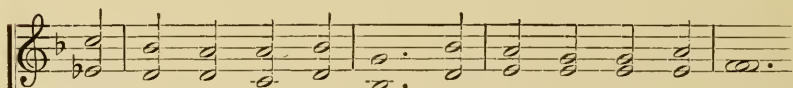
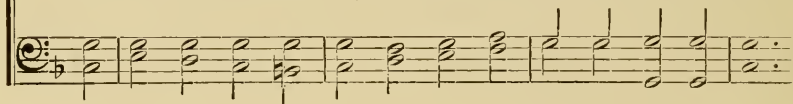
L. G. HAYNE.



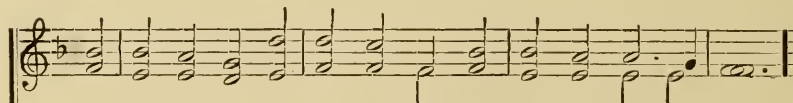
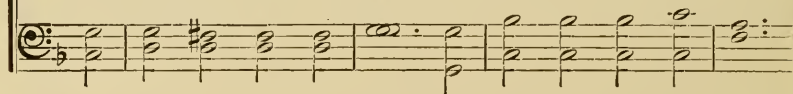
- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. A few more years shall roll, | A few more sea-sons come, |
| 2. A few more suns shall set | O'er these dark hills of time, |
| 3. A few more storms shall beat | On this wild rock - y shore, |
| 4. A few more strug - gles here, | A few more part-ings o'er, |
| 5. 'Tis but a lit - tle while | And He shall come a - gain, |



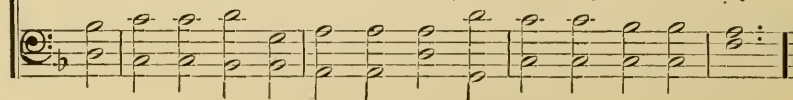
And we shall be with those at rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;
 And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - re - ner clime;
 And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And sur-ges swell no more;
 A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more;
 Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign;



Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that bright day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that calm day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that blest day;
 Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that glad day;



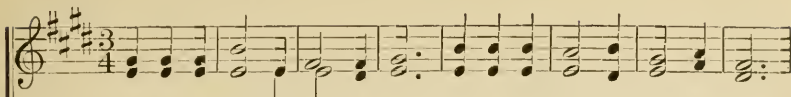
Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.



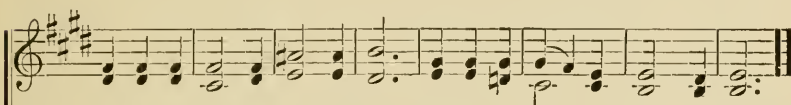
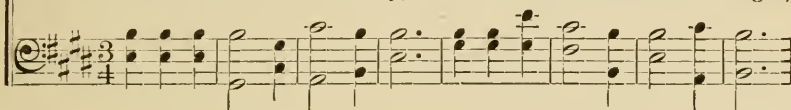
177 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

H. BAKER.



1. Je-sus Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged has ever stood, Thou savest those that on Thee call,
3. We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still,
4. Our rest-less spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
5. O Je - sus ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright,



From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all.
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light.



178 For Ever With the Lord.

Chalvey.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,</p> | <p>3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.</p> |
| <p>2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's forseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.</p> | <p>4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's babel-tongues o'erpower,
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, for ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.</p> |

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

J. G. WHITTIER.

(Whittier.)

F. C. MAKER, 1876.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For - give our fe - verish
 2. In sin - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Sy - rian
 3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
 4. With that deep hush sub - du - ing all Our words and works that

ways! Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er
 sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like
 above, Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The si - lence
 drown The ten - der whis - per of Thy call, As noise - less

lives thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
 them, with - out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.
 of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love!
 let Thy bless - ing fall As fell Thy man - na down. A - men.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and
 stress;
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
 Let sense be dumb, its heats expire;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind,
 and fire,
 O still small voice of calm

180 Weary of Earth and Laden With my Sin.

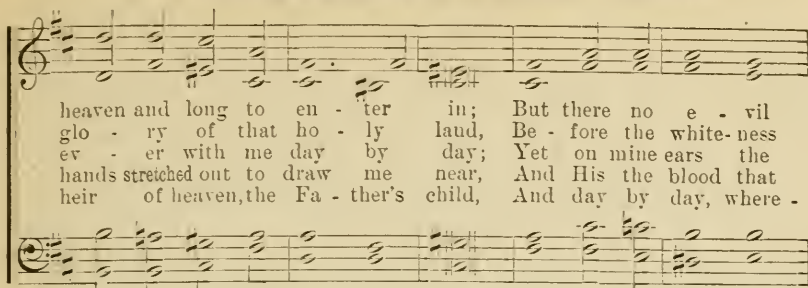
S. J. STONE.

(Dalkeith.)

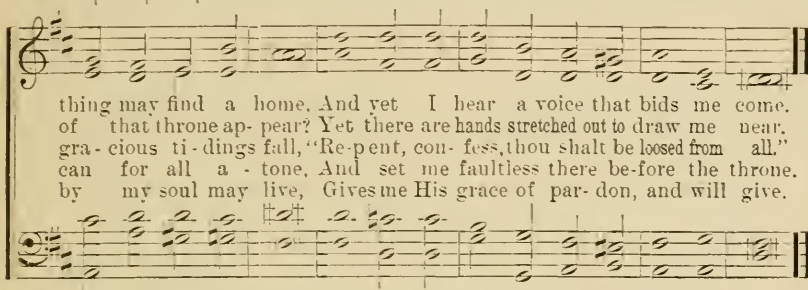
T. HEWLETT.

1. Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
 3. The while I fain would tread the heavenly way, E - vil is
 4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the
 5. 'Twas He who found me on the death - ly wild, And made me

Wearv of Earth and Laden With my Sin.—Concluded.



heaven and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil
glo - ry of that ho - ly laud, Be - fore the white - ness
ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the
hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that
heir of heaven, the Fa - ther's child, And day by day, where -



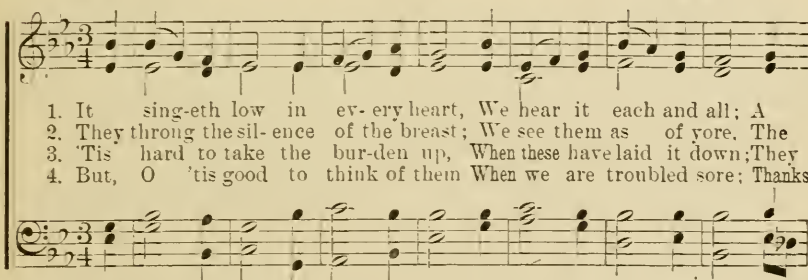
thing may find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me come,
of that throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near,
gra - cious ti - dings fall, "Re - pent, con - fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
can for all a - tone, And set me faultless there be - fore the throne.
by my soul may live, Gives me His grace of par - don, and will give.

181 It Singeth Low in Every Heart.

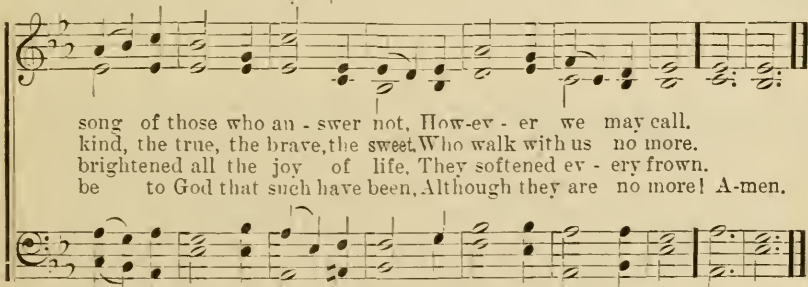
J. W. CHADWICK.

(Leicester)

WILLIAM HURST.



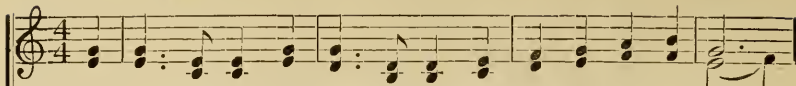
1. It sing - eth low in ev - ery heart, We hear it each and all; A
2. They throng the sil - ence of the breast; We see them as of yore. The
3. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down; They
4. But, O 'tis good to think of them When we are troubled sore; Thanks



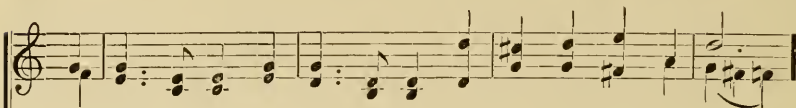
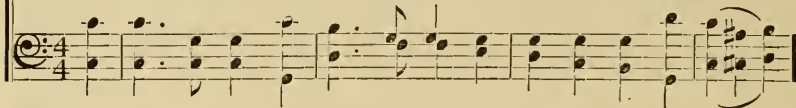
song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
brightened all the joy of life, They softened ev - ery frown.
be to God that such have been, Although they are no more! A - men.

5 More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare.

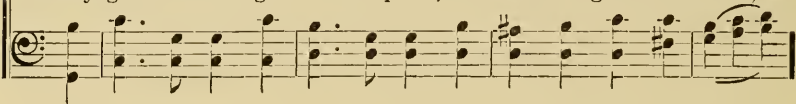
6 They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.



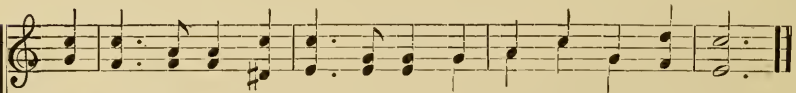
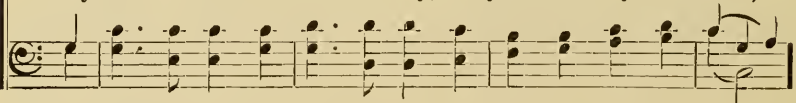
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, When shall I come to thee?
2. In thee no sick - ness may be seen, No hurt, no ache, no sore;
3. There lust and lu - cre can-not dwell; There en-vy bears no sway;
4. Thy walls are made of precious stones, Thy bulwarks diamonds square.



When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
 In thee there is no dread of death, But life for ev - er - more.
 There is no hun - ger, heat, nor cold, But pleas-ure ev - ery way.
 Thy gates are of right o - rient pearl; Ex - ceed - ing rich and rare;



O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas-ant soil!
 No damp-ish mist is seen in thee, No cold nor dark-some night;
 Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem! God grant I once may see
 Thy hous - es are of i - vo - ry, Thy windows crys - tal clear;



In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.
 There ev - ery soul shines as the sun; There God Himself gives light,
 Thy end-less joys, and of the same Par - tak - er aye may be!
 Thy tiles are made of beat-en gold—O God that I were there!



I'm But a Stranger Here.

T. R. TAYLOR.

Fatherland.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. I'm but a stran-er here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a
 2. What though the tempest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my
 3. There, at my Sav-iour's side, Heaven is my home; I shall be
 4. There-fore I mur-mur not, Heaven is my home: What - e'er my

desert drear, Heaven is my home: Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on
 pilgrimage, Heaven is my home: And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be
 glo - ri-fied, Heaven is my home. There are the good and blest, Those I love
 earth-ly lot, Heaven is my home: And I shall sure-ly stand There at my

ev - ery hand; Heaven is my fa - ther-land, Heaven is my home.
 o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last, Heaven is my home.
 most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heaven is my home.
 Lord's right hand; Heaven is my fa - ther-land, Heaven is my home.

O Mother Dear Jerusalem.


Materna.

- 1 O mother dear, Jerusalem, Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 When shall I come to thee? Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
 When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
 Thy joys when shall I see? O God, if I were there!
- O happy harbor of God's saints,
 O sweet and blessed soil!
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 No grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 Right through Thy streets with pleas-
 The flood of life doth flow, [ing sound
 And on the banks, on either side,
 The trees of life do grow.
- 2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee, Those trees each month yield ripened
 Nor gloom, nor darksome night; For evermore they spring; [fruit;
 But every soul shines as the sun, And all the nations of the earth
 For God himself gives light. To Thee their honors bring.

Tr. J. M. NEALE.


(All Hallows.)

G. C. MARTIN.

Voices in unison.


mf

1. O Heav - en - ly Je - ru - sa - lem, Of ev - er - last - ing halls,
 2. Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for - ev - er sing,
 3. There God for ev - er sit - teth, Him - self of all the crown;
 4. Nought to this seat ap - proach - eth Their sweet peace to mo - lest;

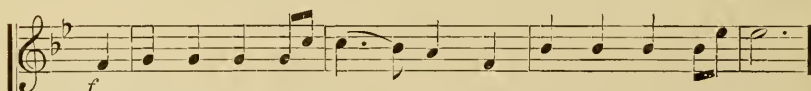


cr *p*

Thrice bless - ed are the peo - ple Thou stor - est in Thy walls.
 The seat of God's own chos - en, The pal - ace of the King.
 The Lamb, the Light that shin - eth, And nev - er go - eth down.
 They sing their God for ev - er, Nor day nor night they rest.

5 Sure hope doth thither lead us;
 Our longings thither tend;
 May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
 For joys that cannot end.

6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
 His Church above, below;
 To Father, and to Spirit
 All things created bow.



f

Thou art the gold - en man - sion, Where saints for ev - er sing,

Heavenly Jerusalem.—Concluded.

Voices in harmony.

ff The seat of God's own chos-en, The pal-ace of the King. A-men. *sf sf*

186 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

JOHN NEWTON.

(St. Peter's, Oxford.)

A. R. REINAGLE.

1 How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear! It
2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, And calms the troubled breast! 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid-ing-place, My
4. Je-sus, my Shepherd, husband, friend, My prophet, priest, and King; My

soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
nev-er-fail-ing treas-ury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac-cept the praise I bring. A-men.

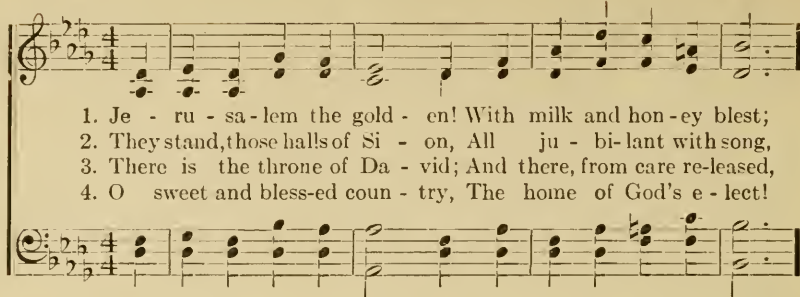
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

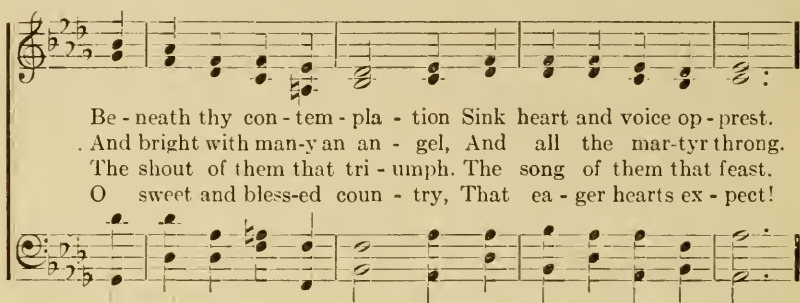
J. M. NEALE.

Ewing.

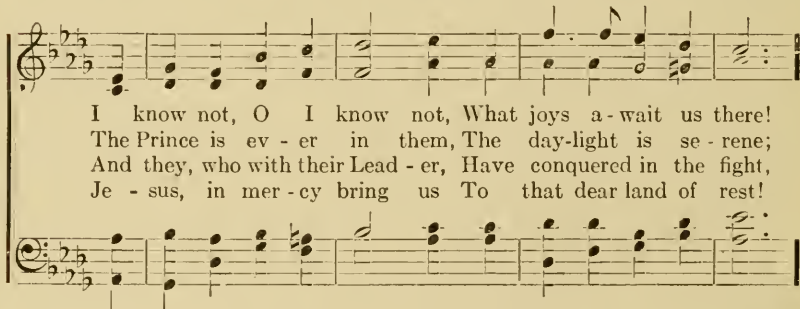
G. F. LE JEUNE.



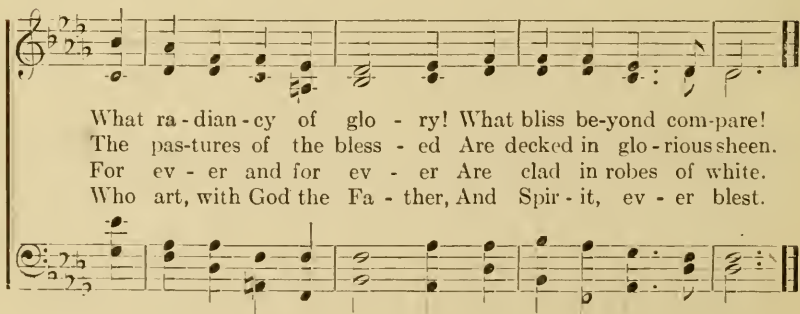
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re - leased,
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with man - y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 The shout of them that tri - umph. The song of them that feast.
 O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be - yond com - pare!
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious - sheen.
 For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

Jerusalem the Golden.

J. M. NEALE.

Urbs Beata.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon-ey blest; Be -

neath thy contempla-tion Sink heart and voice opprest. I know not, O I

know not, What joys await us there! What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry! What

Je - ru - - - sa - lem, the
bliss beyond compare! Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and honey

gold - en!
blest; Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice op-prest.

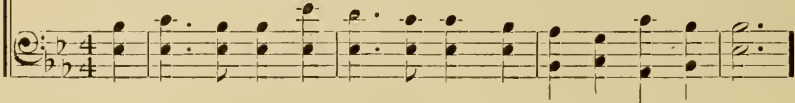
F. A. FABER.

Paradise.

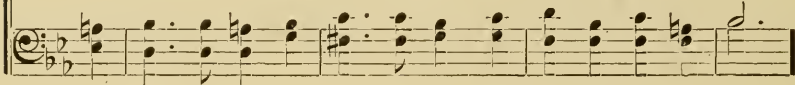
J. BARNBY.



1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest ?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old ;
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'Tis wea - ry wait-ing here ;
4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,
5. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great - ly long to see
6. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,



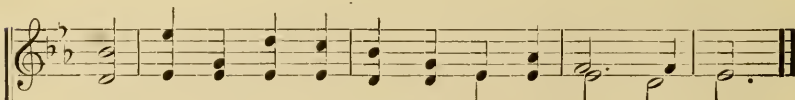
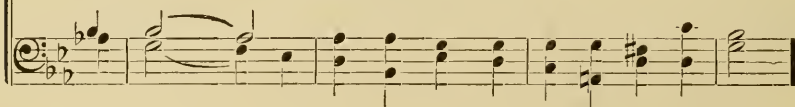
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest ;
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold ;
 I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near ;
 I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore ;
 The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord Is des - tin-ing for me ;
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove,



Where loy-al hearts, and true,



Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,



All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight ?

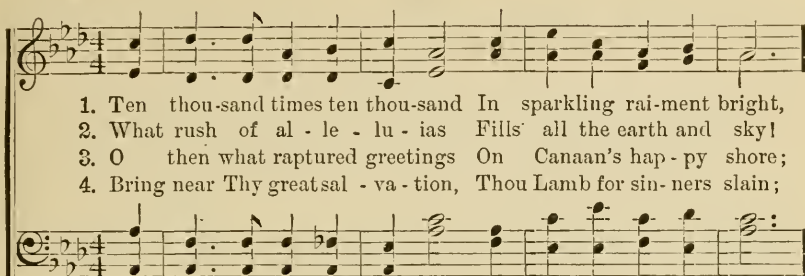


190 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

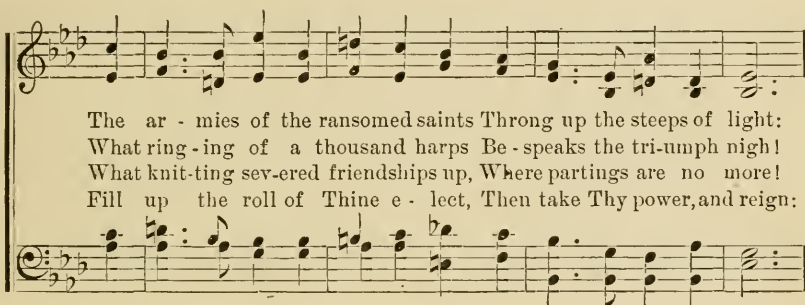
HENRY ALFORD.

(Alford.)

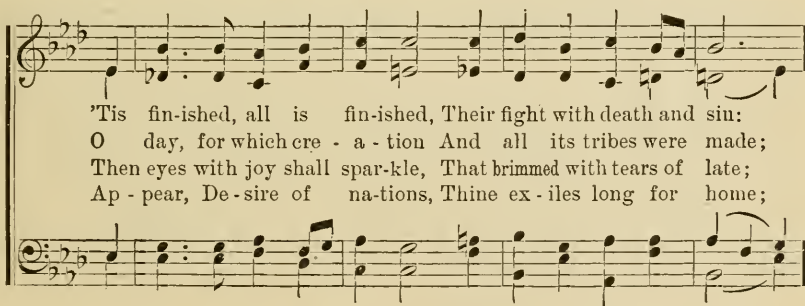
J. B. DYKES.



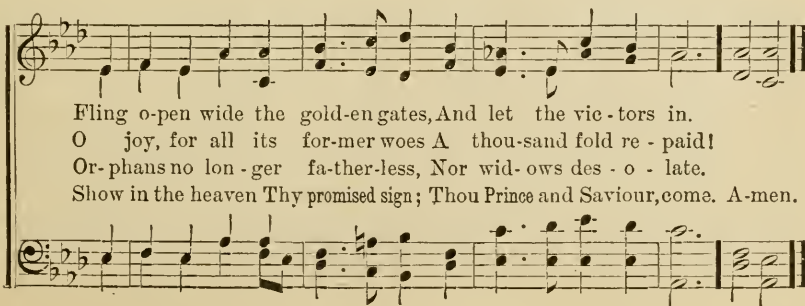
1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In sparkling rai-ment bright,
 2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills' all the earth and sky!
 3. O then what raptured greetings On Canaan's hap - py shore;
 4. Bring near Thy greatsal - va - tion, Thou Lamb for sin - ners slain;



The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
 What ring - ing of a thousand harps Be - speaks the tri-umph nigh!
 What knit - ting sev - ered friendships up, Where partings are no more!
 Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy power, and reign:



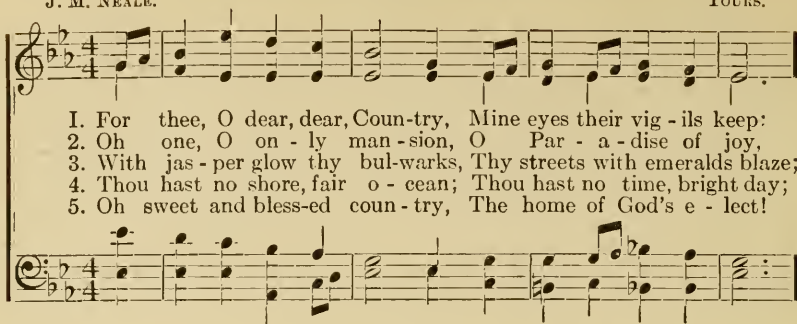
'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:
 O day, for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made;
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimmed with tears of late;
 Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine ex - iles long for home;



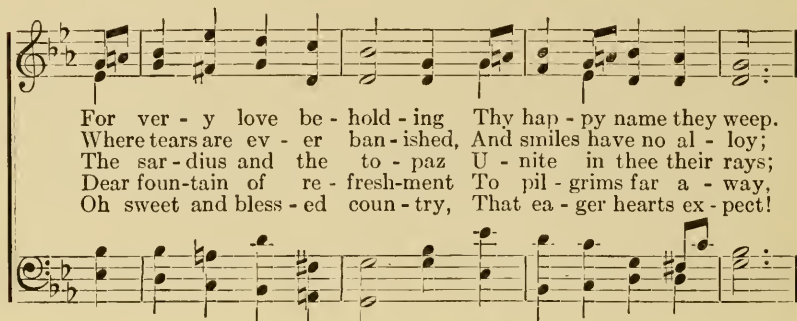
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.
 O joy, for all its for - mer woes A thou - sand fold re - paid!
 Or - phans no lon - ger fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come. A - men.

J. M. NEALE.

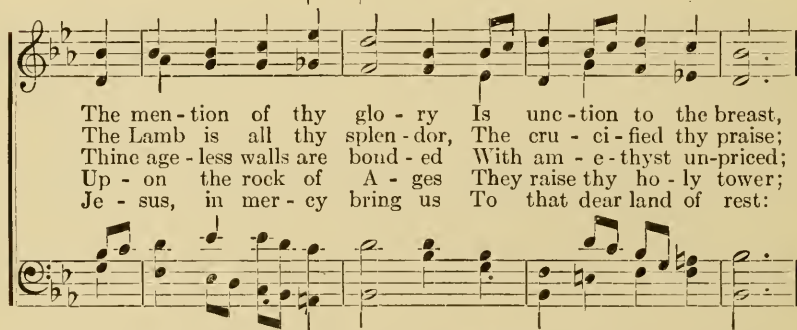
TOURS.



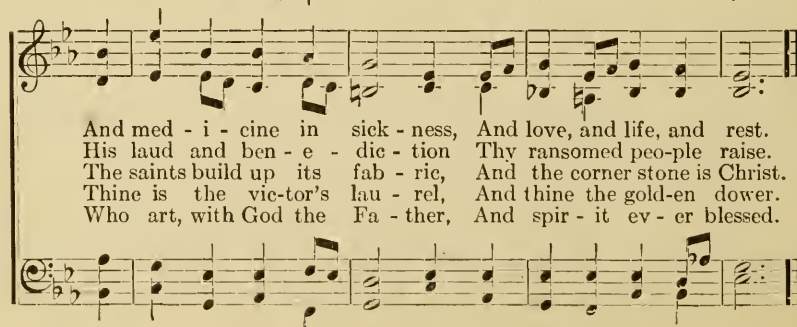
1. For thee, O dear, dear, Coun-try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
 2. Oh one, O on - ly man - sion, O Par - a - dise of joy,
 3. With jas - per glow thy bul-warks, Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
 4. Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean; Thou hast no time, bright day;
 5. Oh sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect!



For ver - y love be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name they weep.
 Where tears are ev - er ban - ished, And smiles have no al - loy;
 The sar - dius and the to - paz U - nite in thee their rays;
 Dear foun-tain of re - fresh-ment To pil - grims far a - way,
 Oh sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



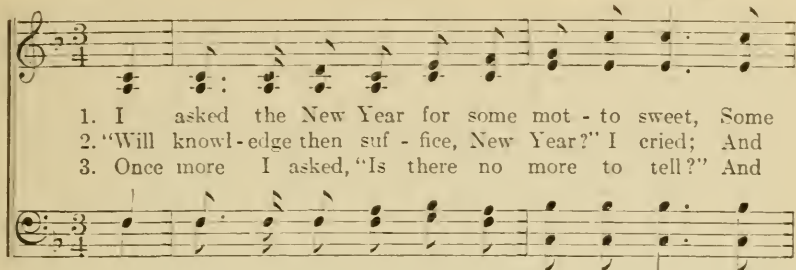
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
 The Lamb is all thy splen - dor, The cru - ci - fied thy praise;
 Thine age - less walls are bond - ed With am - e - thyst un - priced;
 Up - on the rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tower;
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest:



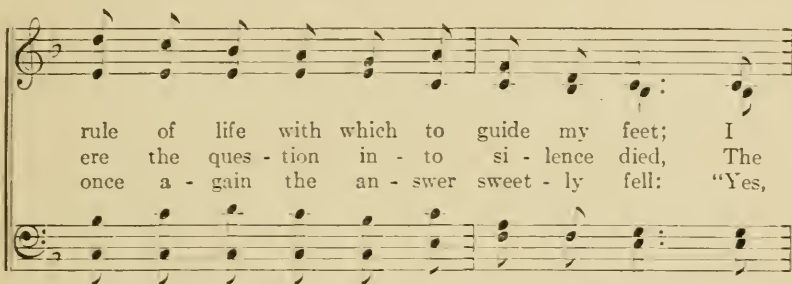
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.
 His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ransomed peo - ple raise.
 The saints build up its fab - ric, And the corner stone is Christ.
 Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And spir - it ev - er blessed.

Anon.

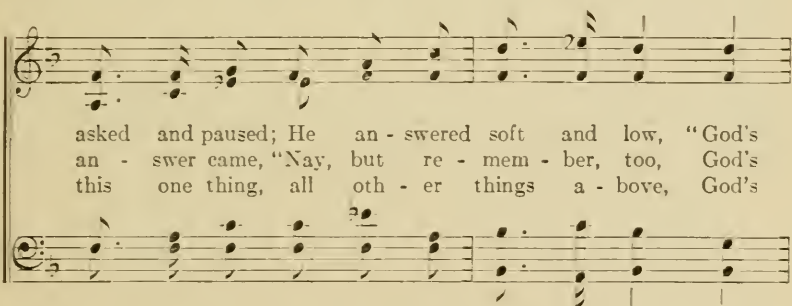
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. I asked the New Year for some mot - to sweet, Some
 2. "Will knowl - edge then suf - fice, New Year?" I cried; And
 3. Once more I asked, "Is there no more to tell?" And

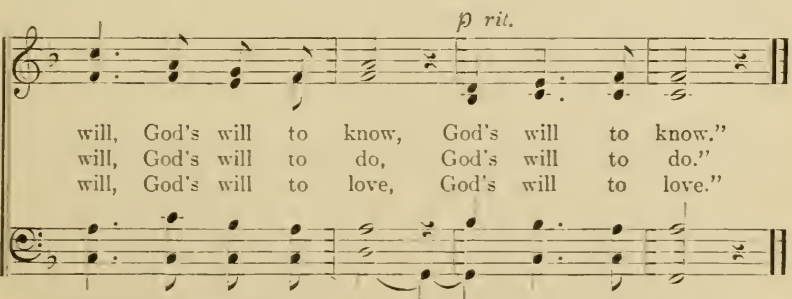


rule of life with which to guide my feet; I
 ere the ques - tion in - to si - lence died, The
 once a - gain the an - swer sweet - ly fell: "Yes,



asked and paused; He an - swered soft and low, "God's
 an - swer came, "Nay, but re - mem - ber, too, God's
 this one thing, all oth - er things a - bove, God's

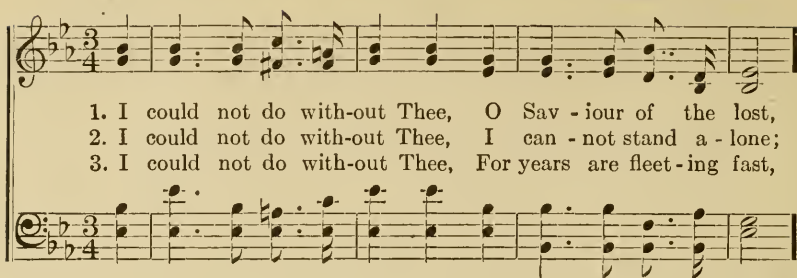
p rit.



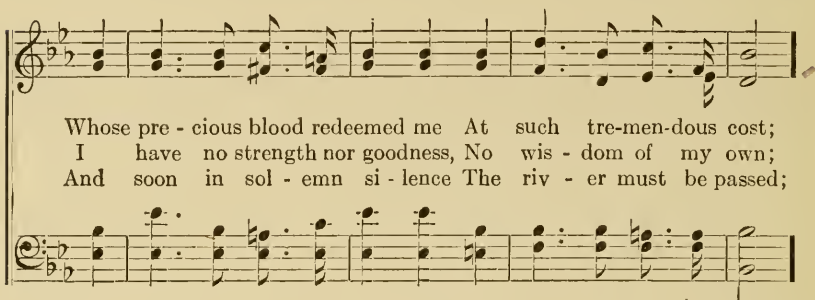
will, God's will to know, God's will to know."
 will, God's will to do, God's will to do."
 will, God's will to love, God's will to love."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

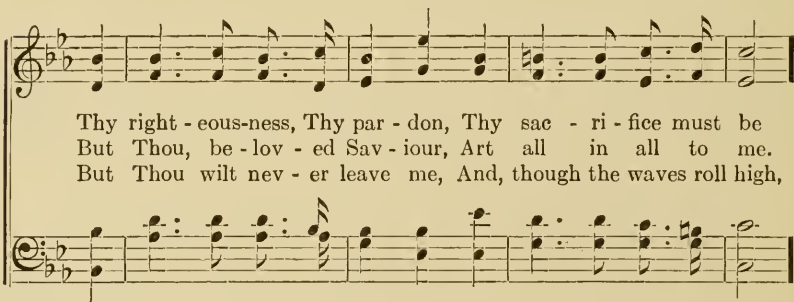
SIGISMUND THALBERG.



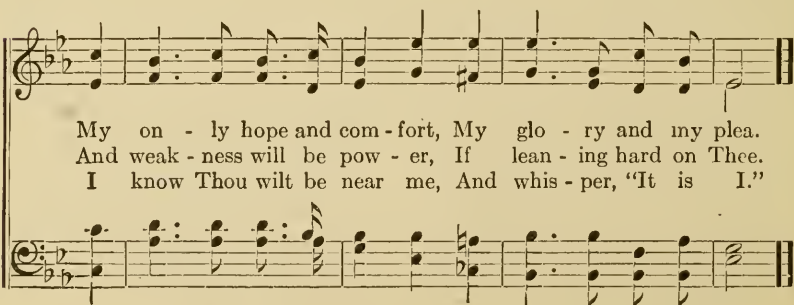
1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can - not stand a - lone;
 3. I could not do with-out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,



Whose pre - cious blood redeemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;
 I have no strength nor goodness, No wis - dom of my own;
 And soon in sol - emn si - lence The riv - er must be passed;



Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice must be
 But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me.
 But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, though the waves roll high,



My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.
 I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."

197 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

SAMUEL STERNERT.

Ortonville.

HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en - throned Up - on the Sav - iour's
 2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the songs of
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, He flew to my re -
 4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I
 5. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proofs of love di -

brow; His head with ra - dant glo - ries crowned, His
 men; Fair - er is He than all the - fair That
 lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And
 have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And
 vine, Had I a thou - sand hearts to give, Lord,

lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
 fill the heav - en - ly train, That fill the heav - en - ly train.
 car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
 saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.
 they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine.

198 The Spirit Breathes Upon the Word.

Ortonville.

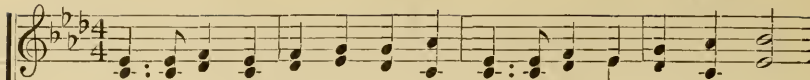
- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 The spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light. | His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set. |
| 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none. | 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day. |
| 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat; | 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above. |

W COWPER.

Jesus, I Am Resting.

JEAN S. PIGOTT.

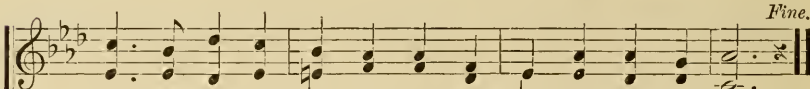
J. MOUNTAIN.



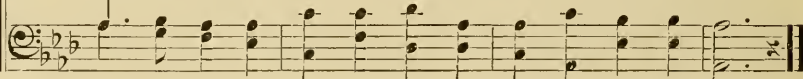
1. Je - sus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov-ing-kindness, Vast-er, broader than the sea!
3. Sim-ply trusting Thee, Lord Je-sus, I be-hold Thee as *Thou* art;
4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;



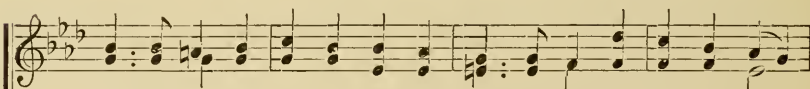
Cho.—Je - sus, I am rest-ing, rest-ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art;



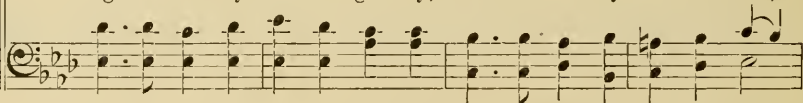
I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.
 Oh, how mar-vel - ous Thy good-ness, Lav-ished all on me!
 And Thy love, so pure, so change-less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
 Rest-ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je-sus, Earth's dark shadows flee.



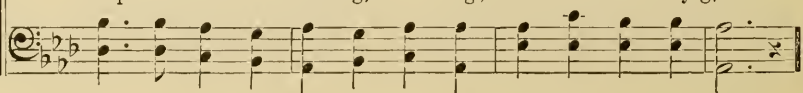
I am find-ing out the great-ness Of Thy lov-ing heart.



Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau-ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long-ings, Meets, supplies its ev - ery need,
 Brightness of my Fath-er's glo - ry, Sun-shine of my Fath-er's face,

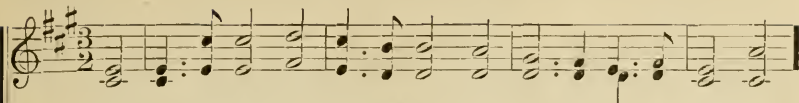


For, by Thy trans-form-ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer-tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass-eth me round with bless-ings; Thine is love in - deed.
 Keep me ev - er trust-ing, rest-ing; Fill me with Thy grace.

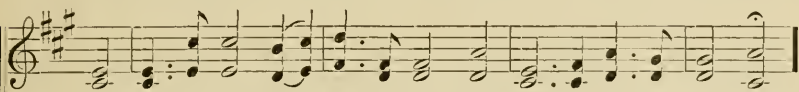
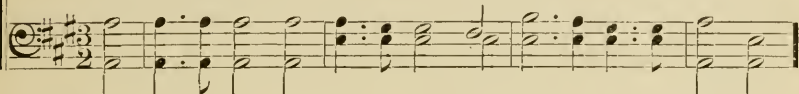


Rev. J. G. SMALL.

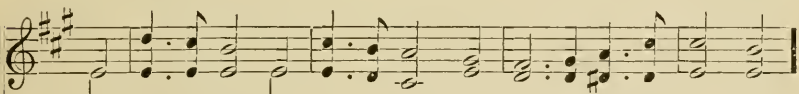
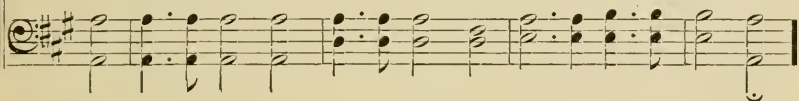
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



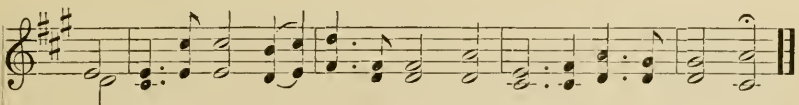
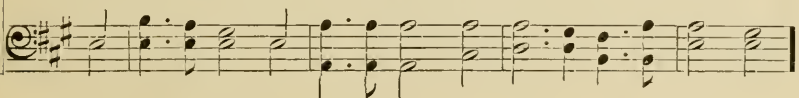
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him,
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



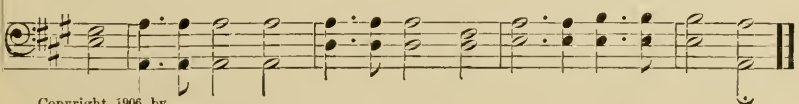
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 To guard me on my on - ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!



And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which nought can sev - er,
 Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
 Th'e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en - deav - or:
 From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?



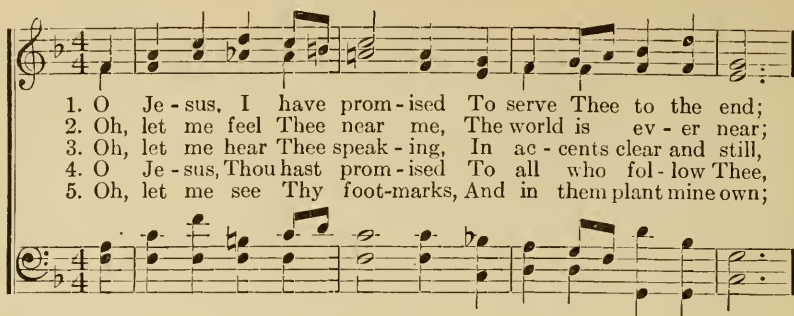
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.



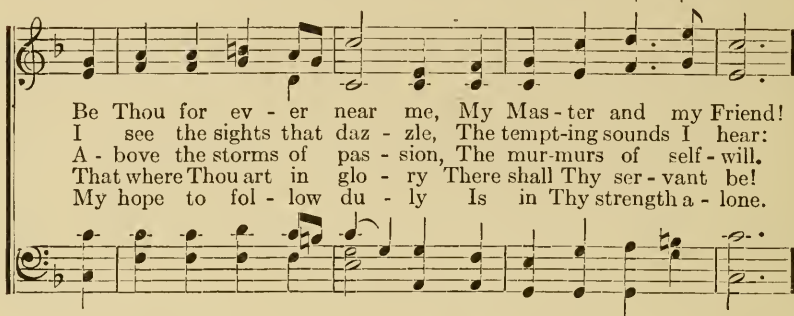
JOHN E. BODE.

(Day of Rest. 7s, 6s.)

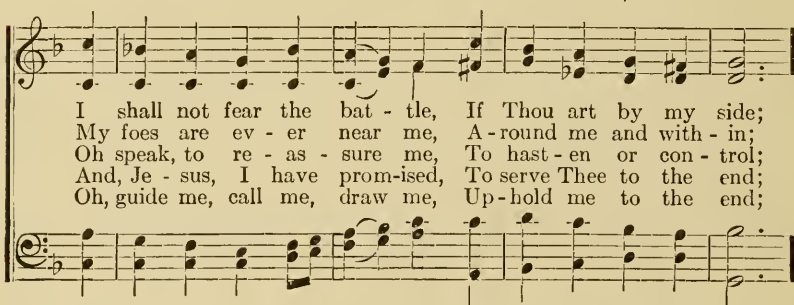
J. W. ELLIOTT.



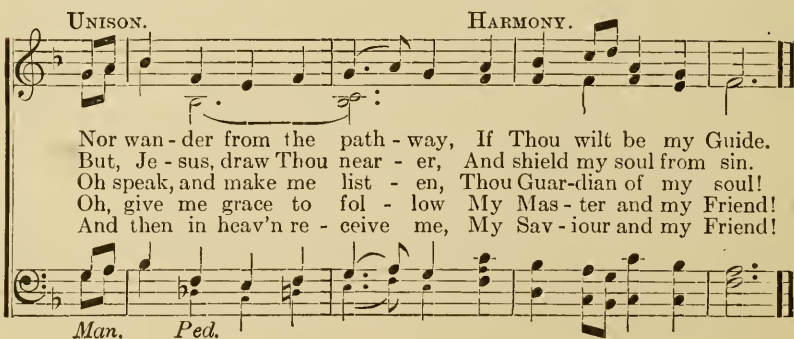
1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
 2. Oh, let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
 3. Oh, let me hear Thee speak - ing, In ac - cents clear and still,
 4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,
 5. Oh, let me see Thy foot - marks, And in them plant mine own;



Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
 I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear:
 A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will.
 That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be!
 My hope to fol - low du - ly Is in Thy strength a - lone.



I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side;
 My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
 Oh speak, to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol;
 And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised, To serve Thee to the end;
 Oh, guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end;



UNISON. HARMONY.

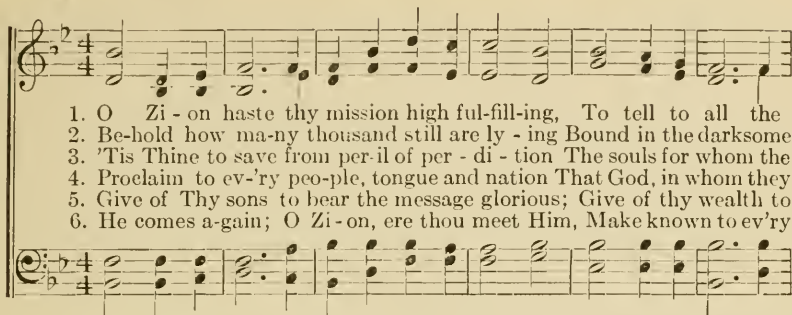
Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
 But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
 Oh speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guar - dian of my soul!
 Oh, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend!
 And then in heav'n re - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend!

Man. Ped.

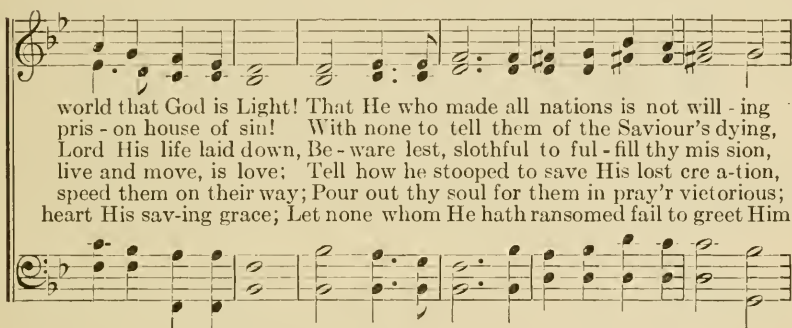
202 O Zion Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

MARY A. THOMSON.

JAMES WALCH.

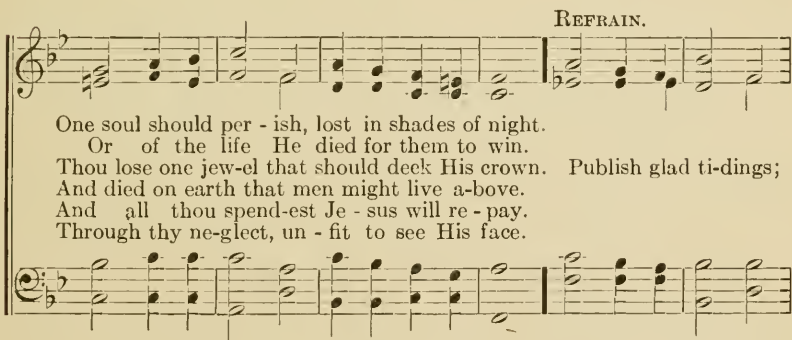


1. O Zi - on haste thy mission high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be-hold how ma-n-y thousand still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
 3. 'Tis Thine to save from per-il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
 4. Proclaim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and nation That God, in whom they
 5. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to
 6. He comes a-gain; O Zi-on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev'ry

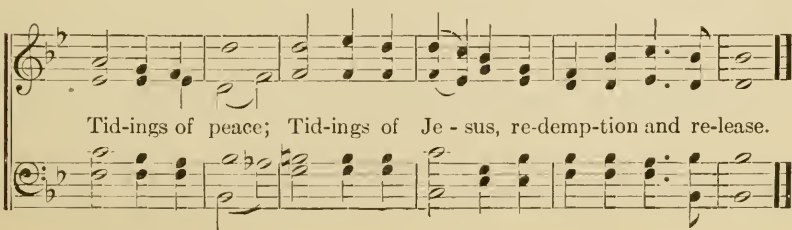


world that God is Light! That He who made all nations is not will - ing
 pris - on house of sin! With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
 Lord His life laid down, Be - ware lest, slothful to ful - fill thy mis sion,
 live and move, is love; Tell how he stooped to save His lost cre a-tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r victorious;
 heart His sav-ing grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him

REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
 Or of the life He died for them to win.
 Thou lose one jew-el that should deck His crown. Publish glad ti-dings;
 And died on earth that men might live a-bove.
 And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.
 Through thy ne-glect, un - fit to see His face.

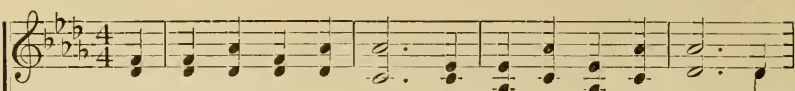


Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je - sus, re-demp-tion and re-lease.

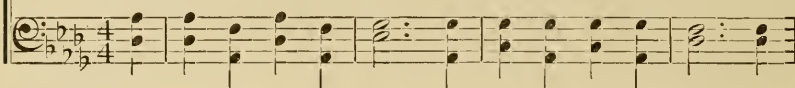
203 Safe Home, Safe Home In Port.

J. M. NEALE.

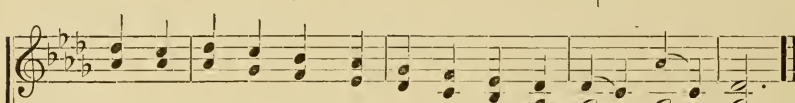
Sir A. SULLIVAN.



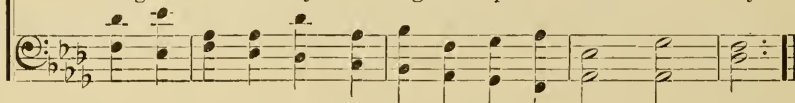
1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shattered deck, Torn
2. The prize, the prize se-cure! The ath-lete near-ly fell; Bare
3. No more the foe can harm; No more our leaguer's camp, And
4. The lamb is in the fold, In per-fect safe-ty penned; The
5. The ex-ile is at home: O nights and days of tears! O



sails, pro-vis-ion short, And on-ly not a wreck: But O the
all he could en-dure, And bare not al-ways well: But He may
cry of night a-larm, And need of read-y lamp: And yet how
li-on once had hold, And thought to make an end; But One came
long-ings not to roam! O sins and doubts and fears! What matters



joy up-on the shore To tell the voy-age per-ils o'er!
smile at trou-bles gone Who sets the vic-tor-gar-land on.
near-ly had he failed; How near-ly had that foe pre-vailed!
by with wounded side, And for the sheep the Shep-herd died.
now grief's darkest day? The king has wiped those tears a-way.



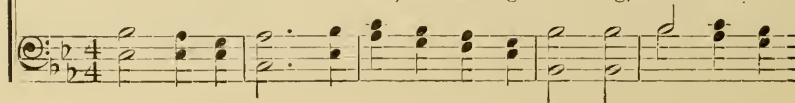
204 Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MENDELSSOHN.



1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird
2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morning, A fresh and
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning, When the soul



Still, Still With Thee.—Concluded.

wak - eth, and the shadows flee; Fair - er than morn-ing, lov - li -
sol - emn splendor still is given, So does this bless - ed con-sci-ous-
eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be-neath Thy
wak - eth, and life's shadows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than

er than day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.
ness a - wak - ing, Breathe each day nearness un - to Thee and heaven.
wings o'er shad-ing, But sweet-er still, to wake and find Him there.
day-light dawn-ing, Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

205 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

FRANCES B. HAVERGAL.

Canonbury.

SCHUMANN.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
2. O lead me Lord, that I may lead The wandering and the wavering feet;
3. O strengthen me, that while I stand Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
4. O use me, Lord, use e-ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing children lost and lone.
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
I may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
Un - til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo-ry share.

Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY

Babcock.

Rev. MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With
stand, those halls of Si - on, All
is the throne of Da - vid; And
sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The

milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink
ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with man - y an an - gel, And
therefrom care re - leased, The song of them that tri - umph, The
home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not,
all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them,
shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead - er
ea - ger heart's ex - pect! Je - sus in mer - cy bring us

Jerusalem the Golden.—Concluded.

What joys a-wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry,
 The day-light is se-rene; The pas-tures of the bless-ed
 Have conquered in the fight, For-ev-er and for-ev-er
 To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa-ther,

D. S.

What bliss be-yond com-pare!
 Are decked in glo-rious sheen.
 Are clad in robes of white.
 And spir-it ev-er blest.

2. They
 3. There
 4. O

A - men.

207 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

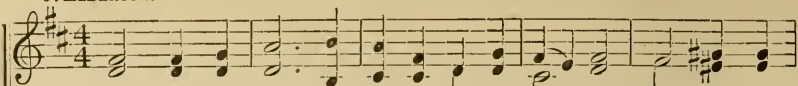
F. WHITFIELD.

Geer.

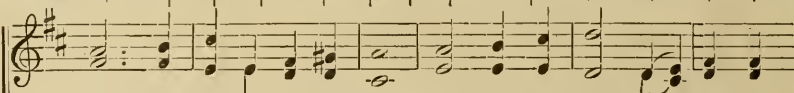
GREATORIX.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. Je-sus the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;

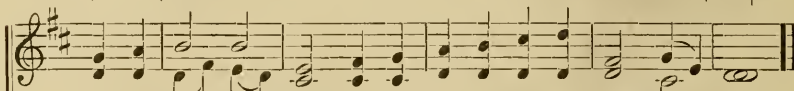
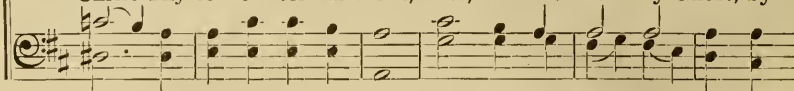
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ners per-fect plea.
 No saints on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.



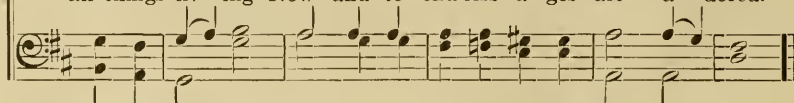
1. O strength and stay up - hold - ing all cre - a - tion, Who ev - er
 2. Grant to life's day a calm un - clouded end - ing, An eve un -
 3. Hear us, O Fa - ther, gra - cious and for - giv - ing, Through Je - sus



dost Thy - self un - moved a - bide, Yet day by day the light in
 touched by shadows of de - cay, The brightness of a ho - ly
 Christ Thy co - e - ter - nal Word, Who, with the Ho - ly Ghost, by



due gra - da - tion From hour to hour through all its chang - es guide.
 death - bed blending With dawn - ing glo - ries of th'et - er - nal day.
 all things liv - ing Now and to end - less a - ges art a - dored.



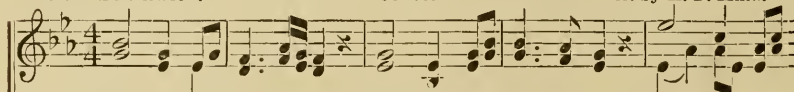
209

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

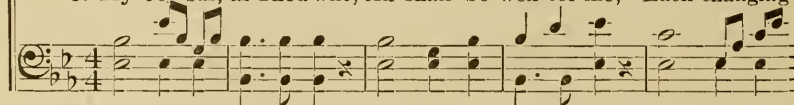
JANE BORTHWICK.

Jewett.

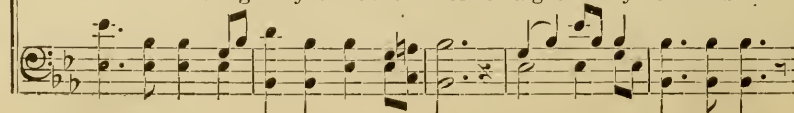
WEBER. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



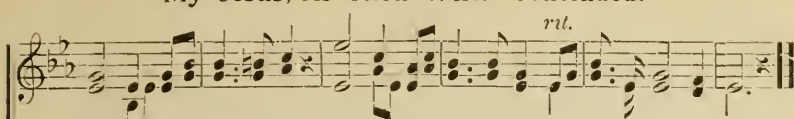
1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Though seen, through many a tear; Let not my
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing



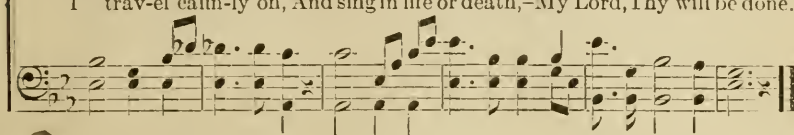
hand of love I would my all re - sign: Through sorrow or through joy,
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept.
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - boye



My Jesus, As Thou Wilt.—Concluded.



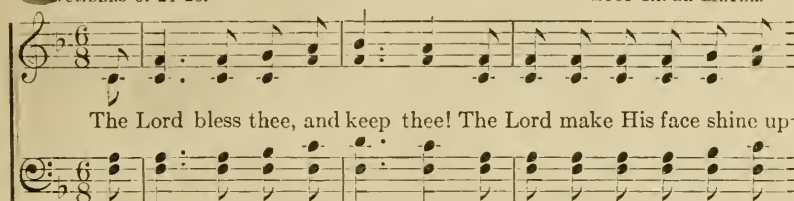
Conduct me as Thy own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done
I travel calm-ly on, And sing in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.



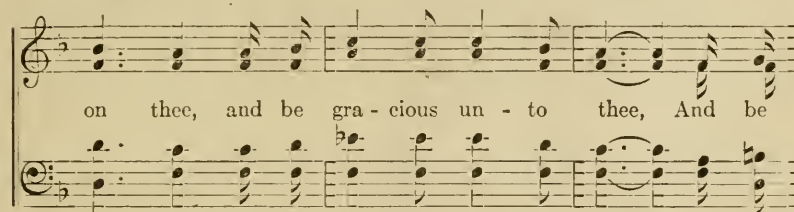
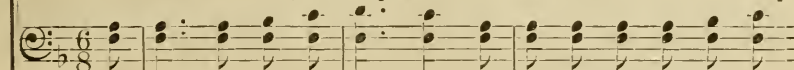
210 The Lord Bless Thee, and Keep Thee.

NUMBERS 6: 24-26.

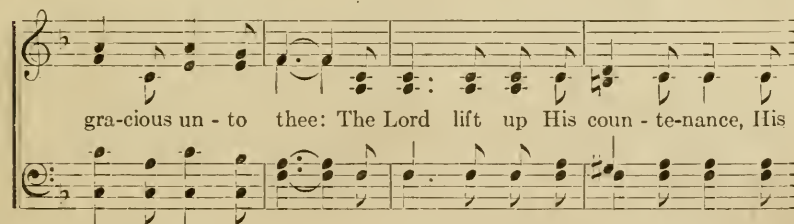
LUCY RIDER MEYER.



The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make His face shine up-

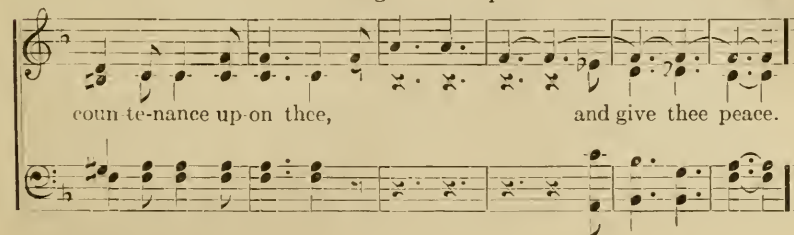


on thee, and be gra-cious un-to thee, And be



gra-cious un-to thee: The Lord lift up His coun-tenance, His

and give thee peace.....



coun-tenance up on thee,

and give thee peace.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand,
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eyes at times can see
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow, For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock, With - in a wear - y land;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One, Who suf - fered there for me,
 I ask no oth - er sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face;

A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way—
 And from my smitten heart, with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess—
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,—

From the burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the burden of the day.
 The won - der of His glo - rious love And my own worthlessness.
 My sin - ful self, my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

Sun of My Soul!

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTAR.

1. Son of my soul! Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - y eye - lids gen - tly steep.
 3. A - bid - e with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take;

Sun of My Soul!—Concluded.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Saviour's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh For without Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heaven a-bove.

213

Nearer the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
 2. Near-er the Christian's mercy seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
 3. Near-er in prayer my hope aspires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the

cross from day to day, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the cross where
 soul on man-na sweet I am com-ing near-er; Stronger in faith, more
 love my soul de-sires, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the end of

Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Saviour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Himself for me; Near-er to Him I
 toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I

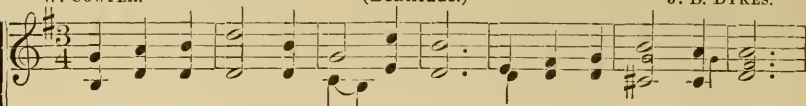
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.
 still would be: Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I com-ing near-er
 soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near-er.

214 Oh, for a Closer Walk With God.

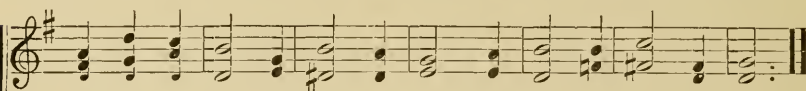
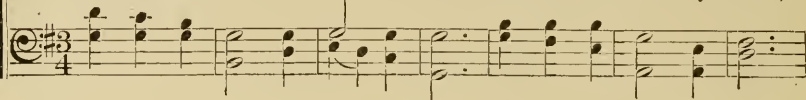
W. COWPER.

(Beatitudo.)

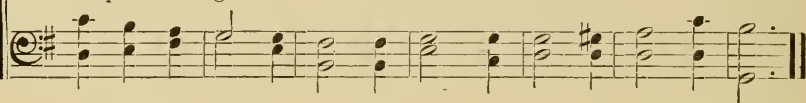
J. B. DYKES.



1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,
2. Re - turn, O ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet messen - ger of rest;
3. The dear - est i - dol I have known, What - e'er that i - dol be,
4. So shall my walk be close with God, Calm and se - rene my frame;



- A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.
 Help me to tear it from Thy throne, And wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 So pur - er light shall mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.



215 O Lamb of God Most Lowly.

ANON.

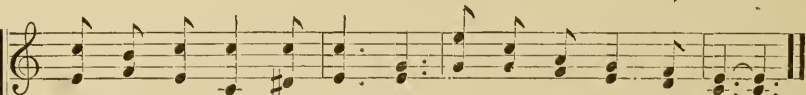
(Walsh.)

ANON.

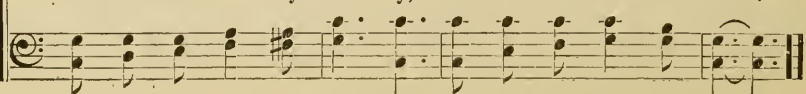
Moderato.



1. O Lamb of God most low - ly, All free from spot or stain;
2. O Lamb of God most ho - ly, So great and yet so meek;
3. O Lamb of God most gen - tle, So kind, and good, and true;
4. O Lamb of God most love - ly, To Thee our faith would flee;



- O help us now to serve Thee And sing Thy praise a - gain.
 May we when pride al - lures us, Thy low - ly spir - it seek.
 May we when pas - sion tempts us, Thy gen - tle - ness pur - sne.
 Re - veal to us Thy beau - ty, And turn our hearts to Thee.

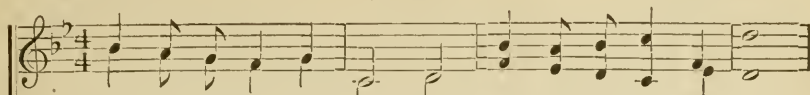


Forth to the Fight, Ye Ransomed.

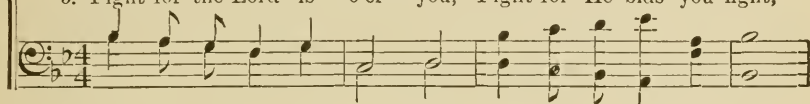
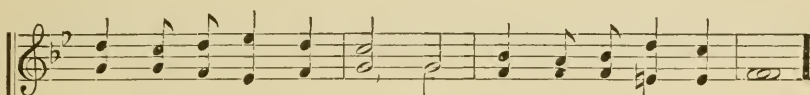
W. H. KIRBY.

(Festival.)

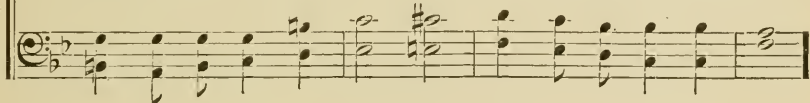
JOHN HEYWOOD.



1. Forth to the fight, ye ran - sored, Might - y in God's own might,
 2. Fear not the din of bat - tle, Fol - low where He has trod,
 3. An - gels a - round us hov - er, Suc - cor in time of need,
 4. Arm ye a - gainst the bat - tle, Watch ye, and fast and pray;
 5. Fight for the Lord is o'er you, Fight for He bids you fight,


Stem - ming the tide of bat - tle, Rout - ing the hosts of night.
 Per - feet - ing strength in weak - ness, Je - sus, In - car - nate God.
 Ev - er at hand to strength - en, Guar - di - ans they in - deed.
 Peace shall suc - ceed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
 There where the fray is thick - est Close with the hosts of night.



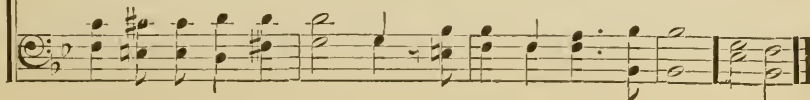
CHORUS.



Lift ye the blood - red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic - tor's sword,

Raise ye the Chritian's war - cry, The cross of Christ the Lord. A - men.



We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

8:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

1 & 2. 3. *Fine.*

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, o'er us.

His arm

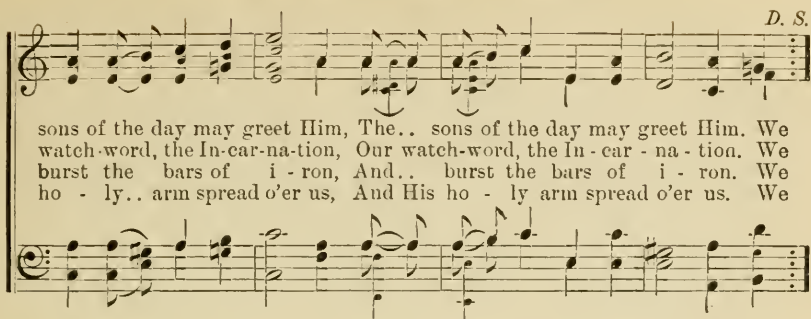
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to

2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal -
 3. And the choir of.. an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en
 4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ be -

meet Him; And we put to.. flight the.. arm - ies of night, That the
 va - tion, Our.. ban - ner, the cross of.. Cal - va - ry, Our..
 Zi - on, For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the braz - en gates, And
 fore us, With His eye of.. love looking down from a - bove, And His

We March to Victory.—Concluded.

D. S.



sons of the day may greet Him, The.. sons of the day may greet Him. We
 watch-word, the In-car-na-tion, Our watch-word, the In-car-na-tion. We
 burst the bars of i-ron, And.. burst the bars of i-ron. We
 ho - ly.. arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. We

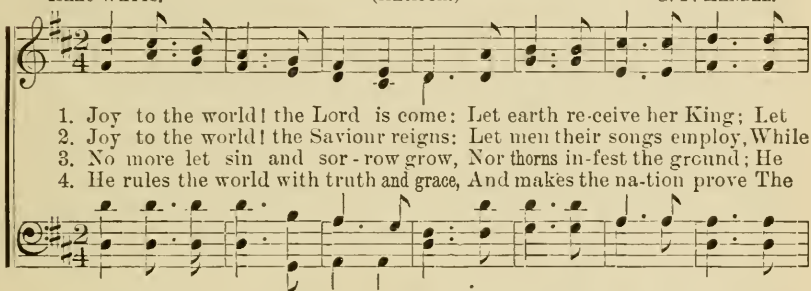
218

Joy to the World.


ISAAC WATTS,

(Antioch.)

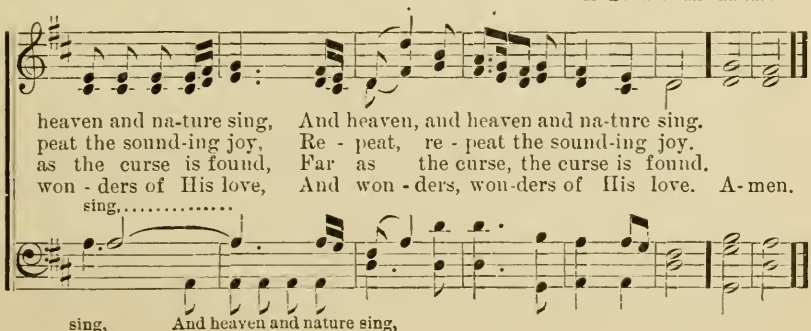
G. F. HANDEL.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns: Let men their songs employ, While
3. No more let sin and sor-row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tion prove The



ev - ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and nature sing, And
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re-peat the sound-ing joy, Re-
 comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
 glo-ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
 And heaven and na-ture



heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing.
 peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound-ing joy.
 as the curse is found, Far as the curse, the curse is found.
 won - ders of His love, And won - ders, won - ders of His love. A-men.
 sing,.....

sing, And heaven and nature sing,

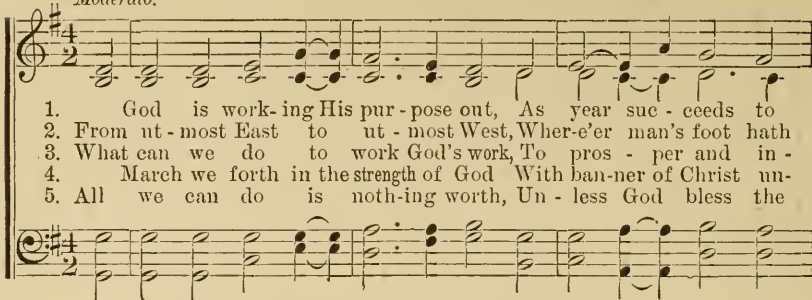
219 God is Working His Purpose Out.

A. C. AINGER.

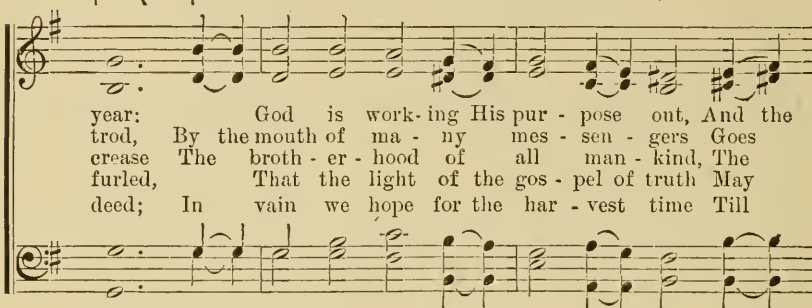
(Benson.)

M. D. KINGHAM.

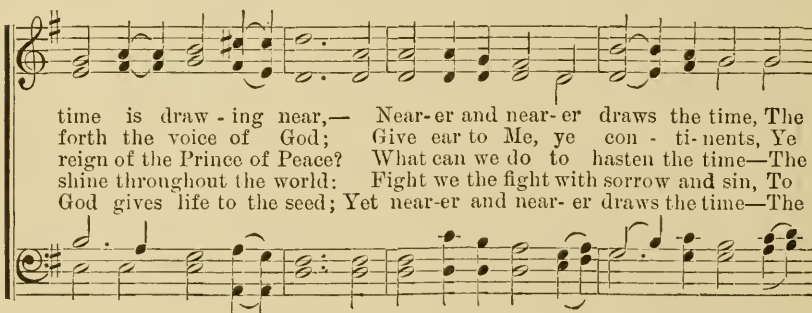
Moderato.



1. God is work-ing His pur- pose out, As year suc- ceeds to
 2. From ut- most East to ut- most West, Wher-e'er man's foot hath
 3. What can we do to work God's work, To pros- per and in-
 4. March we forth in the strength of God With ban- ner of Christ un-
 5. All we can do is noth-ing worth, Un- less God bless the

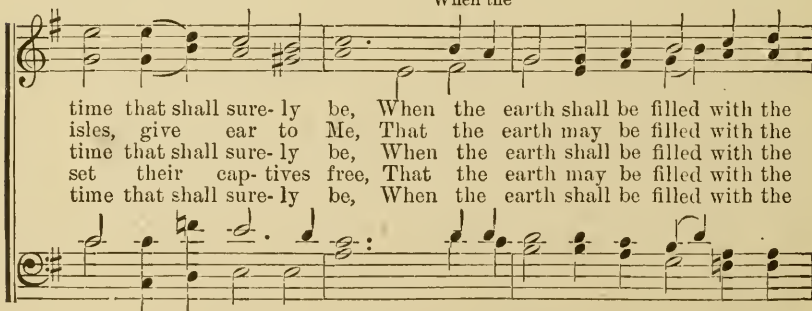


year: God is work-ing His pur- pose out, And the
 trod, By the mouth of ma- ny mes- sen- gers Goes
 crease The broth- er- hood of all man- kind, The
 furred, That the light of the gos- pel of truth May
 deed; In vain we hope for the har- vest time Till



time is draw- ing near,— Near-er and near-er draws the time, The
 forth the voice of God; Give ear to Me, ye con- ti- nents, Ye
 reign of the Prince of Peace? What can we do to hasten the time—The
 shine throughout the world: Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, To
 God gives life to the seed; Yet near-er and near-er draws the time—The

When the



time that shall sure- ly be, When the earth shall be filled with the
 isles, give ear to Me, That the earth may be filled with the
 time that shall sure- ly be, When the earth shall be filled with the
 set their cap- tives free, That the earth may be filled with the
 time that shall sure- ly be, When the earth shall be filled with the

God is Working His Purpose Out.—Concluded.

cov - er the

glo - ry of God, as the wa - ters cov - er the sea.

This block contains a musical score for a hymn. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

220 When This Passing World is Done.

R. M. McCHEYNE.

(Mount Zion.)

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk you glar - ing sun,
2. When I stand be - fore the throne, Dressed in beau - ty not my own,
3. When the praise of heaven I hear, Loud as thun - ders to the ear,
4. Even on earth, as through a glass, Dark - ly, let Thy glo - ry pass;
5. Chos - en not for good in me, Wak - ened up from wrath to flee,

This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'When This Passing World is Done.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

When we stand with Christ in glo - ry, Look - ing o'er life's finished story,
When I see Thee as Thou art, Love Thee with un - sin - ning heart,
Loud as ma - ny wa - ters' noise, Sweet as harp's mel - o - dious voice,
Make for - give - ness feel so sweet; Make Thy Spir - it's help so meet;
Hid - den in the Sav - iour's side, By the Spir - it sanc - ti - fied,

This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'When This Passing World is Done.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

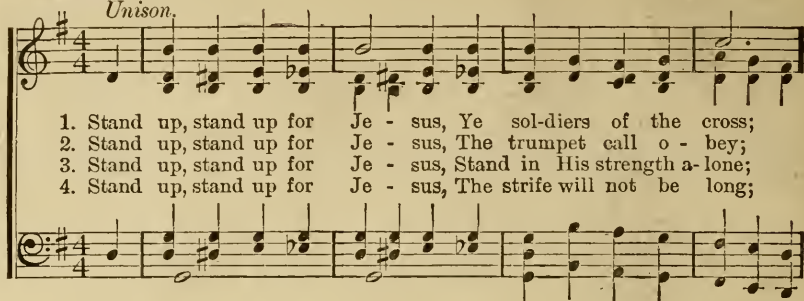
Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.
Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.
Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe.
Even on earth, Lord, make me know, Something of how much I owe.
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show, By my love, how much I owe. A - men.

This block contains the third system of the musical score for 'When This Passing World is Done.' It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

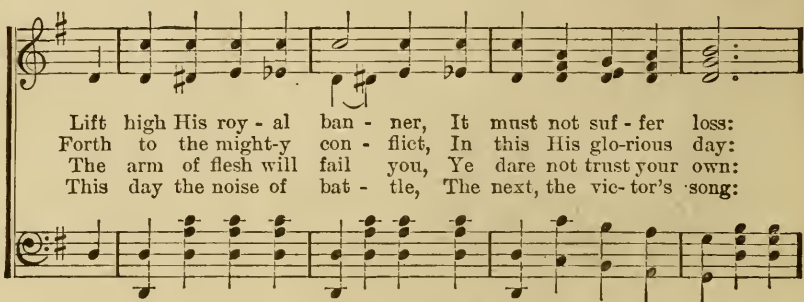
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

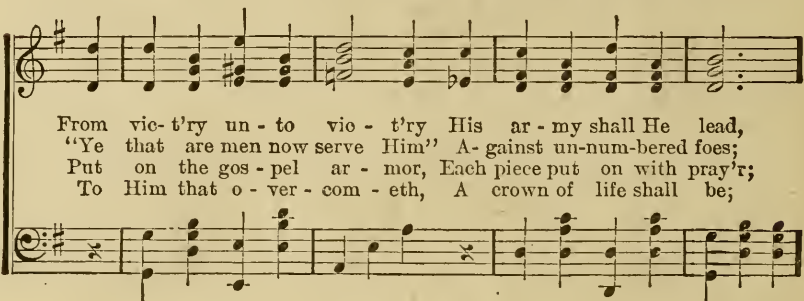
ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.


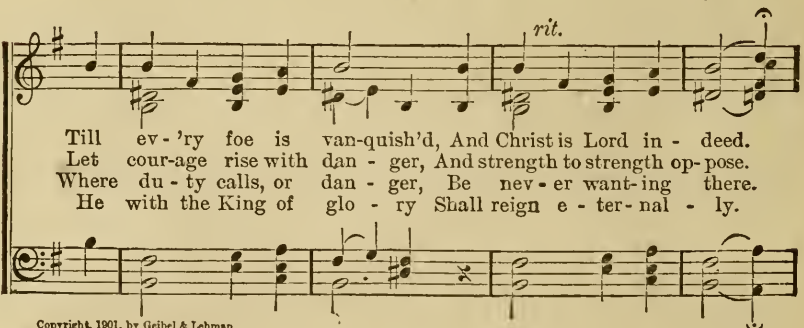
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song:



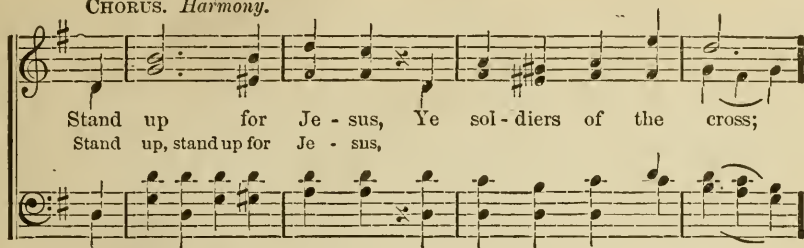
From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 "Ye that are men now serve Him" A - gainst un-num-bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
 To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



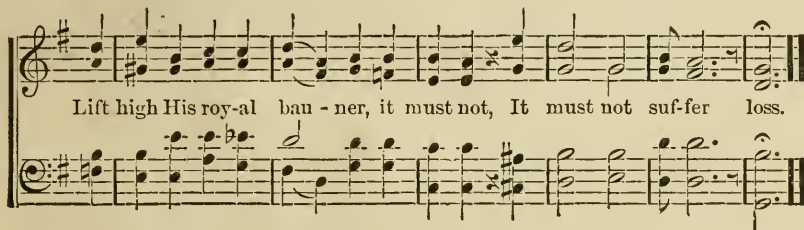
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
 He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*



Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,



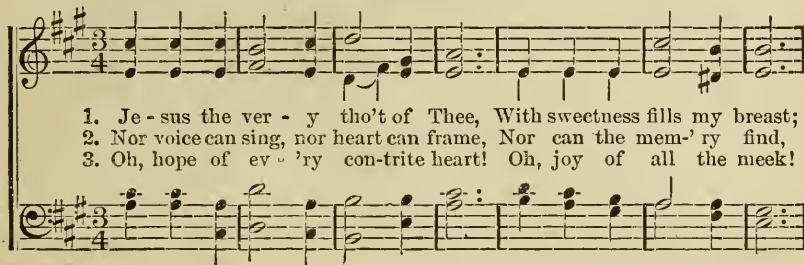
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, it must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

No. 222. Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

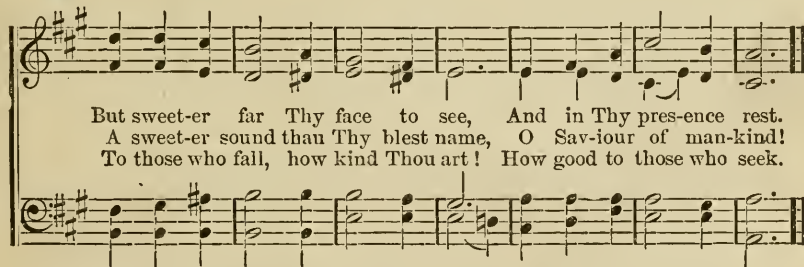
E. CASWALL.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Je - sus the ver - y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find,
3. Oh, hope of ev'-ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!



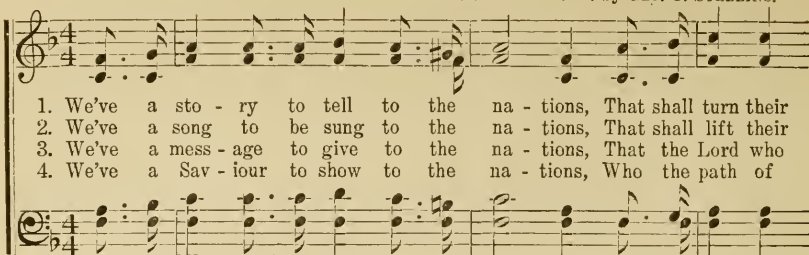
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

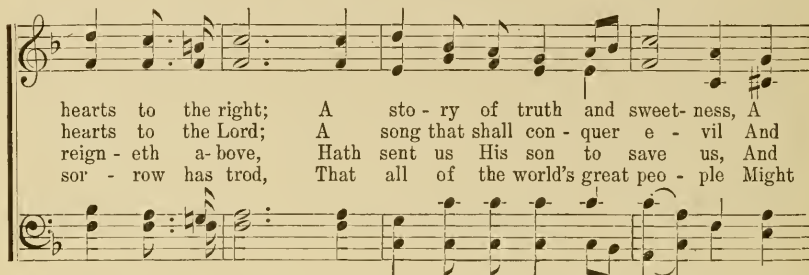
5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

COLIN STERNE.

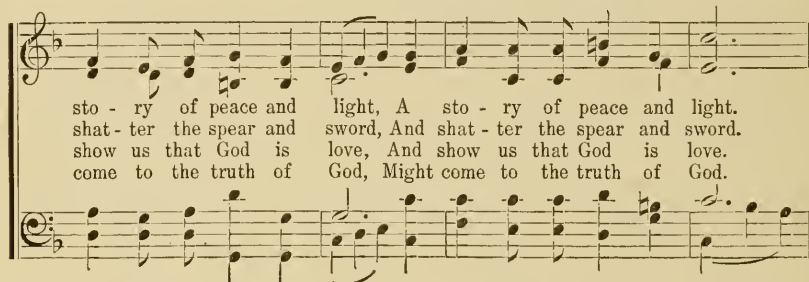
H. E. NICHOLS. Arr. by GEO. C. STEEBINS.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their
 3. We've a mess - age to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who
 4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of

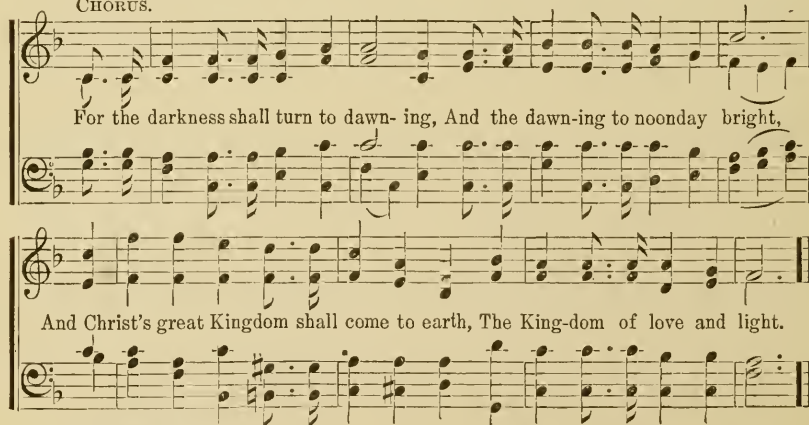


hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A
 hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And
 reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His son to save us, And
 sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might



sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS.



For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noonday bright,
 And Christ's great Kingdom shall come to earth, The King - dom of love and light.

Rev. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, D.D.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. 'To - day! O bless - ed word of hope, And la - den still with
 2. Then day shall nev - er end in night, But night be merged in
 3. Oh, bless - ed Mas - ter of 'To - day,' To Thee I yield my

Heaven's own breath; The night is past—and has not come,
 per - fect day; And all the forc - es of God's life
 stub - born will. Thou Sun of health, re - new my life;

REFRAIN. *ff*
 Be - tween the shades life con - quers death.
 Con - trol thy life with might - y sway. } "To - day, if
 And with Thy-self my be - ing fill!" }

pp
 ye will hear His voice, To - day, if ye will hear His voice,

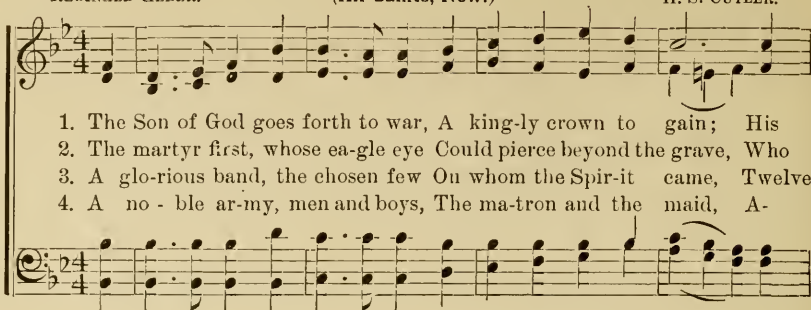
ff *pp*
 Hard - en not your heart, hard - en not your heart."

225 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

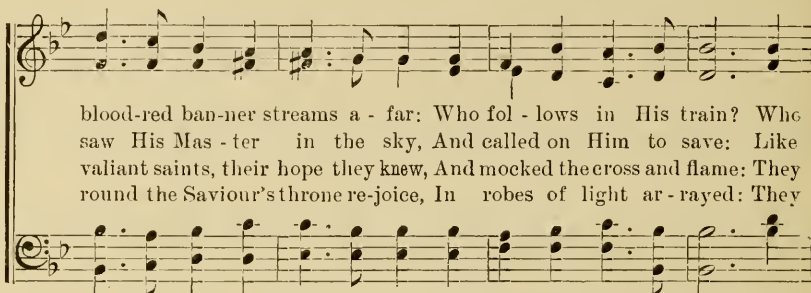
REGINALD HEBER.

(All Saints, New.)

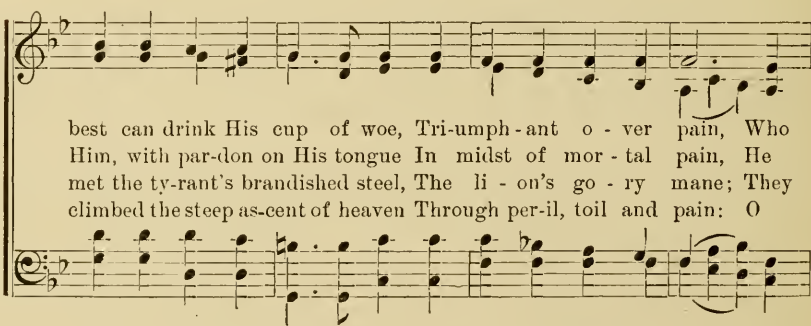
H. S. CUTLER.



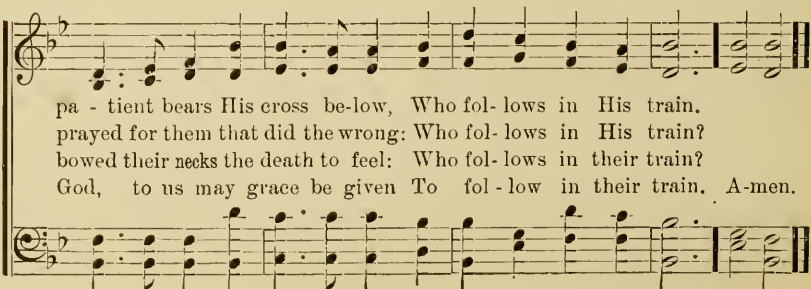
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
 2. The martyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who
 3. A glo-rious band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve
 4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-



blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train? Who
 saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like
 valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They
 round the Saviour's throne re-joyce, In robes of light ar-rayed: They



best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain, Who
 Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
 met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
 climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil and pain: O



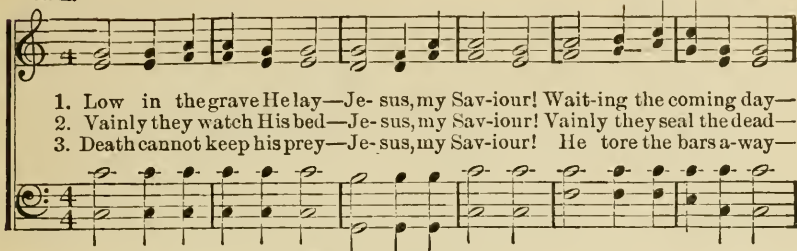
pa - tient bears His cross be-low, Who fol-lows in His train,
 prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in His train?
 bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
 God, to us may grace be given To fol-low in their train. A-men.

Christ Arose!

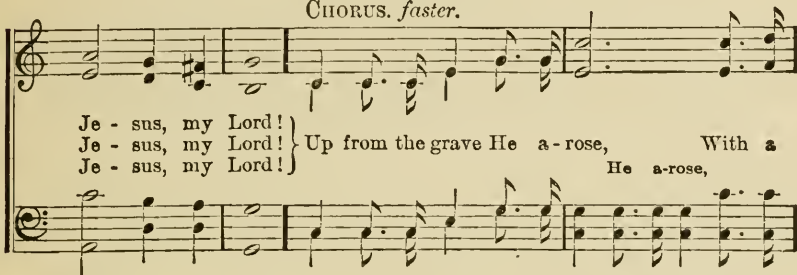
"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv, 6.

R. L.

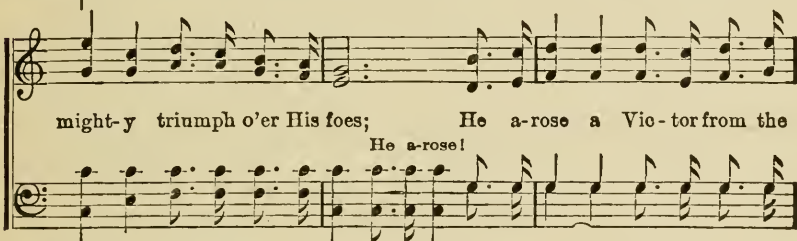
Rev. R. Lowry.



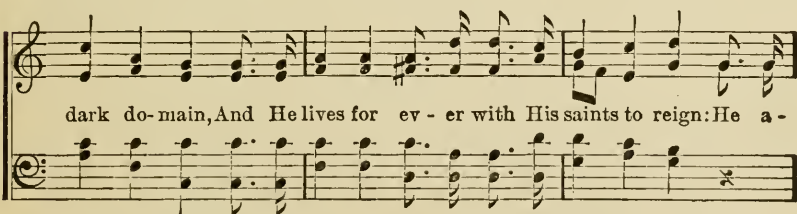
1. Low in the grave He lay—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Wait-ing the coming day—
 2. Vainly they watch His bed—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars a-way—

CHORUS. *faster.*


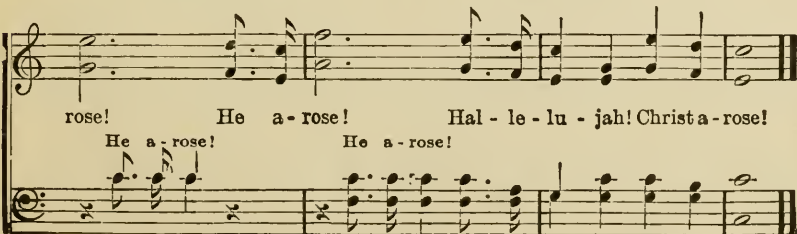
Je - sus, my Lord!
 Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 Je - sus, my Lord! } He a - rose,



might-y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vio - tor from the
 He a - rose!



dark do-main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign: He a -



rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Unison.

1. On-ward Chris-tian sol-diers! March-ing as to war,
 2. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the church of God:
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane.
 4. On-ward then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng,

With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.
 Broth-ers, we are tread-ing Where the saints have trod;
 But the Church of Je-sus Con-stant will re-main:
 Blend with ours your voi-ces In the tri-umph-song:

Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod-y we,
 Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail:
 Glo-ry, praise, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King:

Onward Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doe - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
On - ward, on - ward, Christian soldiers, March-ing, march - ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

228

Just Where I Am.

FRED. P. MORRIS,
Slowly.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Just where I am, oh, let me be A faithful witness, Lord, for Thee;
2. Just where I am: the way is rough, But Thou art near—it is e-nough;
3. And if Thou, Lord, should'st point the way To lands a-far where shines no ray
4. Or, if at home Thou bidd'st me stay, Let me be used to smooth the way
5. Just where I am, oh, let me win Some sad, despairing soul from sin;

While others seek a wild-er sphere, Oh, keep me faithful, Lord, just here!
They rest who lean up-on Thine arm—Oh, mak me strong and keep me calm!
Of light Di-vine, then let me go, To speak of Christ, and heal their woe.
Of those who go at du-ty's call, Leaving their home, their friends, their all.
With heart aflame, and face aglow, Strong in Thy strength, Lord let me go.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING-GOULD.

(St. Gertrude.)

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On - ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-
 tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
 Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
 voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon-or Un - to

gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
 bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
 Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

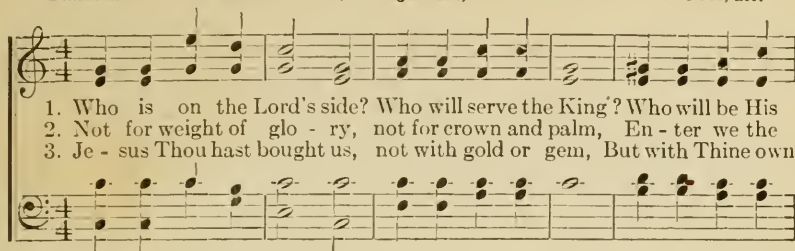
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

Who Is On the Lord's Side?

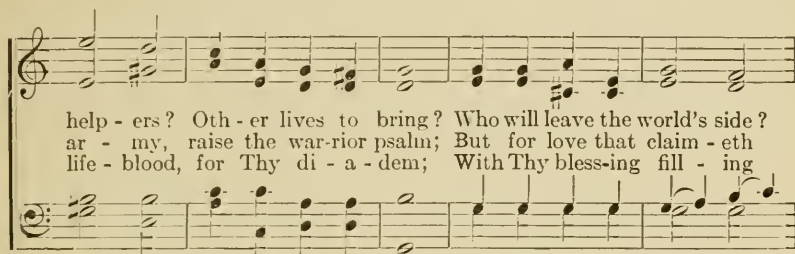
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Armageddon.)

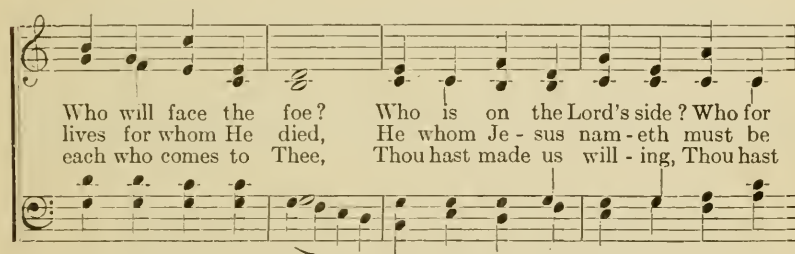
J. GOSS, arr.



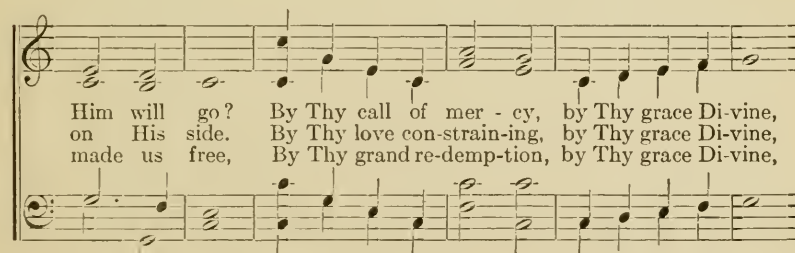
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, not for crown and palm, En - ter we the
 3. Je - sus Thou hast bought us, not with gold or gem, But with Thine own



help - ers? Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 ar - my, raise the war - rior psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 life - blood, for Thy di - a - dem; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing



Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for
 lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth must be
 each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast



Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy, by Thy grace Di - vine,
 on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing, by Thy grace Di - vine,
 made us free, By Thy grand re - demp - tion, by Thy grace Di - vine,



We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour we are Thine.

Christian, Dost Thou See Them?

J. M. NEALE.

(St. Andrew of Crete.)

J. B. DYKES.

1. Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of
 2. Chris-tian, dost thou feel them, How they work with-in, Striv-ing, tempt-ing,
 3. Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and
 4. Hear the words of Je - sus, O my ser - vant true; Thou art ver - y

dark - ness Rage the steps a-round? Christian, up and smite them, Counting
 lur - ing, Goad-ing in - to sin? Christian, nev - er trem - ble, Nev - er
 vig - il? Al-ways watch and prayer?" Christian, an-swer bold - ly, "While I
 wea - ry,—I was wea-ry too; But that toil shall make thee Some day

gain but loss; Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross.
 be down-cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.
 breathe, I pray;" Peace shall fol-low bat - tle, Night shall end in day.
 all mine own,—And the end of sor - row Shall be near my throne." A-men.

Fling Out the Banner!

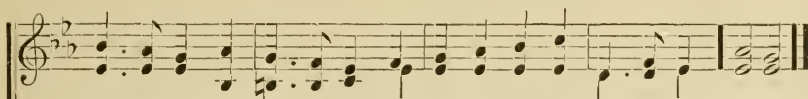
G. W. DOANE.

(Waltham.)

J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight. And
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
 5. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide, Our
 6. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Seaward and sky-ward, let it shine: Nor

Fling Out the Banner.—Concluded.



sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
na-tions, crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
glo-ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru-ci-fied!
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-men.



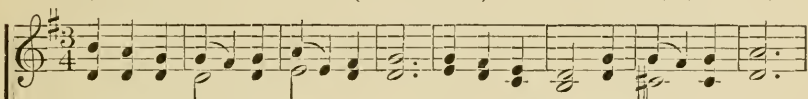
233

Faith of Our Fathers.

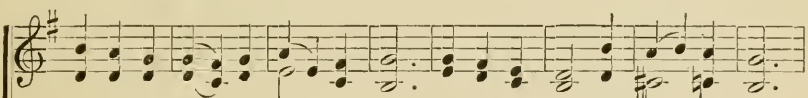
F. W. FABER.

(St. Catherine.)

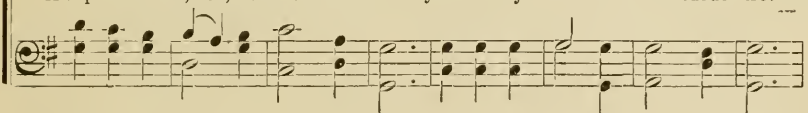
J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!
And blest would be their children's fate, If they, like them, should die for thee:
And through the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then in - deed be free:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - men.

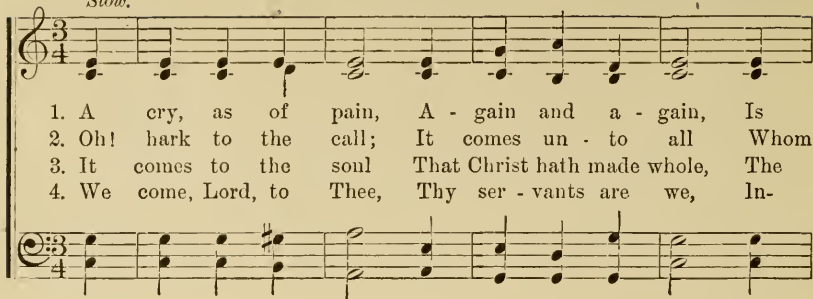


A Cry, as of Pain.

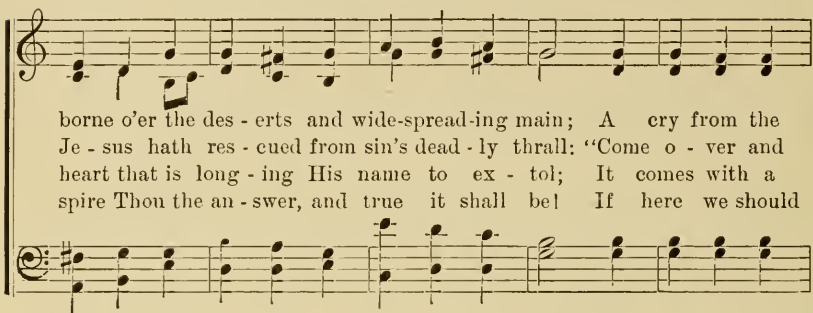
S. G. S.

(Zenana.)

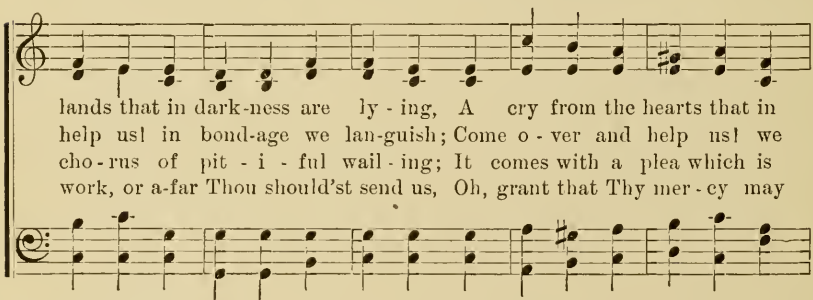
SARAH G. STOCK.

Slow.


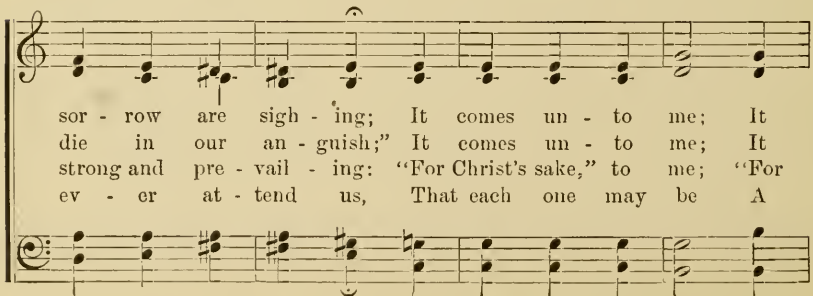
1. A cry, as of pain, A - gain and a - gain, Is
 2. Oh! hark to the call; It comes un - to all Whom
 3. It comes to the soul That Christ hath made whole, The
 4. We come, Lord, to Thee, Thy ser - vants are we, In-



borne o'er the des - erts and wide-spread-ing main; A cry from the
 Je - sus hath res - cued from sin's dead - ly thrall: "Come o - ver and
 heart that is long - ing His name to ex - tol; It comes with a
 spire Thou the an - swer, and true it shall be! If here we should

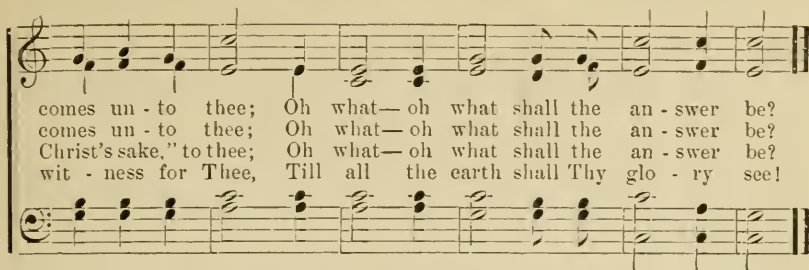


lands that in dark-ness are ly - ing, A cry from the hearts that in
 help us! in bond-age we lan-guish; Come o - ver and help us! we
 cho-rus of pit - i - ful wail - ing; It comes with a plea which is
 work, or a-far Thou should'st send us, Oh, grant that Thy mer - cy may



sor - row are sigh - ing; It comes un - to me; It
 die in our an - guish; It comes un - to me; It
 strong and pre - vail - ing: "For Christ's sake," to me; "For
 ev - er at - tend us, That each one may be A

A Cry, as of Pain.—Concluded.



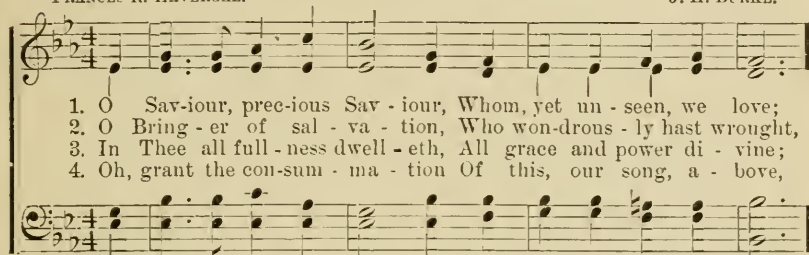
comes un - to thee; Oh what—oh what shall the an - swer be?
 comes un - to thee; Oh what—oh what shall the an - swer be?
 Christ's sake," to thee; Oh what—oh what shall the an - swer be?
 wit - ness for Thee, Till all the earth shall Thy glo - ry see!

235

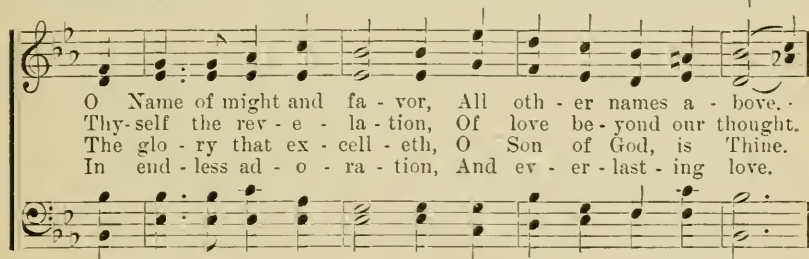
O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. H. BURKE.

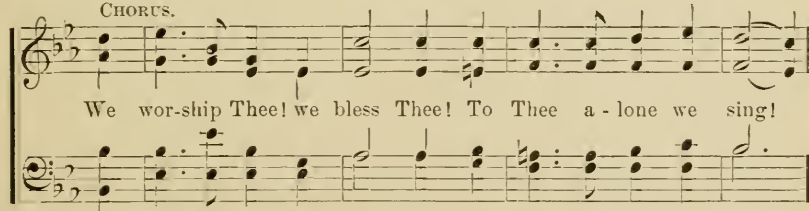


1. O Sav-iour, prec-ious Sav-iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
 2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought,
 3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine;
 4. Oh, grant the con-sum - ma - tion Of this, our song, a - bove,

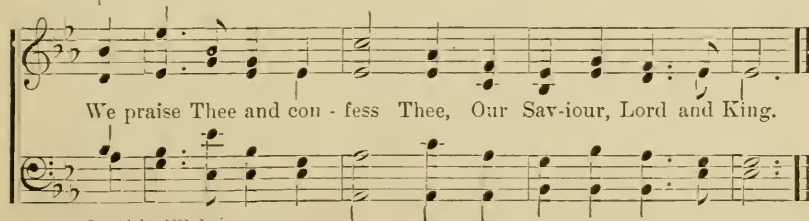


O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
 Thy-self the rev - e - la - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
 The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
 In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.



We wor-ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!



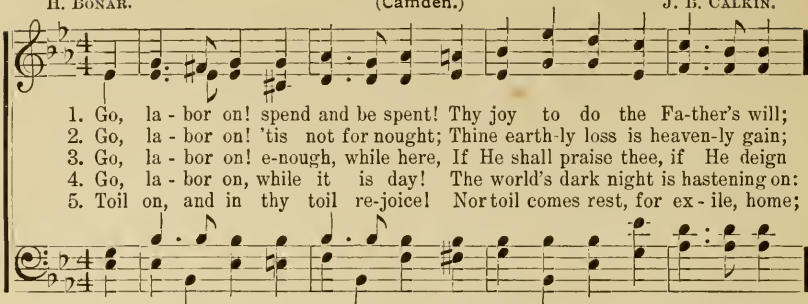
We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav-iour, Lord and King.

236 Go, Labor On! Spend and be Spent!

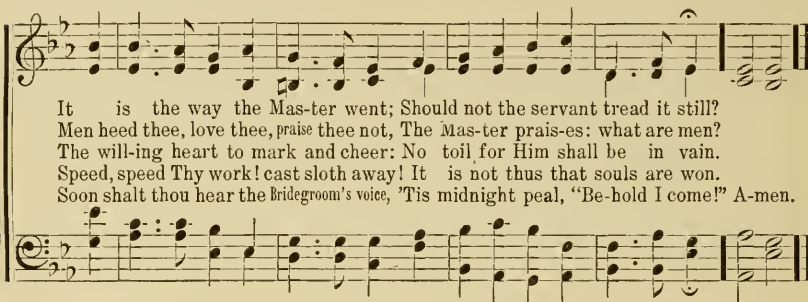
H. BONAR.

(Camden.)

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Go, la - bor on! spend and be spent! Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
2. Go, la - bor on! 'tis not for nought; Thine earth-ly loss is heaven-ly gain;
3. Go, la - bor on! e-nough, while here, If He shall praise thee, if He deign
4. Go, la - bor on, while it is day! The world's dark night is hastening on:
5. Toil on, and in thy toil re-joice! Nor toil comes rest, for ex - ile, home;



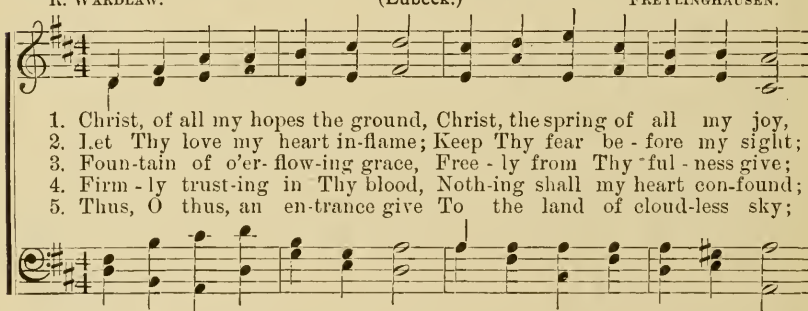
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not, The Mas-ter prais-es: what are men?
The will-ing heart to mark and cheer: No toil for Him shall be in vain.
Speed, speed Thy work! cast sloth away! It is not thus that souls are won.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, 'Tis midnight peal, "Be-hold I come!" A-men.

237 Christ, Of All My Hopes the Ground.

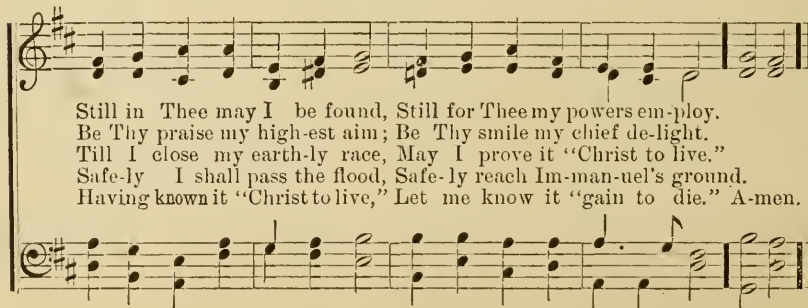
R. WARDLAW.

(Lübeck.)

FREYLINGHAUSEN.



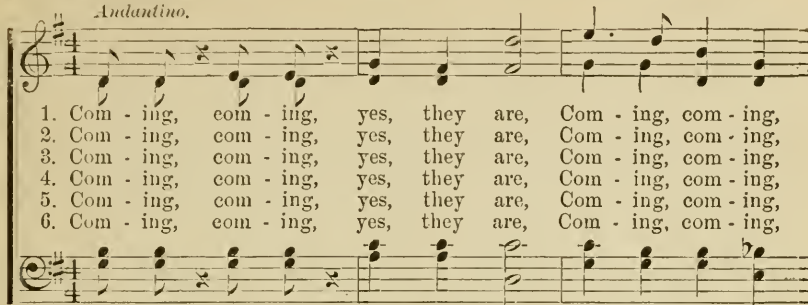
1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
2. Let Thy love my heart in-flame; Keep Thy fear be - fore my sight;
3. Foun-tain of o'er-flow-ing grace, Free - ly from Thy - ful - ness give;
4. Firm - ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my heart con-found;
5. Thus, O thus, an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky;



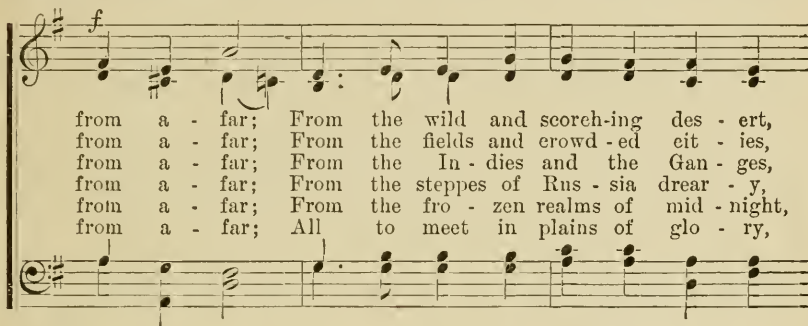
Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my powers em-ploy.
Be Thy praise my high-est aim; Be Thy smile my chief de-light.
Till I close my earth-ly race, May I prove it "Christ to live."
Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
Having known it "Christ to live," Let me know it "gain to die." A-men.

J. WAKEFIELD MACGILL.

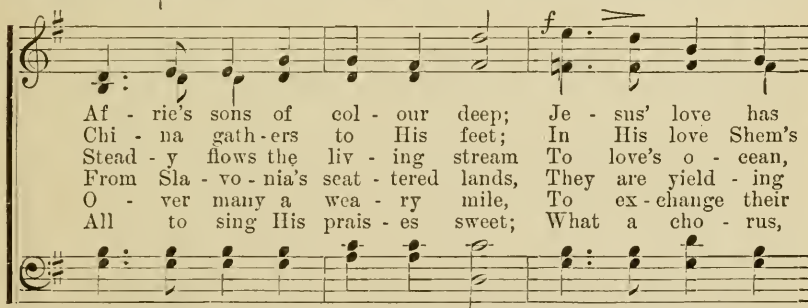
REV. E. HUSBAND.

Andantino.


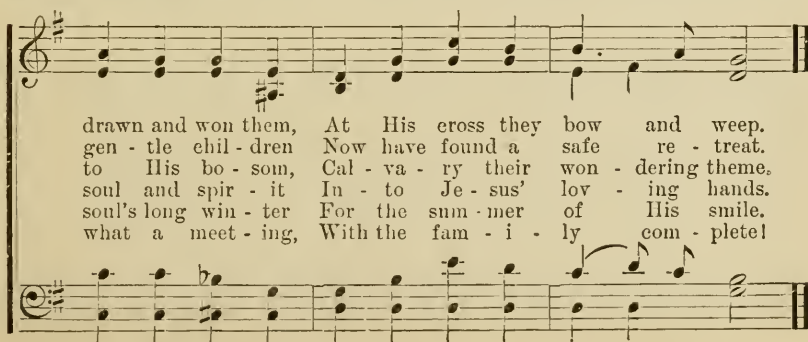
1. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 2. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 3. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 4. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 5. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
 6. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,



from a - far; From the wild and scorch-ing des - ert,
 from a - far; From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies,
 from a - far; From the In - dies and the Gan - ges,
 from a - far; From the steppes of Rus - sia drear - y,
 from a - far; From the fro - zen realms of mid - night,
 from a - far; All to meet in plains of glo - ry,



Af - rie's sons of col - our deep; Je - sus' love has
 Chi - na gath - ers to His feet; In His love Shem's
 Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream To love's o - cean,
 From Sla - vo - nia's seat - tered lands, They are yield - ing
 O - ver many a wea - ry mile, To ex - change their
 All to sing His prais - es sweet; What a cho - rus,



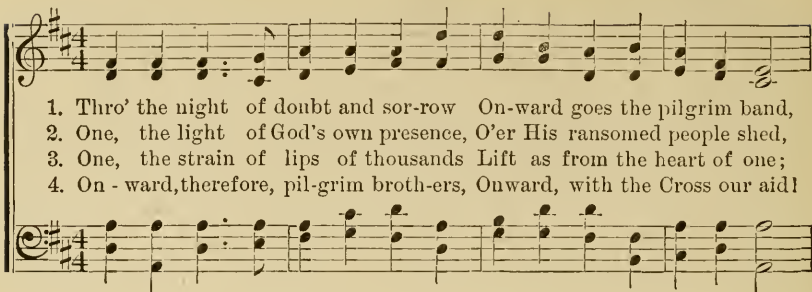
drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
 to His bo - som, Cal - va - ry their won - dering theme.
 soul and spir - it In - to Je - sus' lov - ing hands.
 soul's long win - ter For the sum - mer of His smile.
 what a meet - ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete!

239 Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow.

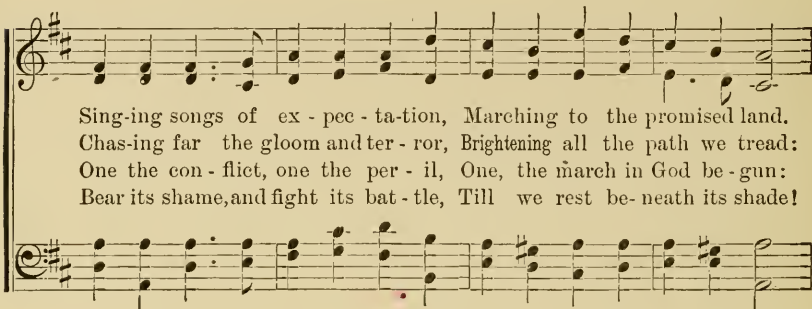
S. BARING-GOULD.

(St. Asaph.)

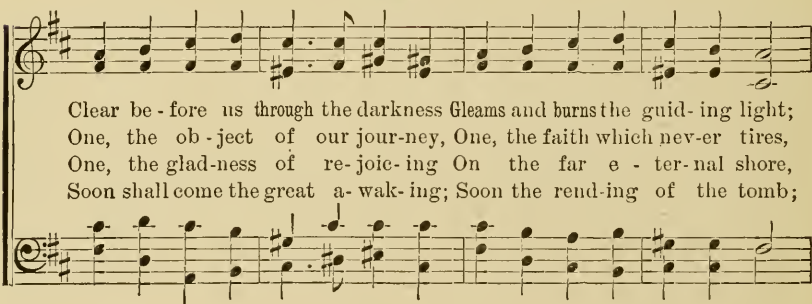
W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



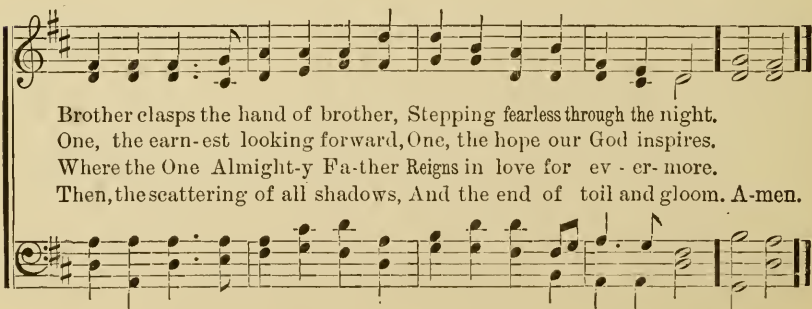
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pilgrim band,
 2. One, the light of God's own presence, O'er His ransomed people shed,
 3. One, the strain of lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one;
 4. On - ward, therefore, pil-grim broth-ers, Onward, with the Cross our aid!



Sing-ing songs of ex - pec - ta-tion, Marching to the promised land.
 Chas-ing far the gloom and ter - ror, Brightening all the path we tread:
 One the con - flict, one the per - il, One, the march in God be-gun:
 Bear its shame, and fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be-neath its shade!



Clear be - fore us through the darkness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
 One, the ob - ject of our jour-ney, One, the faith which nev-er tires,
 One, the glad-ness of re-joic-ing On the far e - ter-nal shore,
 Soon shall come the great a - wak-ing; Soon the rend-ing of the tomb;



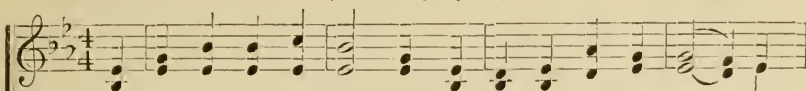
Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fearless through the night.
 One, the earn-est looking forward, One, the hope our God inspires.
 Where the One Almighty Fa-ther Reigns in love for ev - er - more.
 Then, the scattering of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom. A-men.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

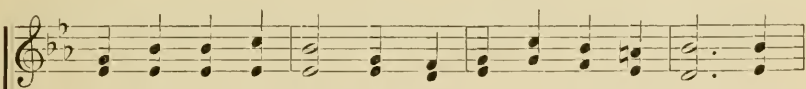
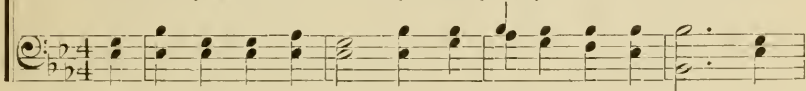
REGINALD HEBER.

(Missionary Hymn.)

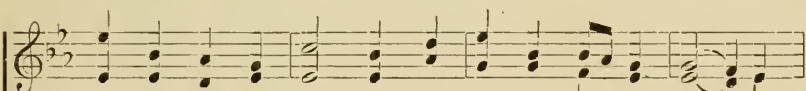
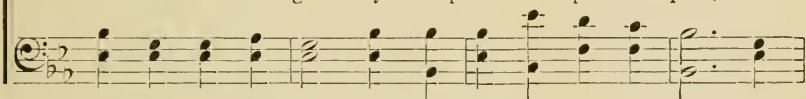
LOWELL MASON.



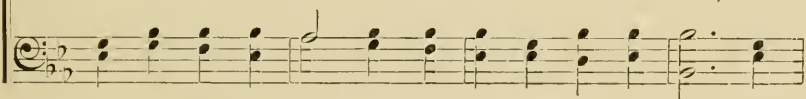
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where
2. What though the spi - cy breez' - es Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; Though
3. Can we, whose souls are light-ed With wis-dom from on high, Can
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters roll, Till



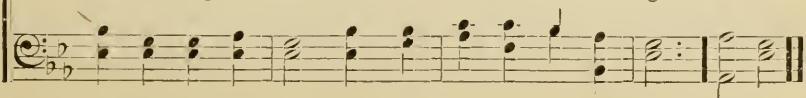
Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold-en sand, From
 ev - ery pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile: In
 we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal -
 like a sea of glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole; Till



many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain, They
 vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown; The
 va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till
 o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re -



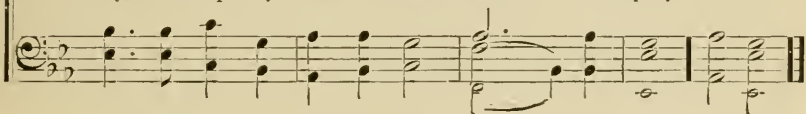
call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain,
 heath-en in his blind-ness Bows down to wood and stone,
 each re - mo - test na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name,
 deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - men.



Christian, Seek Not Yet Repose.—Concluded.



Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch and pray.
 Wait for thy un-guard-ed hours: Watch and pray.
 Am-bushed lies the e-vil one: Watch and pray.
 All with one sweet voice ex-claim, "Watch and pray."
 Hide with-in thy heart His word, "Watch and pray."
 Pray, that help may be sent down: Watch and pray. A-men.



243

O Perfect Love.

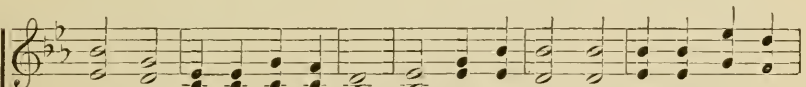
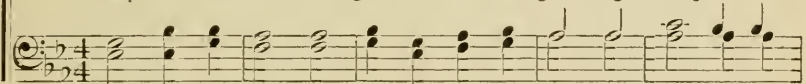
JOHN ELLERTON.

(Perfect Love.)

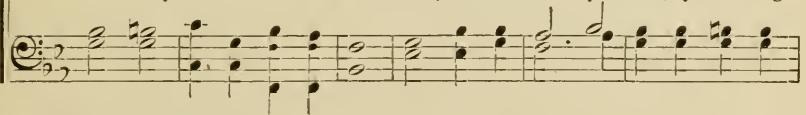
JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. O per-fect love, all hu-man thought transcending, Low-ly we
2. O per-fect life, be thou their full as-sur-ance Of ten-der
3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sor-row; Grant them the
4. Hear us, O Fa-ther, gra-cious and for-giv-ing, Through Je-sus



kneel in prayer before Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
 char-i-ty and steadfast faith, Of patient hope, and quiet, brave en-
 peace which calms all earthly strife, And to life's day the glorious unknown
 Christ thy co-e-ter-nal Word, Who, with the Ho-ly Ghost, by all things



end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one,
 dur-ance, With child-like trust that fears nor pain nor death,
 mor-row That dawns up-on e-ter-nal love and life,
 liv-ing Now and to end-less a-ges art a-dored. A-men.



No. 244.

For all the Saints.

"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witness."—HEBREWS. xii: 1.

BISHOP W. W. HOW.

SIR, J. BARNBY.

Full. Unison.
1. *f* For all the Saints who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by
faith be-fore the world con-fessed, The name, O Je-su,
be for ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

Full. Harmony. 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia!

Men in Unison. 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

Harmony. mf 4 O blest communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
cr Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine;
Alleluia!

Men in Unison. p 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
cr And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

Trebles in Unison. mf 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
p Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. f 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

Full. Harmony. ff 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

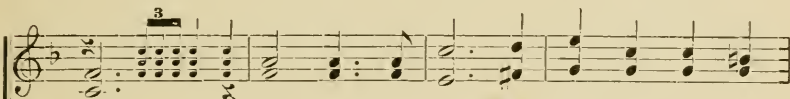
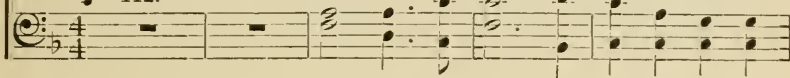
D. C. ROBERTS.

G. W. WARREN.

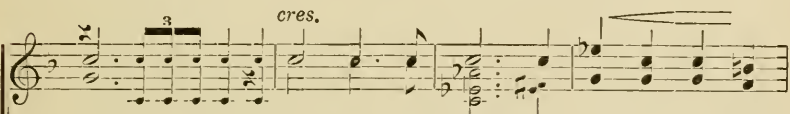
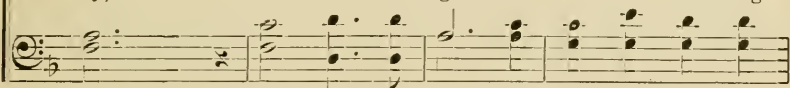


Trumpets before each verse 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might-y
 2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
 3. From war's a - larm's, from dead - ly pes - ti -
 4. Re - fresh thy peo - ple on their toilsome

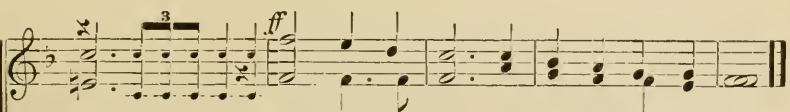
♩ = 112.



hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
 past, In this free land by thee our lot is
 lence, Be thy strong arm our ev - er sure de -
 way, Lead us from night to nev - er end - ing



band Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the
 east; Be thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and
 fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in -
 day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -



skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.
 stay, Thy word our law, thy paths are cho - sen way.
 crease, Thy bounteous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
 vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er thine.

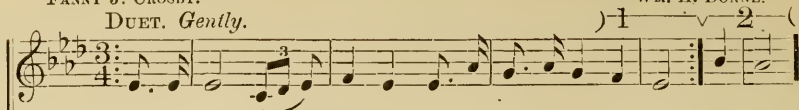


246 **Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.**

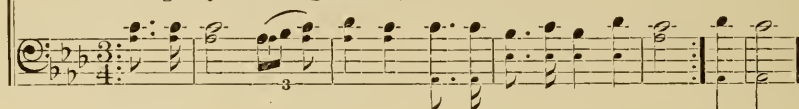
FANNY J. CROSBY.

DUET. *Gently.*

WM. H. DOANE.



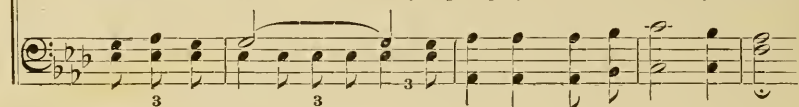
1. "Though your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more! no more;



QUARTET.



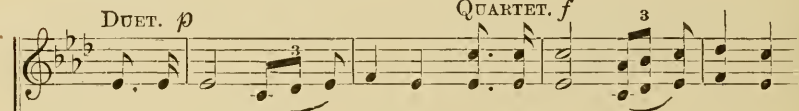
Though they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
 "Look un-to Me..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;



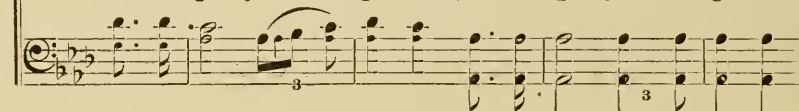
Though they be red

DUET. *p*

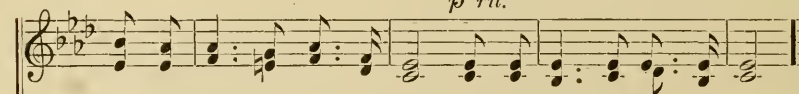
QUARTET. *f*



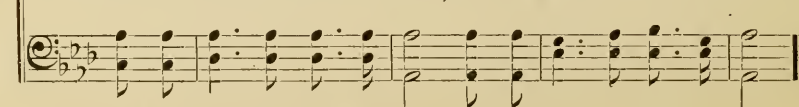
"Though your sins be as scar-let, Though your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
 He'll for-give your trans-gress-ions, He'll for-give your transgressions,



p rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!
 And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.



My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

America.

HARMONIA ANGLICANA.

1. My coun - try 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's

pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their sil - ence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God our King.

God Bless Our Native Land!

America.

- 1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night,
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State.

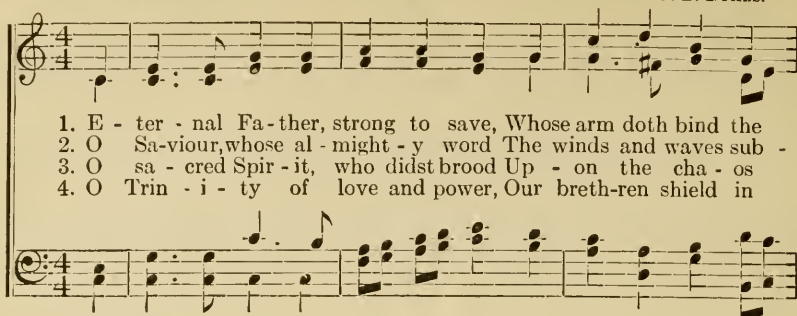
CHARLES T. BROOKS.

249 Eternal Father, Strong to Save.

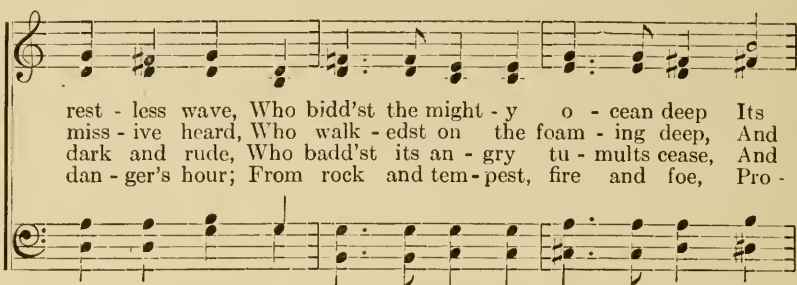
WILLIAM WHITING.

Melita.

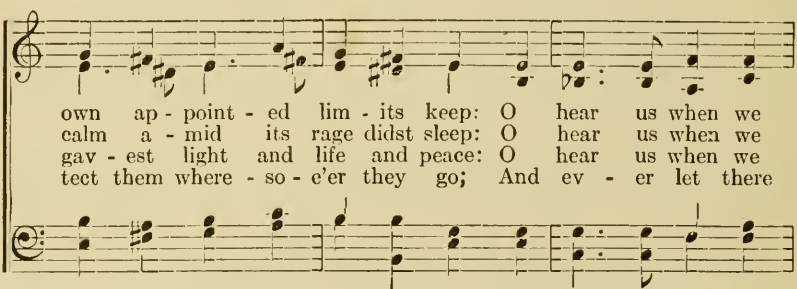
J. B. DYKES.



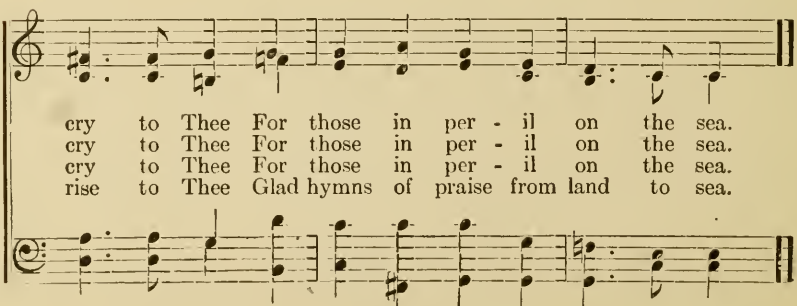
1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
 2. O Sa - viour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub -
 3. O sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
 4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth - ren shield in



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
 miss - ive heard, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And
 dark and rude, Who badd'st its an - gry tu - mulds cease, And
 dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -



own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
 calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
 gav - est light and life and peace: O hear us when we
 tect them where - so - e'er they go; And ev - er let there



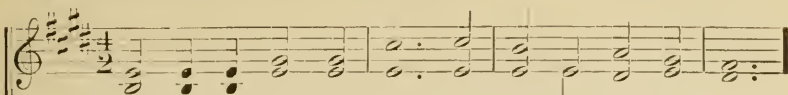
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
 rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land to sea.

Soldiers of Christ Arise.

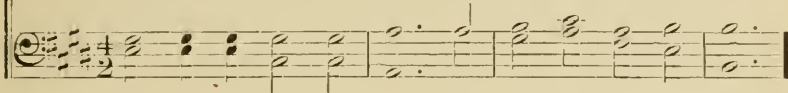
MATTHEW BRIDGES.

(Diademata.)

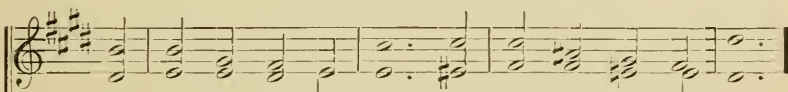
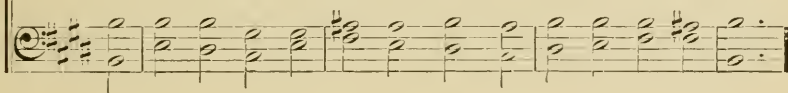
Sir GEO. J. ELVEY.



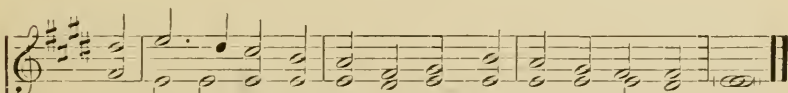
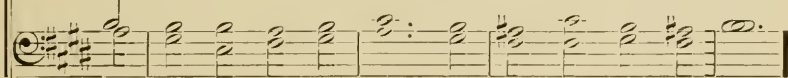
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on;
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
3. That hav - ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed;



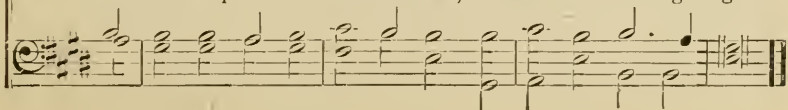
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through His e - ter - nal Son.
 And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
 Ye may o'er - come, through Christ alone, And stand complete at last.



Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y pow'r;
 To keep your arm - or bright At - tend with con - stant care,
 From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;



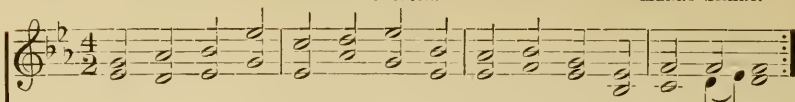
Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.
 Still walk - ing in your Captain's sight, And watch - ing un - to pray'r.
 Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down, And win the well - fought fight.



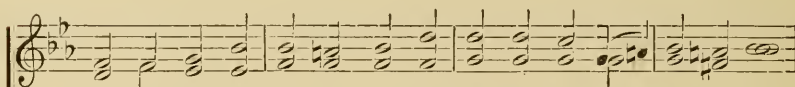
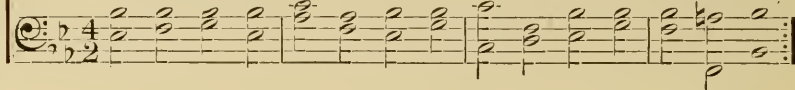
251 Lord, Her Watch Thy Church is Keeping.

Everton.

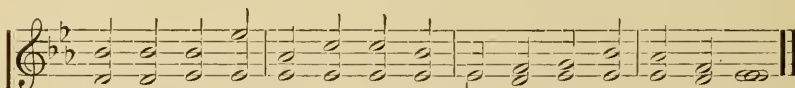
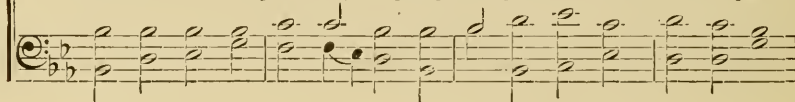
HENRY SMART.



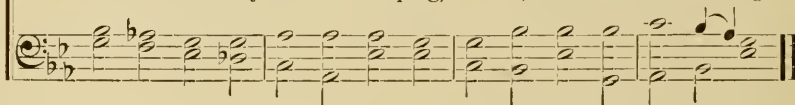
1. { Lord, her watch Thy church is keeping; When shall earth Thy rule obey? }
2. { When shall end the night of weep-ing, When shall break the promised day? }
3. { Tid - ings sent to ev - ery creature, Mill-ions yet have never heard; }
4. { Can they hear with-out a preacher? Lord Al-might-y give the word. }
5. { Then the end: Thy church completed, All Thy chos-en gath-ered in, }
6. { With their King in glo - ry seat-ed, Sat-an bound, and banished sin: }



See the whit-ening harvest lan-guish? Waiting still the la-borers' toil:
Give the word in ev - ery na - tion Let the Gos - pel trum-pet sound,
Gone for ev - er, part-ing, Hunger, sor - row, death and pain:-



Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish? Shall the strong retain the spoil?
Wit-ness-ing a world's sal - va-tion, To the earth's re-mot-est bound.
Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping, Come, Lord Jesus come to reign.

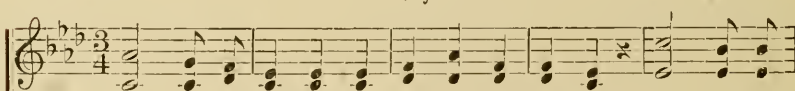


252 Hail to the Brightness.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Wesley.

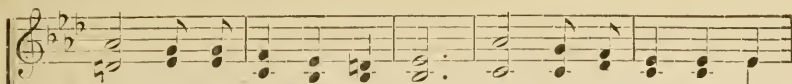
LOWELL MASON.



1. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Joy to the
2. Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning, Long by the
3. Lo, in the des - ert rich flow-ers are springing, Streams ev - er
4. See, from all lands, from all isles of the o - cean, Praise to Je -



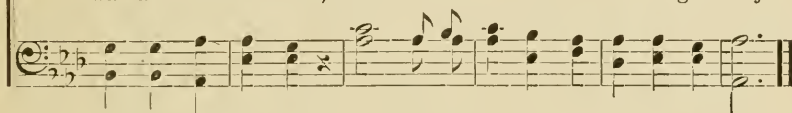
Hail to the Brightness.—Concluded.



lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hushed be the ac-cents of
proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told; Hail to the mil-lions from
co-pious are glid-ing a-long; Loud from the moun-tain tops
ho-vah as-cend-ing on high; Fallen are the en-gines of



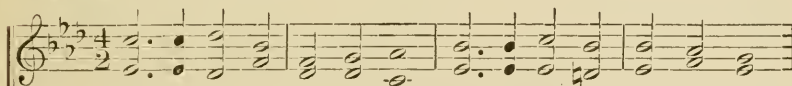
sor-row and mourning, Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
bon-dage re-turn-ing! Gen-tiles and Jews the best vis-ion be-hold.
ech-oes are ring-ing, Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky.



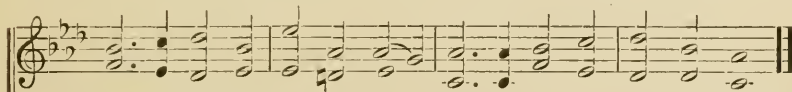
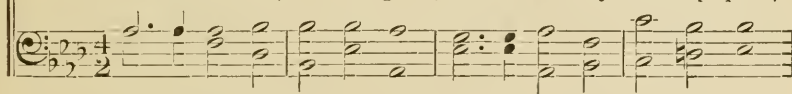
253 Thine for Ever! God of Love.

M. F. MAUDE.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



1. Thine for ev-er! God of love, Hear us from Thy Throne a-bove;
2. Thine for ev-er! Lord of life, Shield us through our earthly strife;
3. Thine for ev-er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest!
4. Thine for ev-er! Sav-iour, keep Us Thy frail and tremblingsheep;
5. Thine for ev-er!; Thou our guide, All our wants by Thee sup-plied,



Thine for ev-er may we be Here and in e-ter-ni-ty.
Thou the Life, the Truth the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend, O de-fend us to the end.
Safe a-lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good-ness share.
All our sins by Thee for-given, Lead us, Lord, from earth to Heaven.

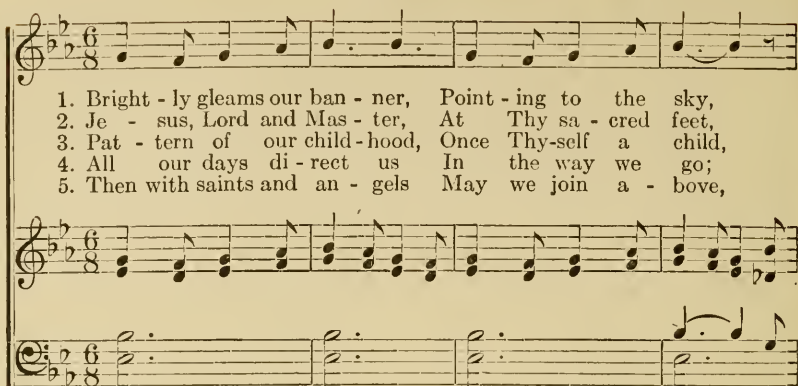


Brighthly Gleams Our Banner.

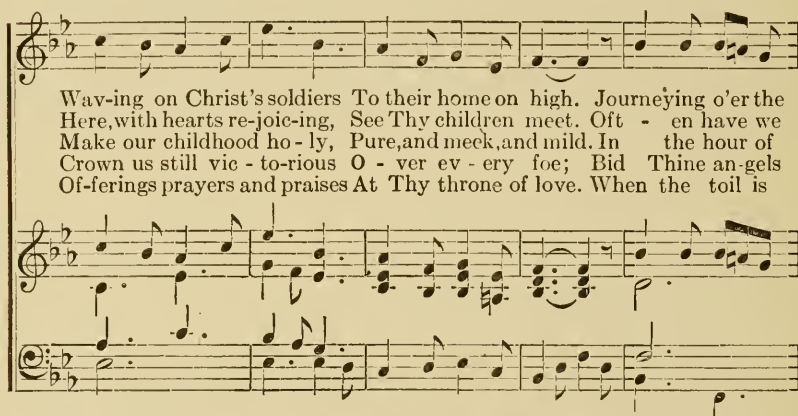
T. J. POTTER.

St. Theresa.

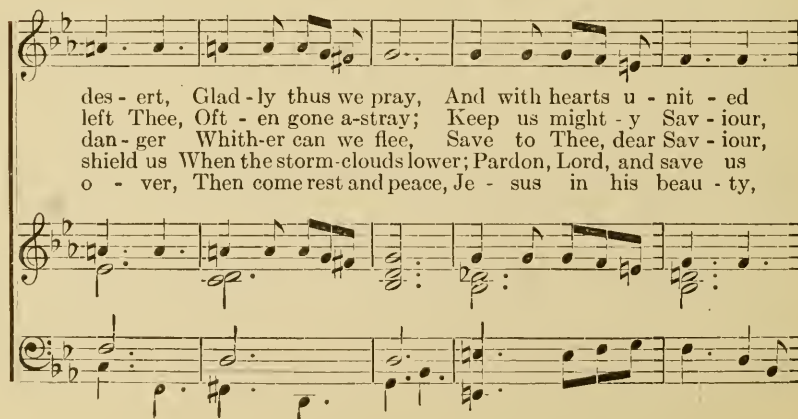
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner, Point - ing to the sky,
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet,
 3. Pat - tern of our child - hood, Once Thy-self a child,
 4. All our days di - rect us In the way we go;
 5. Then with saints and an - gels May we join a - bove,



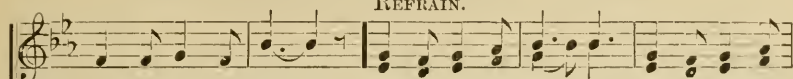
Wav - ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. Journeÿing o'er the
 Here, with hearts re-joic-ing, See Thy children meet. Oft - en have we
 Make our childhood ho - ly, Pure, and meek, and mild. In the hour of
 Crown us still vic - to - rious O - ver ev - ery foe; Bid Thine an - gels
 Of - fer - ings prayers and praises At Thy throne of love. When the toil is



des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed
 left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray; Keep us might - y Sav - iour,
 dan - ger Whith - er can we flee, Save to Thee, dear Sav - iour,
 shield us When the storm - clouds lower; Pardon, Lord, and save us
 o - ver, Then come rest and peace, Je - sus in his beau - ty,

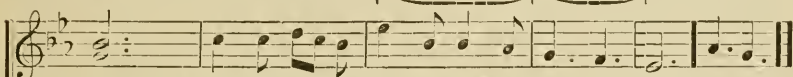
Brightly Gleams Our Banner.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



Take our heavenward way.
In the nar-row way.
On - ly un - to Thee?
In the last dread hour.
Songs that nev-er cease.

Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the



sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.



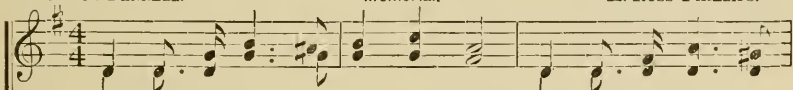
255

Loved!

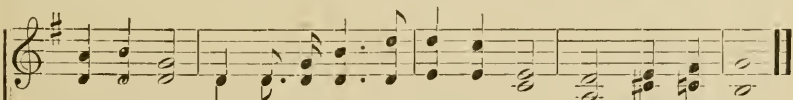
GRACE PENNELL.

Memorial.

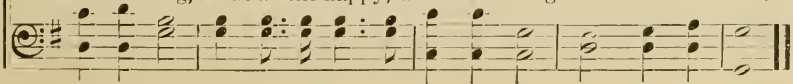
H. ROSS PHILLIPS.



1. Loved! then the way will not be drear; For One we know is
2. Loved with an ev - er - last - ing love By Him who left His
3. Loved, when our sky is cloud - ed o'er, And days of sor - row
4. Loved, when we leave our na - tive soil, In heath - en lands to
5. Loved when we sing the glad new song To Christ, for whom we've



ev - er near, Prov-ing it to our hearts so clear That we are loved.
home a - bove, To bring us life, and light, and love, Be - cause He loved.
press us sore; Still will we trust Him ev - er - more, For we are loved.
live and toil; Un - der His shadows nought can foil - Still we are loved.
wait - ed long, With all the happy, ransomed throng - For ev - er loved.

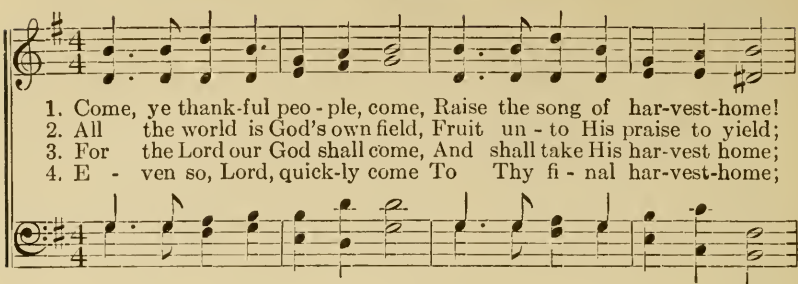


256 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

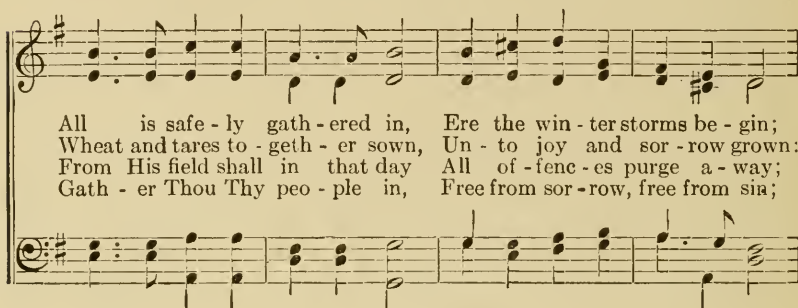
HENRY ALFORD.

St. George.

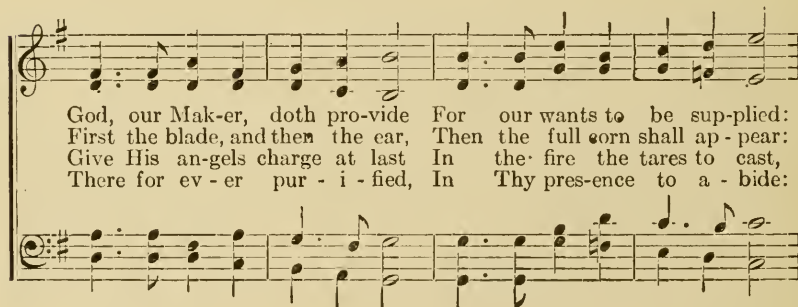
G. J. ELVEY.



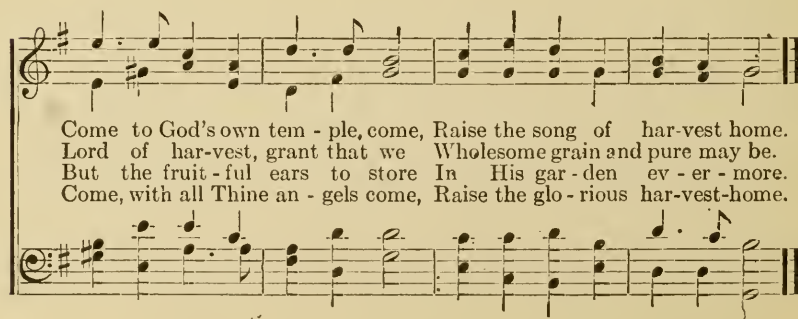
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home!
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home;
 4. E - ven so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi - nal har-vest-home;



All is safe - ly gath - er - ed in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy and sor - row grown;
 From His field shall in that day All of - fence - es purge a - way;
 Gath - er Thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied:
 First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for ev - er pur - i - fied, In Thy pres - ence to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home.
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - den ev - er - more.
 Come, with all Thine an - gels come, Raise the glo - rious har-vest-home.

He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxix, 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
 3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt - er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast; hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The depth of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree?
 Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

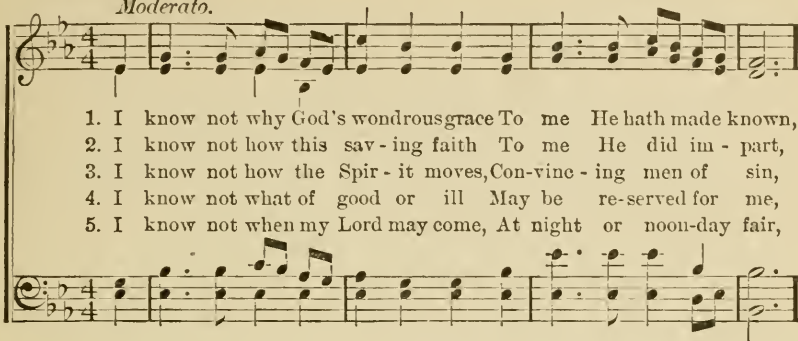
bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

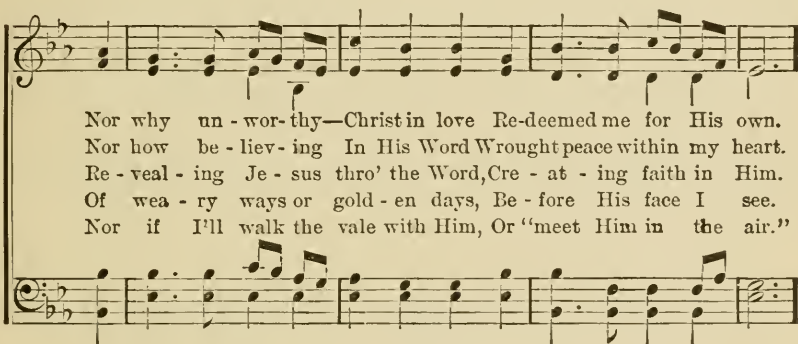
I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

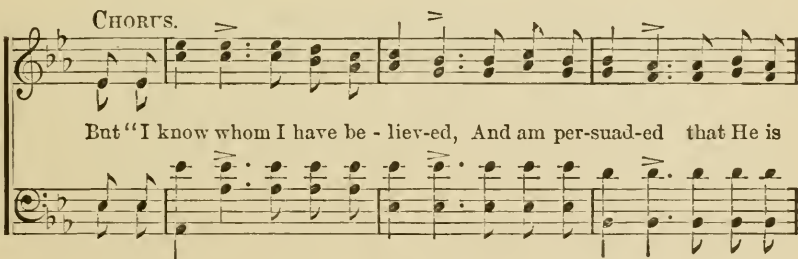
Moderato.


1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
 2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
 3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vine - ing men of sin,
 4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
 5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

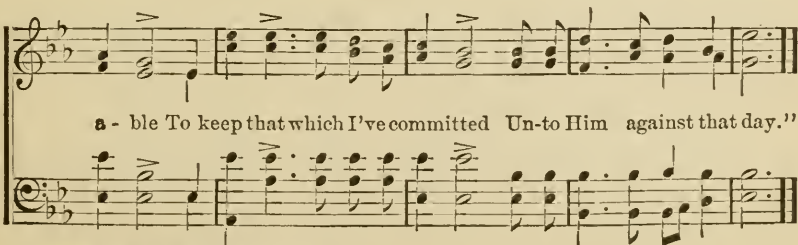


Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is



a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un - to Him against that day."

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

Intercession, New.

W. H. CALLCOTT.

1. When the wear-y, seek-ing rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the
 2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts His soul a-bove; When the
 3. When the stranger asks a home All his toils to end, When the
 4. When the man of toil and care In the cit - y crowd, When the

heav - y - la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled,
 prod - i - gal looks back To his fa - ther's love; When the proud man
 hun - gry crav-eth food And the poor a friend; When the sail - or
 shep-herd on the moor, Names the name of God; When the learn-ed

seek-ing peace, On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life,
 in his pride, Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt
 on the wave Bows the fervent knee, When the sol-dier on the field
 and the high, Tired of earth-ly fame, Up - on high-er joys in-tent

At Thy feet shall fall:..... Hear then in love, O
 To Thy throne of grace:..... Hear then in love, O
 Lifts his heart to Thee:..... Hear then in love, O
 name the bless - ed Name:.... Hear then in love, O

When the Weary, Seeking Rest.—Concluded.

Lord, the cry In heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.

261 The Coming of His Feet.

Rev. S. WHITNEY ALLEN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. In the crim - son of the morn - ing, In the whiteness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard His wear - y footsteps By the Gal - i - le - an sea, On the
3. Down the min - ister aisles of splendor, From between the Che - ru - bim, Through the
4. Comes He sandaled not with sil - ver, Gild - ed not with wov - en gold, Weighted
5. He is com - ing, O my spir - it, With His ey - er - last - ing peace, With His

am - ber glo - ry of the day's re - treat; In the mid - night robed in darkness,
Tem - ple's marble pavements, on the street; Worn with weight of sor - row, faltering
wonderings throngs with motion strong and fleet, Sounds His victor tread, with mu - sic
not with shimmering gems and o - dors sweet; But white winged and shod with glo - ry,
bless - ed - ness im - mor - tal and com - plete; He is com - ing, O my spir - it,

Or the gleam - ing of the moon, — I list - en for the com - ing of His feet.
Up the slopes of Cal - va - ry, — The sor - row of the com - ing of His feet.
Of re - dem - tion's cho - ral hymn, — The mu - sic of the com - ing of His feet.
In the Ta - bor - light of old, — The glo - ry of the com - ing of His feet.
And His coming brings release, — I list - en for the com - ing of His feet.

262 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn.

J. D. BURNS.

St. Maura.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the eve-nig hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The
 2. The old man, meek and mild, The priest of Is - rael slept; His
 3. O give me Sam - uel's ear, The o - pen ear, O Lord, A -
 4. O give me Sam - uel's heart, A low - ly heart that waits Where
 5. O give me Sam - uel's mind, A sweet, un-murmuring faith, O -

lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark: When
 watch the tem - pled-child, The lit - tle Le - vite, kept; And
 live and quick to hear Each whis - per of Thy word! Like
 in Thy house Thou art, Or watch - es at Thy gates! By
 be - dient and re - signed To Thee in life and death! That

sud - den-ly a voice di - vine Rang through the silence of the shrine.
 what from Eli's sense was sealed The Lord of Hannah's son re - vealed.
 Him to an - swer at Thy call, And to o - bey Thee first of all.
 day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of Thy will.
 I may read with childlike eyes Truths that are hidden from the wise.

263 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

St. Oswald.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Now, the sow-ing and the weeping, Working hard, and wait-ing long;
 2. Now, the pruning, sharp, un-sparing, Scattered blossoms, bleeding shoot;
 3. Now, the long and toil-some du - ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring;
 4. Now, the spir - it con - flict-riv-en, Wounded heart, un - e - equal strife;
 5. Now, the training strange and lowly, Un - ex-plained and te-dious now;

Now, the Sowing and the Weeping.—Concluded.

Aft - er-ward, the gold-en reap - ing, Harvest-home and grateful song.
 Aft - er-ward, the plenteous bearing Of the Mas - ter's pleasant fruit.
 Aft - er-ward, the per-fect beau - ty Of the pal - ace of the King.
 Aft - er-ward, the tri-umph giv - en, And the vic-tor's crown of life.
 Aft - er-ward, the serv - ice ho - ly, And the Master's 'En - ter Thou.'

264

Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F.

J. H. BURKE.

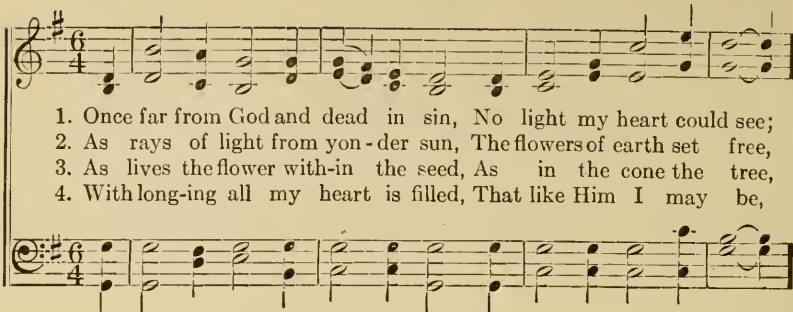
1. "Not I, but Christ," be hon-ored, loved, ex - alt - ed; "Not I, but
 2. "Not I, but Christ," to gen - tle soothe in sor - row; "Not I, but
 3. "Not I, but Christ," in low - ly, si - lent la - bor; "Not I, but
 4. Christ, on-ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis - ion; Glo - ry ex -

Christ," be seen, be known be heard; "Not I, but Christ," in ev - ery
 Christ," to wipe the fall - ing tear: "Not I, but Christ," to lift the
 Christ," in hum-ble ear - nest toil: Christ, on-ly Christ! no show, no
 cel - ling soon, full soon I'll see— Christ, on-ly Christ, my ev - ery

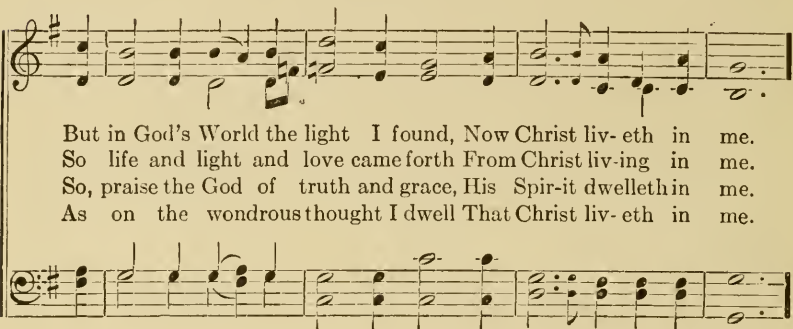
look and ac - tion, "Not I, but Christ," in ev-ery thought and word.
 wear - y bur - den; "Not I, but Christ," to hush a - way all fear.
 os - ten - ta - tion; Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil.
 wish ful - fill - ing— Christ, on-ly Christ, my All in All to be.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
 2. As rays of light from yon-der sun, The flowers of earth set free,
 3. As lives the flower with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
 4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,

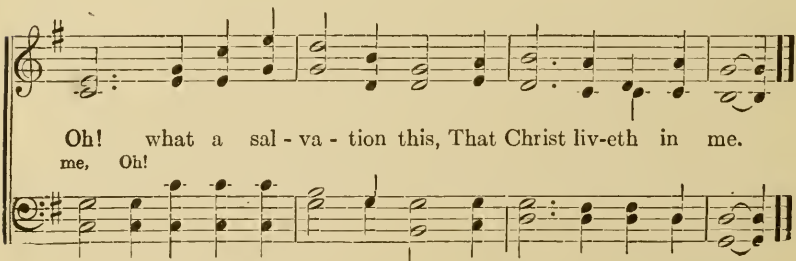


But in God's World the light I found, Now Christ liv-eth in me.
 So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv-ing in me.
 So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
 As on the wondrous thought I dwell That Christ liv-eth in me.

CHORUS.



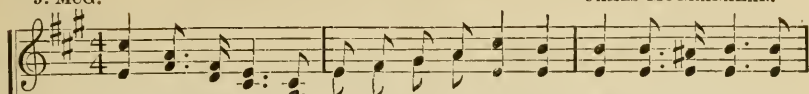
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,
 Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,



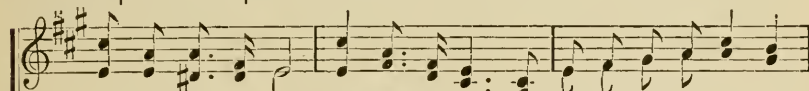
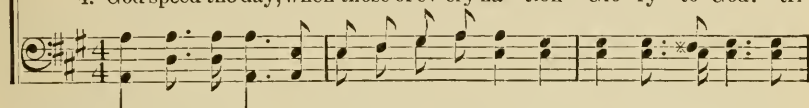
Oh! what a sal-va-tion this, That Christ liv-eth in me.
 me, Oh!

J. McG.

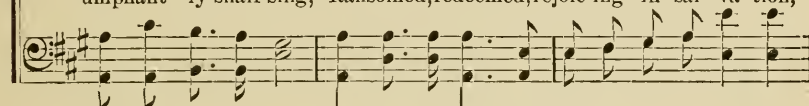
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



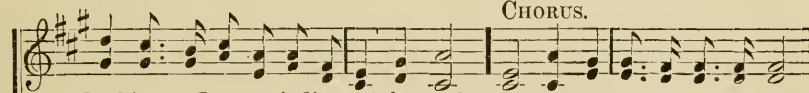
1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-ery na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-



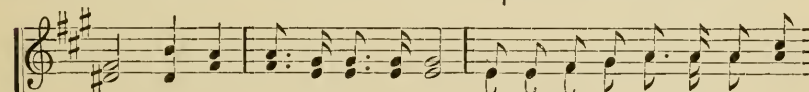
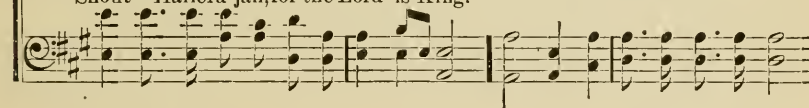
ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
rise and en-ter in! Christians, awake! your fore-es all u-nit-ing,
ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoic-ing in sal-va-tion,



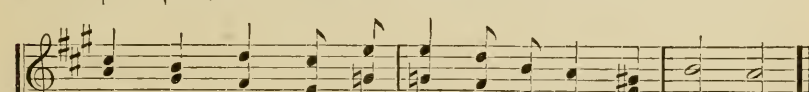
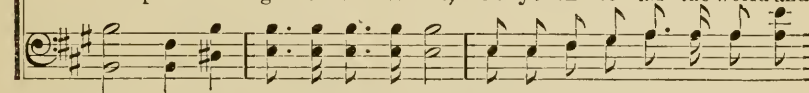
CHORUS.



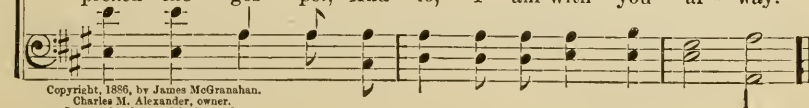
Looking to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin. } "All power is given un-to me,
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hallelu-jah, for the Lord is King.



All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and



preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."



EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey. } Lean on His arms, trust - ing in His love;
 to the Lord in pray'r. } Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trust - ing in His love;
 eyes are nev - er dim.

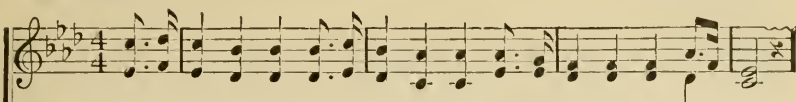
Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
 arms, ev - er

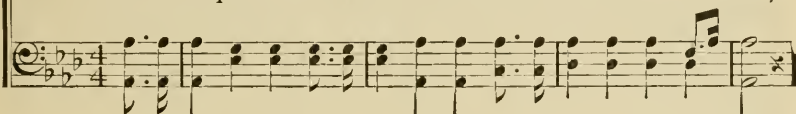
I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY.

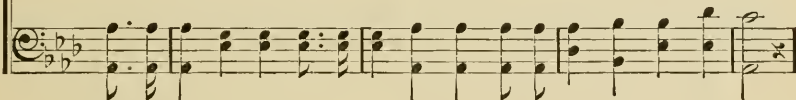
W. H. DOANE.



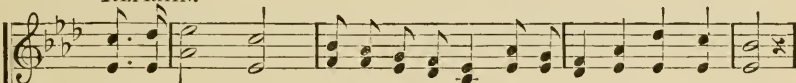
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin- gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar- row sea,



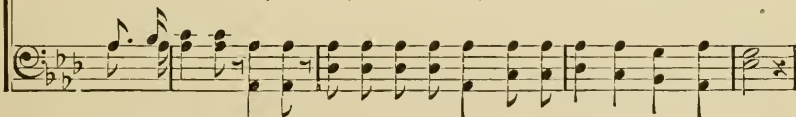
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.



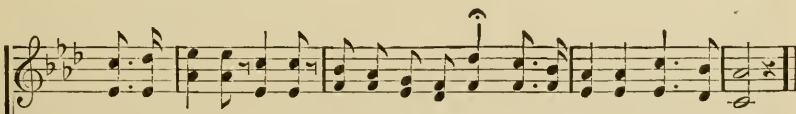
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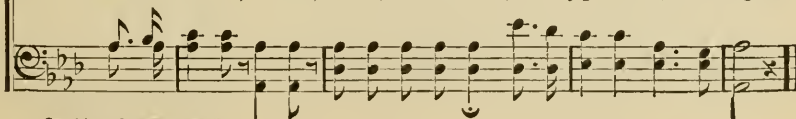
Draw me near - er, nearer, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

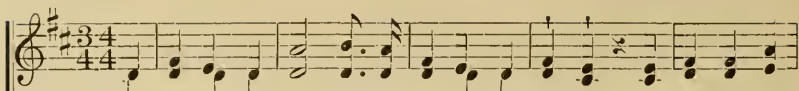


near-er, nearer,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

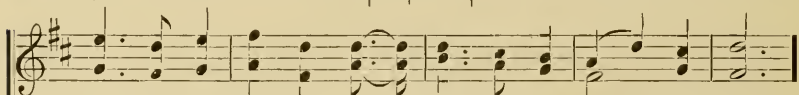




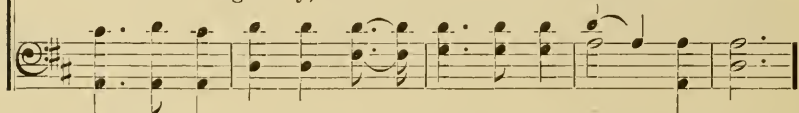
1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sun-light through
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be, per-
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glo-ri-fied
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no



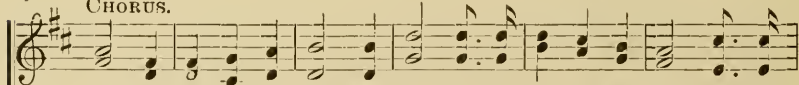
dark-ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no crying, Caught up through the clouds with the



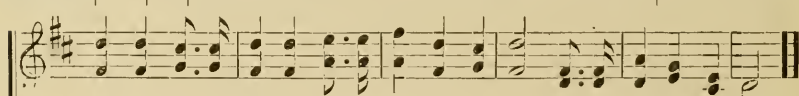
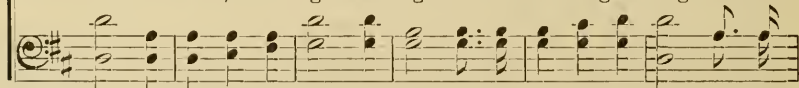
full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive "His own."
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive "His own."



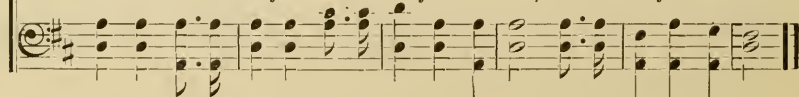
CHORUS.



O Lord Jesus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re-



turn-eth: Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

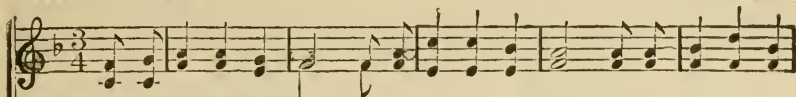


Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



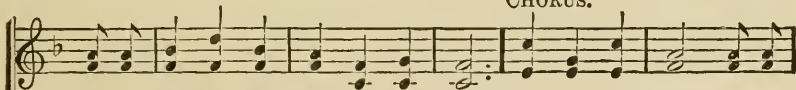
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



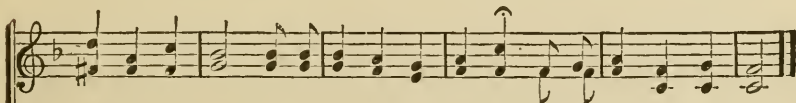
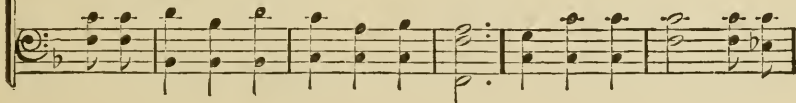
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—



CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and	o - bey.	} Trust and o - bey, for there's
Can a-bide while we trust and	o - bey.	
But is blest if we trust and	o - bey.	
Are for them who will trust and	o - bey.	
Nev-er fear, on-ly trust and	o - bey.	



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey.



MARY G. BRAINARD, arr. by P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,
 2. One step I see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
 3. O bliss - ful lack of wis - dom, 'Tis bliss - ful not to know;
 4. So on I go not know - ing, I would not if I might;

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
 The light of heaven more brightly shines When earth's il - lu - sions flee;
 He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go,
 I'd rath - er walk in the dark with God Than a - lone in the light;

And ev - ery joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur - prise.
 And sweet - ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Fol - low Me."
 And lulls my trou - bled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
 I'd rath - er walk by faith with Him Than go a - lone by sight.

CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

He Knows.—Concluded.

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He Knows, He Knows;

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He Knows, He Knows,

After last verse only.

He Knows, He Knows, He Knows.....
He Knows.

272

Good-bye! God Bless You.

R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Good-bye! God bless you one and all; Good-bye! God bless you one and all;

Good-bye! God bless you one and all; Un - til we meet a - gain.

The Prodigal Son.

T. O. CHISHOLM.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sadly I've wandered for many a year,
 2. Why should I perish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
 3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones again I see,
 4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,

Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
 When there is shelter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
 Vis-ions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
 Now all its treasures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.

Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seeking my heavenly Father's face,
 Deeply repenting the wrong I've done, Worthy no more to be called a son,
 Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
 Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a servant's place,—I will a - rise and go,—
 Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,—
 Why should I linger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
 I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

The Prodigal Son.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,
and home,

I will a-rise and go and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.

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Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P.

Slowly.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot-ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me Mas-ter, to day! Whit-er than snow, Lord,
wea-ry, Help me I pray! Pow-er— all pow-er—
be-ing Ab-so-lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir-it

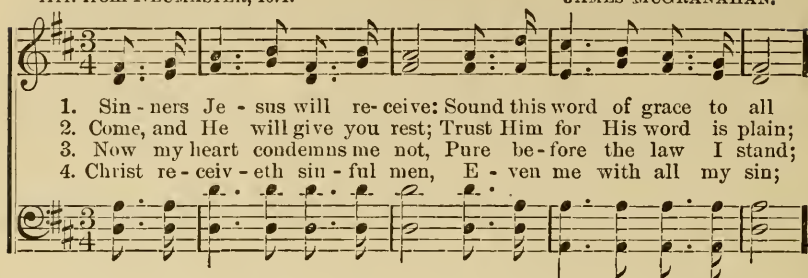
Aft-er Thy will, While I am wait-ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres-ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure-ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di-vine!
Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me!

No. 275. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

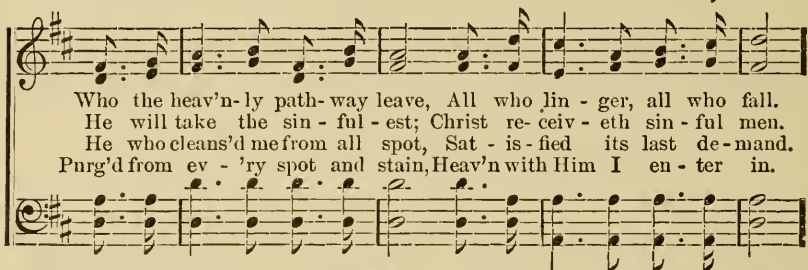
"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

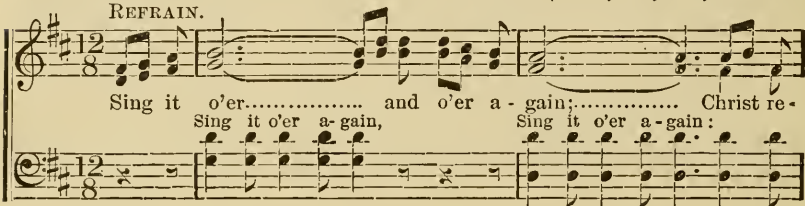


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

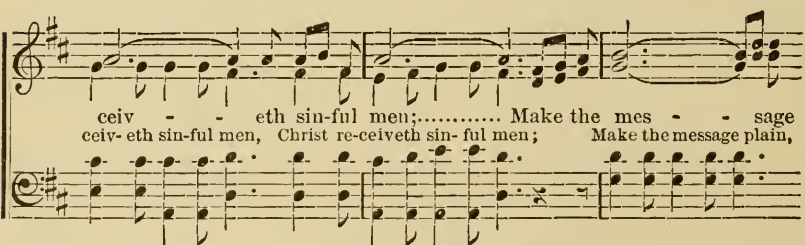


Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:



ceiv - - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,

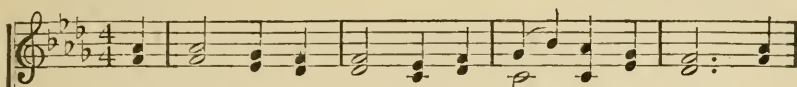


clear and plain;..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain:

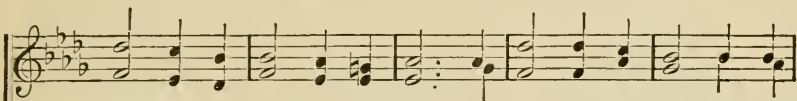
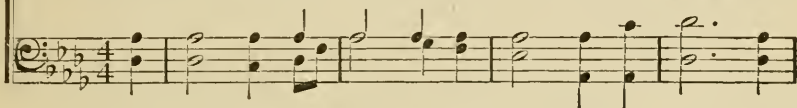
It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

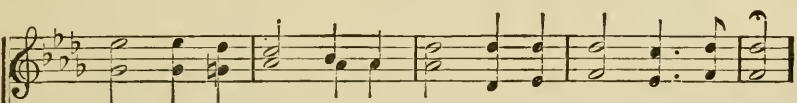
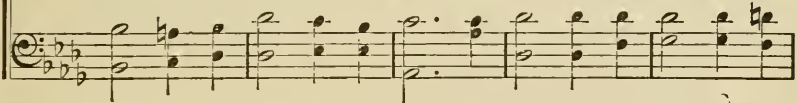
P. P. BLISS.



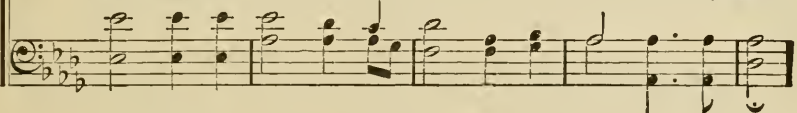
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend-eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The



sor - rows like sea - bil-lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
 this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
 sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I
 clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the



taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
 help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
 bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul
 Lord shall de-scend,—"E-ven so"—it is well with my soul.



CHORUS.



It is well..... with my soul,... It is well, it is well with my soul!
 It is well with my soul,

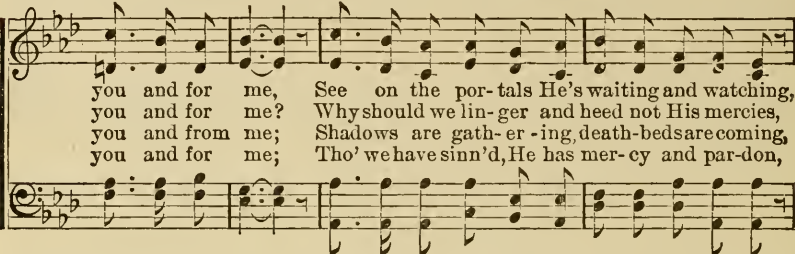


W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

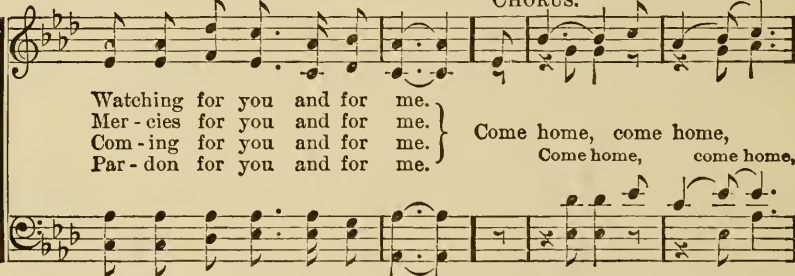
pp *Very slow.*


1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh! for the 'won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for



you and for me, See on the por - tals He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer - cies,
 you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing,
 you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

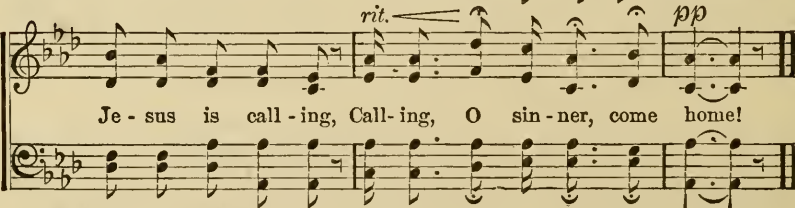


Watching for you and for me.
 Mer - cies for you and for me.
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
 Come home, come home,



cres. *pp* *ppp*
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly

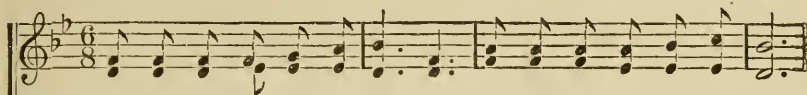


rit. *pp*
 Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

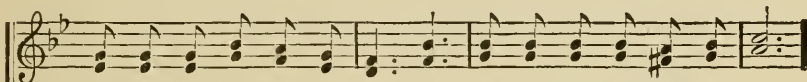
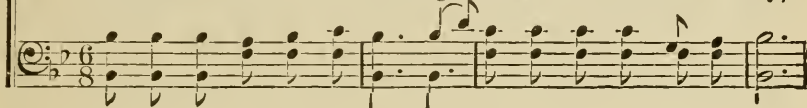
278 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

EL NATHAN.

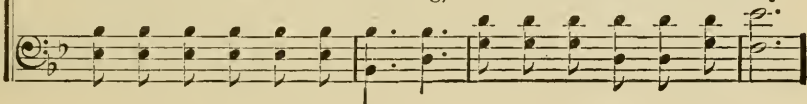
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing;" If we but trust and o-bey;

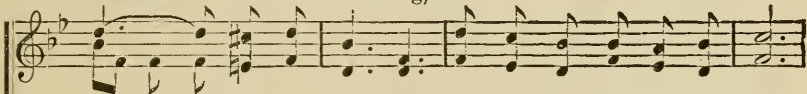


There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing; Come, and now hon-our Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, If we let God have His way.

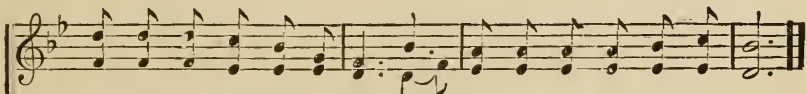
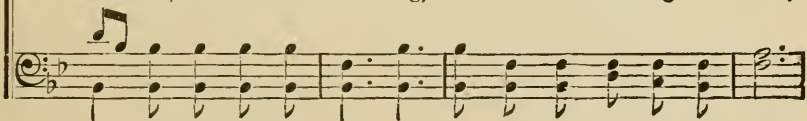


CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,



Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;



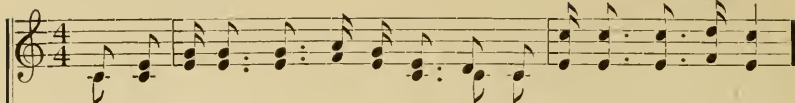
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.



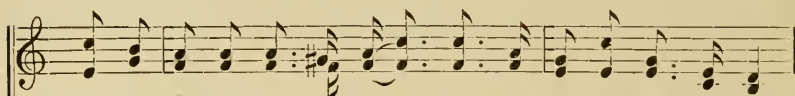
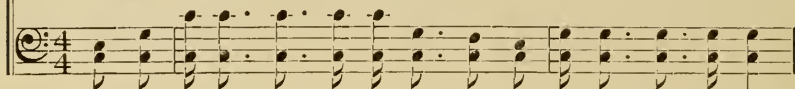
Thou Art Coming!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

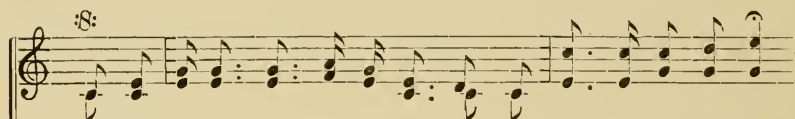
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Thou art com-ing! O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King!
2. Thou art com-ing! Not a shad-ow, Not a mist, and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing! We are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,



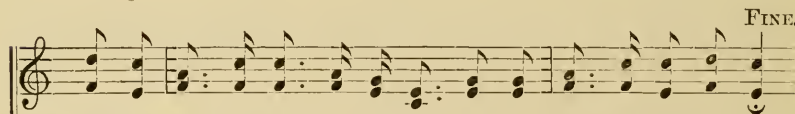
Ev-ery tongue Thy name confessing, Well may we re - joice and sing;
 Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
 Ask-ing not the day or hour, An-chored safe with-in the vail;



Thou art coming! Rays of glo-ry Through the vail Thy death has rent,
 Thou art coming! Je - sus, Saviour Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
 Thou art coming! At Thy ta-ble We are wit - ness-es for this,

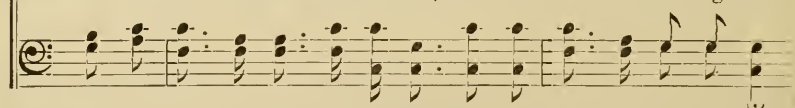


D. S.—Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je - sus, our be - lov - ed Lord!



FINE.

Glad-den now our pil-grim pathway, Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.
 Oh, how mar-vel-lous the glo - ry And the bliss Thy pain hath bought!
 As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Ear-nest of our com-ing bliss.



Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning, Worshipped, glo - ri-fied, a - dored!

Thou Art Coming!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Thou art coming! Thou art com-ing! We shall meet Thee on Thy way,

D. S.

Thou art com-ing! we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day;

280

We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Where - on our
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
 4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and

lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 years we have re-joiced to see: The bless-ings of our pil-grim-
 will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,

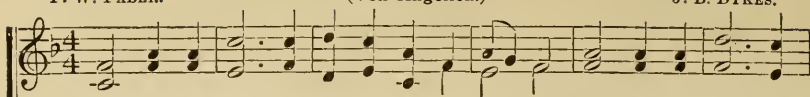
faith to strengthen For the last wea-ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
 age are fail - ing, We should not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 ris - en, plead-ing, Then wel-come day, and farewell mor - tal night!

Hark, Hark! My Soul!

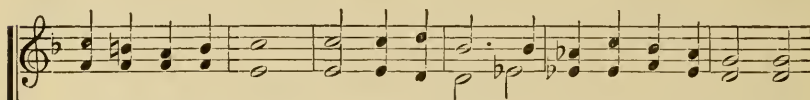
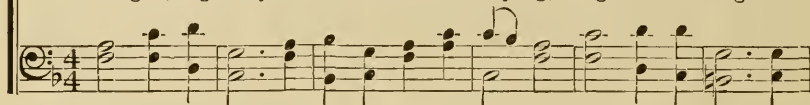
F. W. FABER.

(Vox Angelica.)

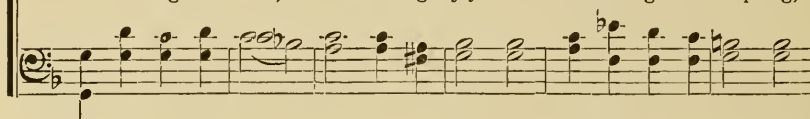
J. B. DYKES.



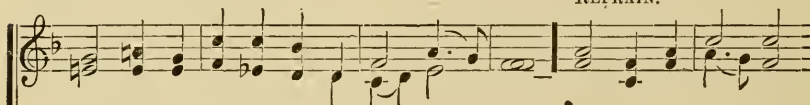
1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls! for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells of eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, though life belong and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
5. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



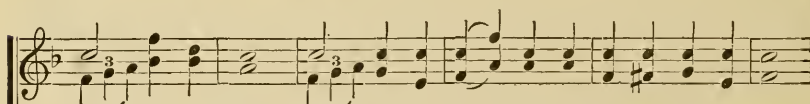
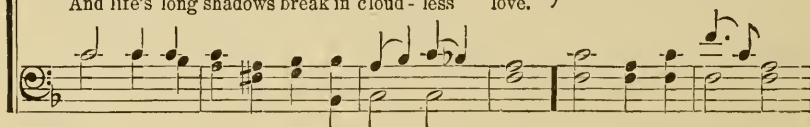
o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come; And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



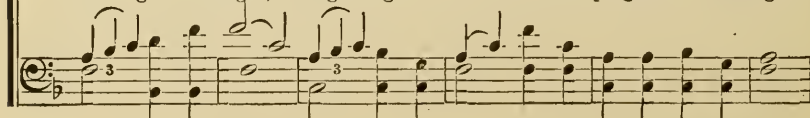
REFRAIN.



Of the new life when sin shall be no	more.	} An - gels of Je - sus,
The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us	home.	
Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to	Thee.	
And heaven, the hearts true home, will come at	last.	
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less	love.	



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



Hark, Hark! My Soul!—Concluded.

Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night! A-men.

282

He Leadeth Me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead-eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

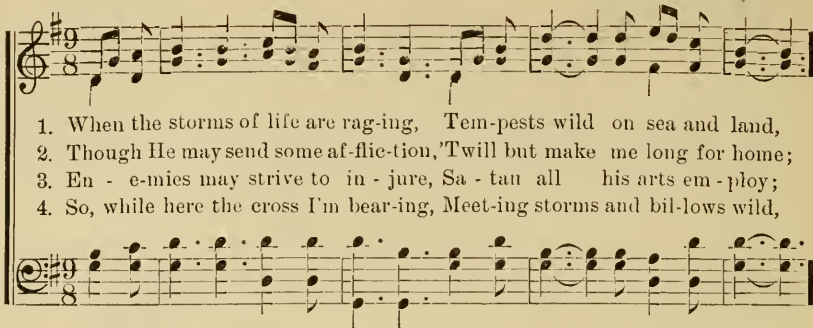
REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;

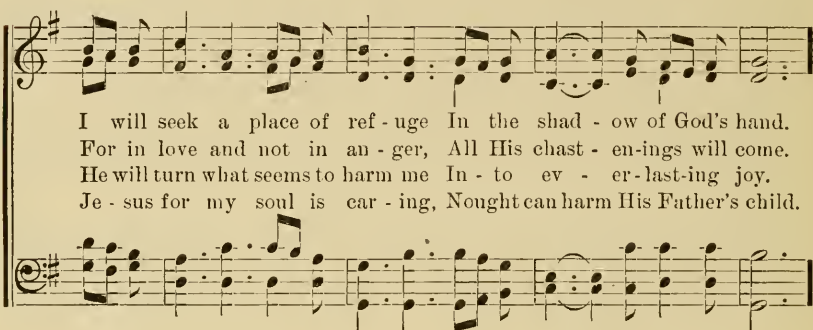
His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

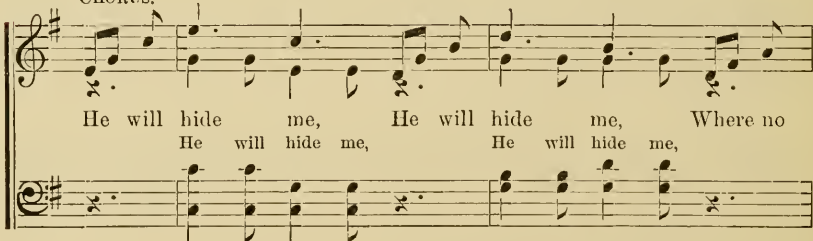


1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, Tem-pests wild on sea and land,
 2. Though He may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
 3. En - e-mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,

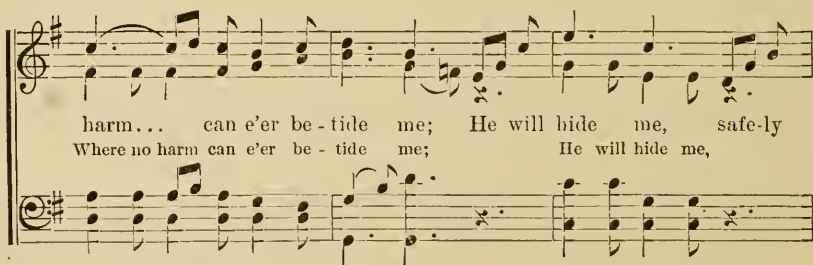


I will seek a place of ref-uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
 For in love and not in an-ger, All His chast - en-ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er-last-ing joy.
 Je - sus for my soul is ear - ing, Nought can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.



He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no
 He will hide me, He will hide me,



harm... can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly
 Where no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,

He Will Hide Me.—Concluded.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.
safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

284

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny prec-ious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;

S. *Fine.*
The paths of sin too long I've trod; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re - store; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je - sus died, and died for me; Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit - er than the snow; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love; Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam,

285 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

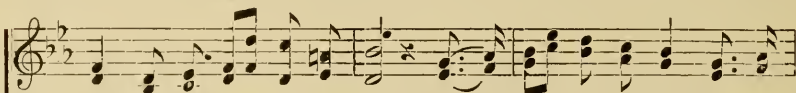
JEMIMA LUKE

Sweet Story.

Traditional English Melody.



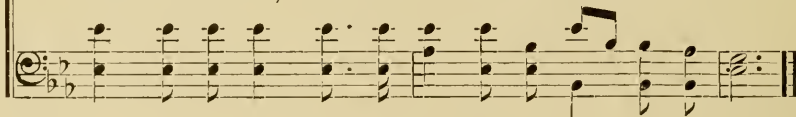
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And
4. In that beau-ti - ful place He is gone to pre-pare For all
5. But thou-sands and thou-sands who wan - der and fall Nev -



Je - sus was here a-mong men, How He called lit - tle chil-dren as
arm had been thrown around me; And that I might have seen His kind
ask for a share in His love; And.. if I thus ear - nest - ly
that are washed and for-giv - en, And.. ma - ny dear chil-dren are
er heard of that heav'nly home; I should like them to know there is



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove;
gath - er - ing there, For of such is the king-dom of heaven.
room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to come.

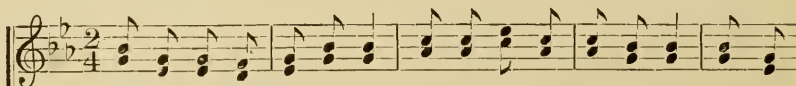


286

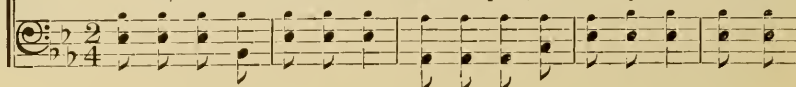
Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Je-sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi-ble tells me so: Lit - tle
2. Je sus from His throne on high, Came in-to this world to die; That I
3. Je-sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gates to open wide! He will
4. Je-sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol-ly Thine : Thou hast

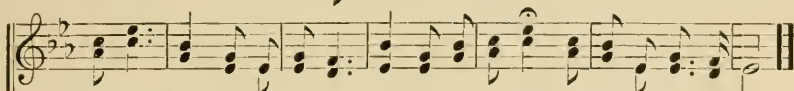
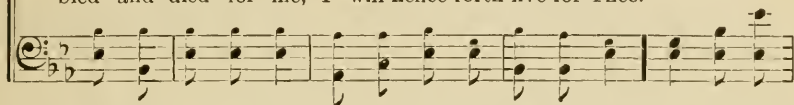


Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

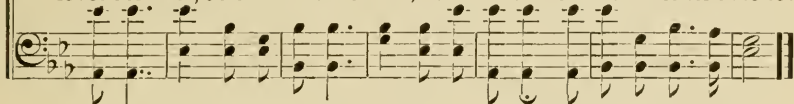
CHORUS.



ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree. } Yes, Je - sus
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will hence-forth live for Thee.



loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

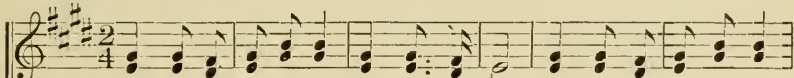


287

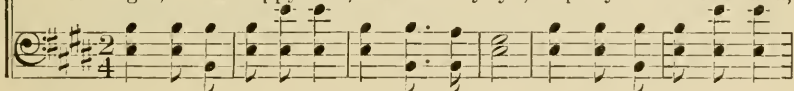
There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

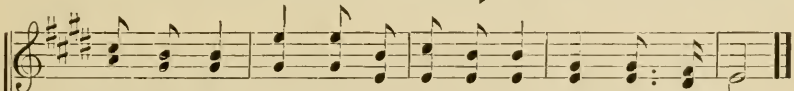
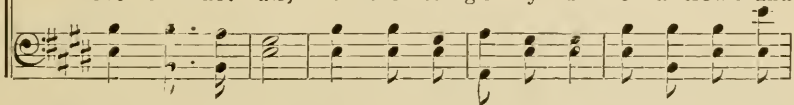
Hindoo Air.



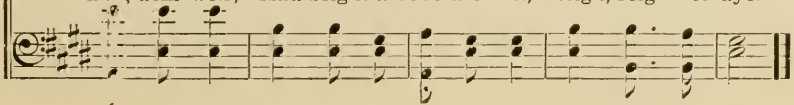
1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way; Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to this happy land, Come, come away; Why will ye doubting stand?
3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams ev - 'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand,



Bright, bright a day; O how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our
Why still de - lay? O we shall hap - py be, When from sin and
Love can - not die; On then to glo - ry run Be a crown and



Sav - iour King, Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free. Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
kir - dom won; And bright a - bove the sun, Reign, reign for aye.



Miss M. A. BAKER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Mas-ter, the temp-est is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troub-led; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;

"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst Thou lie a-sleep, When each
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul; And I
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more; And with

mo-ment so mad-ly is threatening A grave in the an-gry deep?
 per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh! hast-en, and take con-trol.
 joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on 'the bliss-ful shore.

Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will, Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Wheth- er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or what -

cres *cen*

ev - er it be, No wa- ter can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of

do. *ff*

o-cean and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, be still!

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!"

Be Still, My Heart.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MISS MARY WHITTLE.

1. Be still, my heart, thy Sav-iour knows full well The bur-
 2. No love but His can fill the va-cant place, And soothe
 3. And still He weeps with all His own who weep, Our great
 4. O wel-come, grief, if Christ be griev-ing too, And by

den on thee laid; And to thy side He comes, with love to
 the bit-ter pain: No power but His can send the need-ed
 High-Priest a-bove; And through their night of woe He still doth
 my grief brought near; And wel-come pain, if He doth send the

heal The wound His love hath made. Close by the sheep, in paths
 grace, To count thy sor-rows gain: No hand but His can wipe
 keep His si-lent watch of love. He feels each sigh, each throb
 blow To make Him-self more dear. He'll give me strength His path

of dark-ness led, He walks, the Shep-herd true; "I will not
 the fall-ing tear, For He on earth hath wept; No voice but
 of ach-ing head, And whis-pers soft and low, "I will not
 on earth to tread, And all my work to do; "I will not

Be Still, My Heart.—Concluded.

leave you com-fort - less," He said, "I will come un - to you."
 His can at the grave give cheer, For there He once hath slept.
 leave you com-fort - less and sad," "I will come un - to you."
 leave you com-fort - less," He said, "I will come un - to you."

290

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

(Marion.)

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re-joice, give thanks and sing; Your
 2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid-ens meek, Raise
 3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth, Pour
 4. Your clear ho - san - nas raise, And al - le - lu - ias loud; Whilst

fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ, your King.
 high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won-drous prais-es speak.
 out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth!
 an-swering ech - oes up - ward float, Like wreathes of in - cense cloud.

REFRAIN.

Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A - men.
 Re-joyce, re-joyce,

5 Yes, on through life's long path,
 Still chanting as ye go;
 From youth to age, by night and day,
 In gladness and in woe.

6 Still lift your standard high,
 Still march in firm array;
 As warriors through the darkness toil
 Till dawns the golden day.

7 At last the march shall end,
 The wearied ones shall rest,
 The pilgrims find their Father's house,
 Jerusalem, the blest.

8 Then on, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
 Your glorious banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ, your King.

W. E. WITTER.
Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER.

H. R. PALMER.

1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too hea-vy la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Why will you longer doubt Him? Come, sin-ner, come! What will you
4. Far off you may have wandered, Come, sin-ner, come! God's gifts you
5. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -

praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
do with-out Him? Come, sin-ner, come! For you His heart is yearning,
may have squandered, Come, sin-ner, come! Cease now your heart to harden,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whis-pers to you,

Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Why not to Him be turning? Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will free-ly par-don, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

Copyright 1907, by H. R. Palmer. Renewal
3d & 4th verses Copyright, 1914, by Charles M. Alexander.

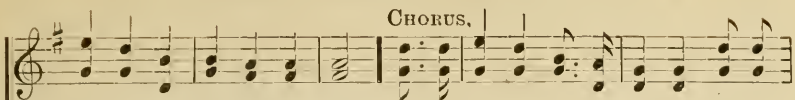
Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY.

JOHN HUSBAND.

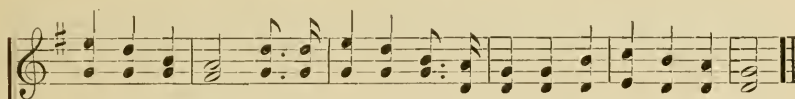
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

Revive Us Again!—Concluded.

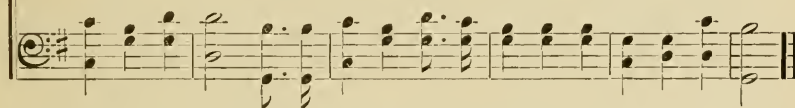
CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav-iour, and scattered our night.
 sins, and hath cleansed every stain. Hal-le - lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le -
 sought us, and guided our ways.
 kin-dled with fire from a - bove.



lu-jah! a - men. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glory, re-vive us a - gain.



293

Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON.

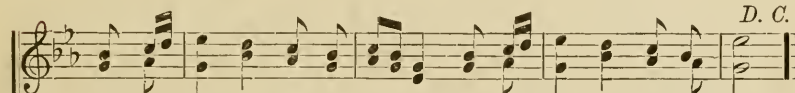
JOHN WYETH
FINE.



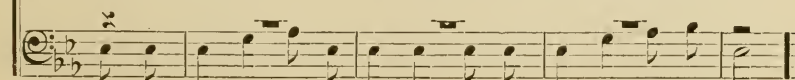
1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Streams of mer- cy, nev- er ceas- ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
2. { Here I'll raise my E- ben- e- zer, Hith- er by Thy help I'm come; }
 { And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safe- ly to ar- rive at home; }
3. { Oh, to grace how great a debt- or, Dai- ly I'm constrained to be! }
 { Let Thy good-ness, as a fet-ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; }



D.C.—Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
 He, to res-cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal' it for Thy courts a - bove.



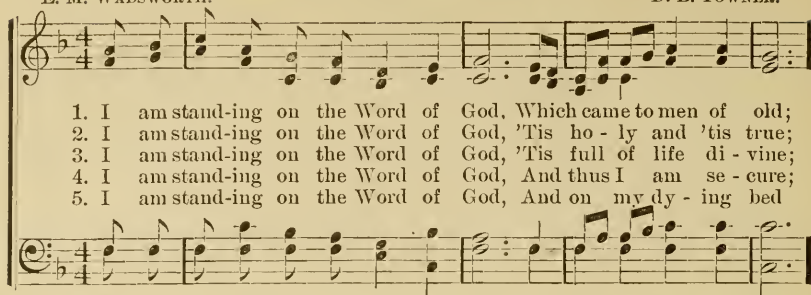
Teach me some mel - o - dious sonnet, Sung by flam-ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it—Prone to leave the God I love—



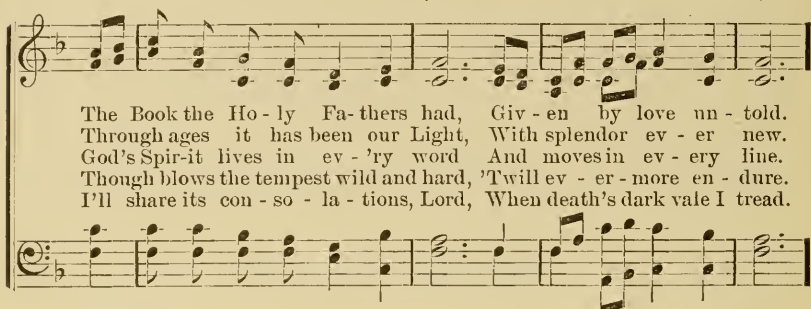
294 I Am Standing on the Word of God.

E. M. WADSWORTH.

D. B. TOWNER.

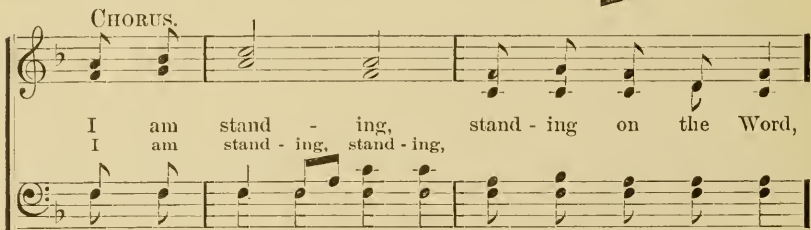


1. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, Which came to men of old;
 2. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis ho-ly and 'tis true;
 3. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis full of life di-vine;
 4. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And thus I am se-cure;
 5. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And on my dy-ing bed

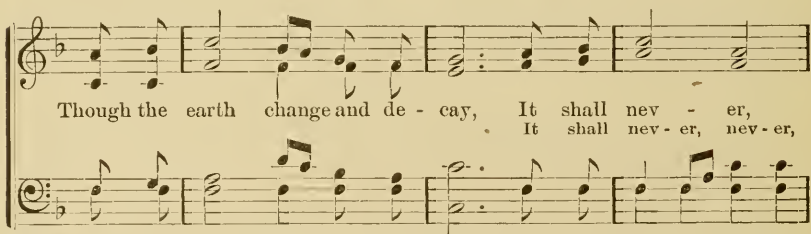


The Book the Ho-ly Fa-thers had, Giv-en by love un-nold.
 Through ages it has been our Light, With splendor ev-er new.
 God's Spir-it lives in ev-'ry word And moves in ev-ery line.
 Though blows the tempest wild and hard, 'Twill ev-er more en-dure.
 I'll share its con-so-la-tions, Lord, When death's dark vale I tread.

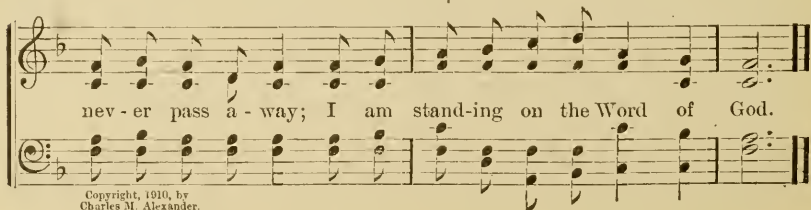
CHORUS.



I am stand-ing, stand-ing on the Word,
 I am stand-ing, stand-ing,



Though the earth change and de-cay, It shall nev-er,
 It shall nev-er, nev-er,



nev-er pass a-way; I am stand-ing on the Word of God.

God Will Take Care of You!

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. 4: 6. "He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

O. D. MARTIN.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis-mayed whate'er be - tide, God will take care of you!
 2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you!
 3. All you may need He will pro- vide, God will take care of you!
 4. Lone-ly and sad, from friends a - part, God will take care of you!
 5. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you!

Be-neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you!
 When dangers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you!
 Trust Him, and you will be sat - is - fied, God will take care of you!
 He will give give peace to your aching heart, God will take care of you!
 Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you!

CHORUS.

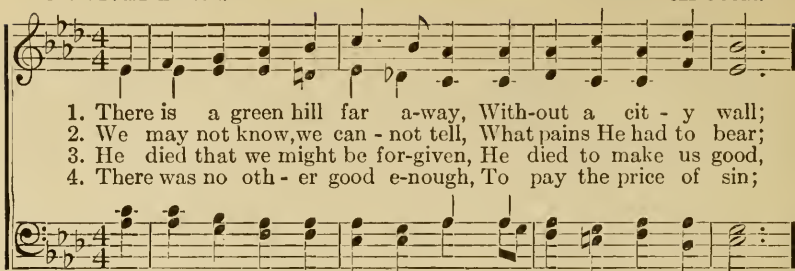
God will take care of you, Through ev-ery day o'er all the way;

He will take care of you; God will take care of you!
 take care of you!

296 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

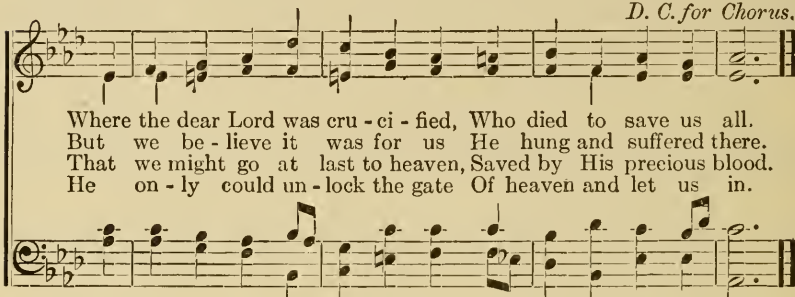
BERTHOLD JOURS.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall;
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin;

CHO.—Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

D. C. for Chorus.



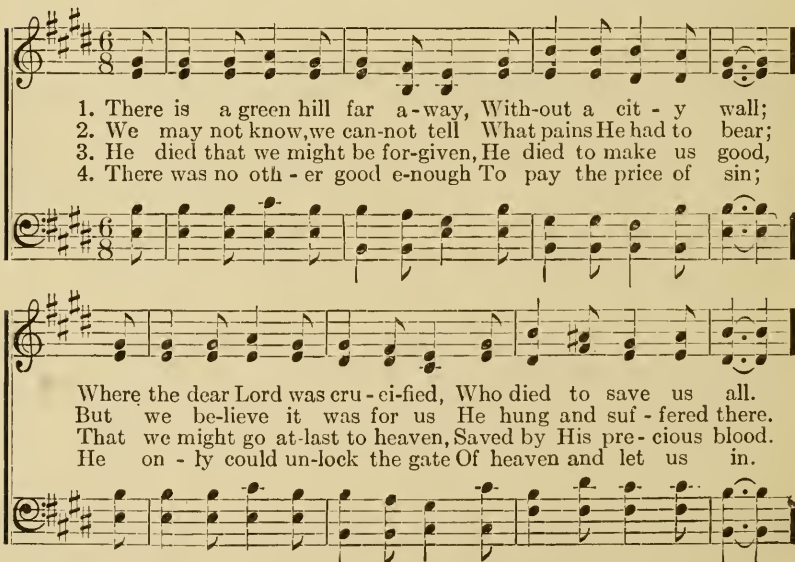
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His precious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His work to do.

297 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall;
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at - last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.

There is a Green Hill Far Away.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

298

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Lenox.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac - ri - fice
2. He - ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all redeeming love,
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
4. My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

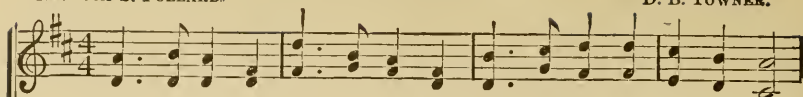
In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strongly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for - give they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, forgive they cry, Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Abba, Fa - ther," cry.

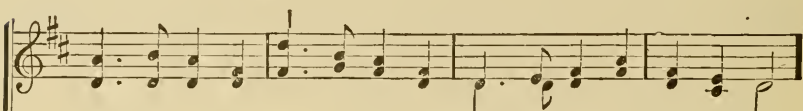
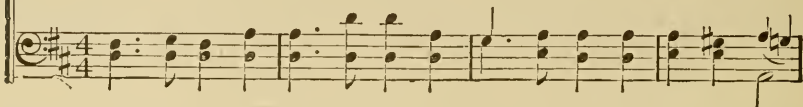
Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD.

D. B. TOWNER.



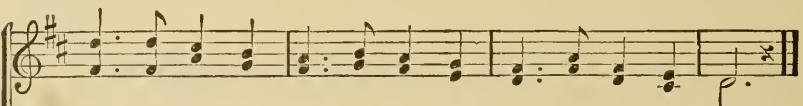
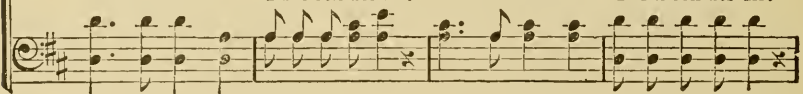
1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur - ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion, At this cou - se - crat - ed hour.
3. No with - holding — full con - fess - ion; Pleasures, rich - es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



Thou my Lead - er and De - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's pow'r!
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.
 This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



CHORUS.
 I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!
 I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!



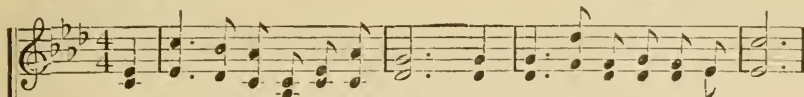
All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!



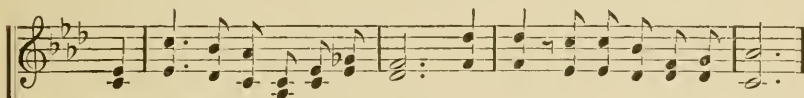
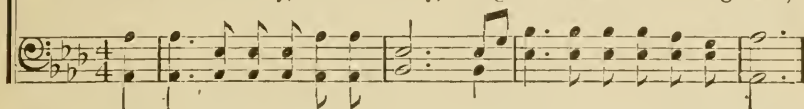
Some Time We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS.

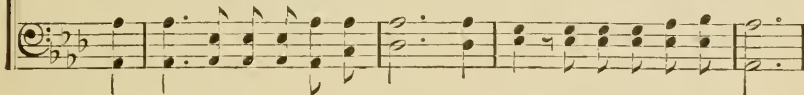
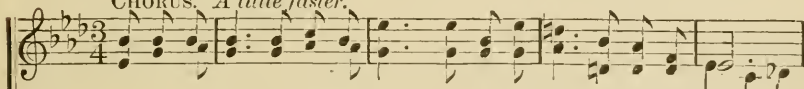
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

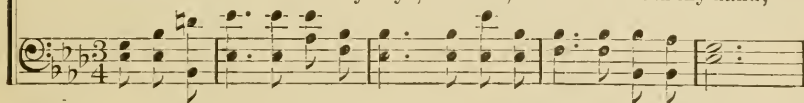
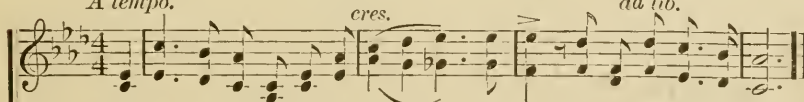


We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Heav'n will the mysteries ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

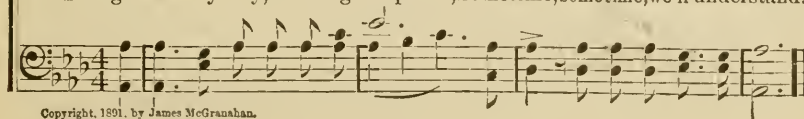
CHORUS. *A little faster.*

doth hold thy hand;

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;

*A tempo.**cres.**ad lib.*

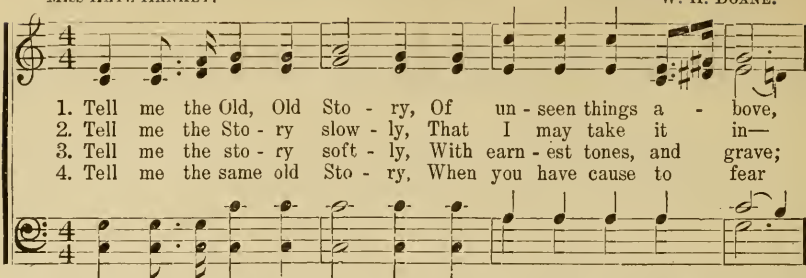
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.



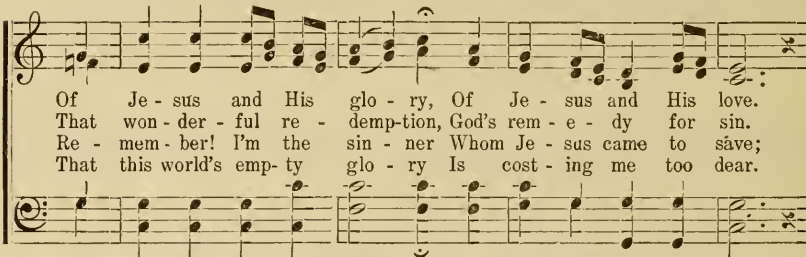
Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

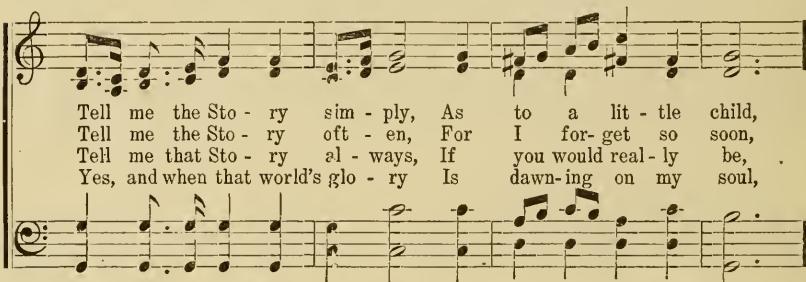
W. H. DOANE.



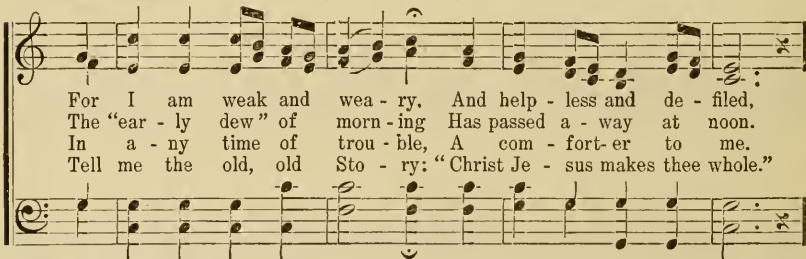
1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in -
 3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With earn - est tones, and grave;
 4. Tell me the same old Sto - ry, When you have cause to fear



Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin.
 Re - mem - ber! I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save;
 That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear.

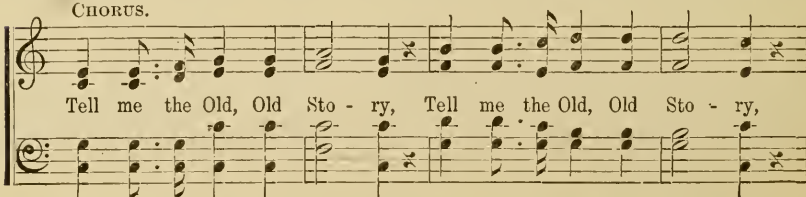


Tell me the Sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
 Tell me the Sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,
 Tell me that Sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
 Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,



For I am weak and wea - ry. And help - less and de - filed,
 The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
 In a - ny time of trou - ble, A com - fort - er to me.
 Tell me the old, old Sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."

CHORUS.



Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry,

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

302

Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
2. { Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
3. { O hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love;
4. { Let cheer - ful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
5. { 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine:
6. { He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Charmed to con - fess the voice di - vine.
7. { Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;
8. { Nor ev - er from thy Lord de - part, With Him of ev - ery good possessed.
9. { High heav - en, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear;
10. { Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

8: CHORUS.

FINE.

D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day;

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
 2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac-es, No forms bowed with disease;
 3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing; The Lord is draw-ing near;
 4. "No more the curse," no more the cry-ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a-way our sins.
 O'er all the earth the Lord re-plac-es His Par-a-dise of Peace.
 With Him shall come the longed-for morning When night shall dis-ap-pear.
 No more the night, no more the dy-ing, No tears or sor-row more.

CHORUS.

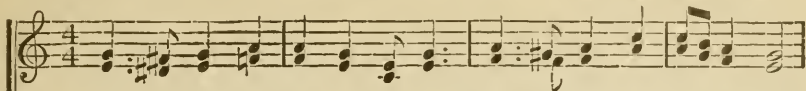
"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor-row nor cry-ing;

There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark-ness nor dy-ing;

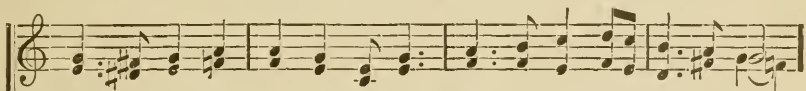
And God shall wipe a-way All tears from their eyes."

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

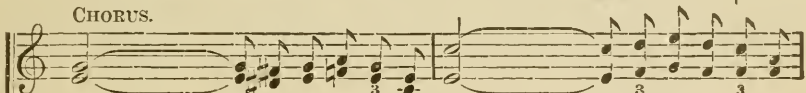


1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con- tent a - bide?
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;

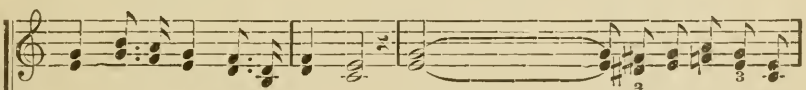


Why art thou for - ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
 Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
 Turn from all of earth's am - bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
 I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied.

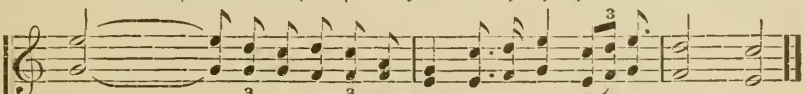
CHORUS.



I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
 I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I



When I a-wake in His likeness, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
 I shall be sat-is-fied,

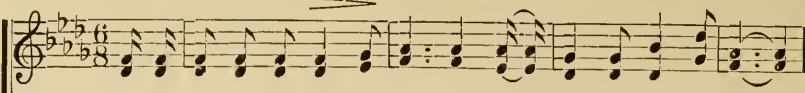


I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I awake in His like - ness.
 I shall be satisfied, I

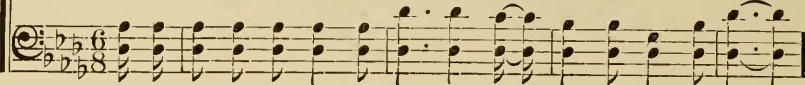
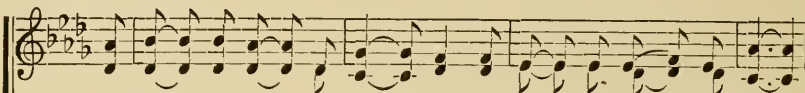
305 There is Never a Day so Dreary.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

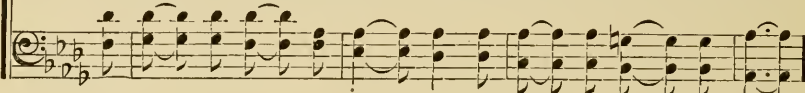
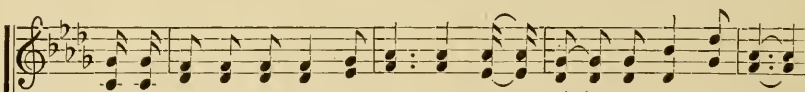
GEO. C. STEBBINS.




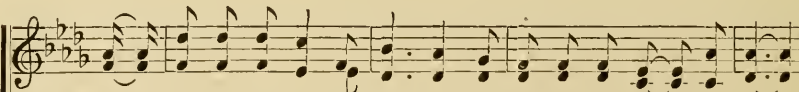
1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it bright;
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scarred hands are there,
 3. There is nev - er a life so dark - ened, So hope - less and un - blest,

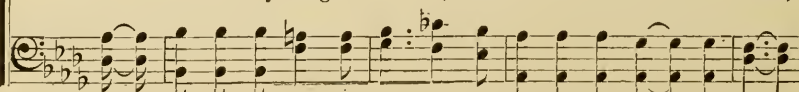
And un - to the soul that trusts Him, He giv - eth songs in the night.
 Out-stretched in tender com - pas - sion, The bur - den to help us bear.
 But may be filled with the light of God, And en - ter His prom - ised rest.

There is nev - er a path so hid - den, But God will lead the way,
 There is nev - er a heart so brok - en, But the lov - ing Lord can heal;
 There is nev - er a sin or sor - row, There is nev - er a care or loss,

If we seek for the Spi - rit's guid - ance, And pa - tient - ly wait and pray;
 For the heart that was pierced on Calvary, Doth still for His loved ones feel;
 But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross;



There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

If we seek for the Spir- it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray.
For the heart that was pierced on Cal-vary, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
But that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

306

Just For To-Day.

E. R. WILBERFORCE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Lord, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; Keep
2. Let me both dil-i-gen-tly work And du-ly pray; Let
3. Let me be swift to do Thy will, Prompt to o-bey; Help
4. Let me no wrong or i-dle word Un-think-ing say; Set
5. So, for to-mor-row and its needs I do not pray; But

REFRAIN.

me from stain of sin and wrong, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
me to sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day. Just for to-day,
Thou a seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day, Just for to-day,
keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day, Just for to-day,

Just for to-day, Keep me from stain of sin and wrong, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Let me be kind in word and deed, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Help me to sac-ri-fice my-self, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, Set Thou a seal up-on my lips, Just for to-day.
Just for to-day, But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord, Just for to-day.

No Burdens Yonder.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi, 4.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

Quietly.

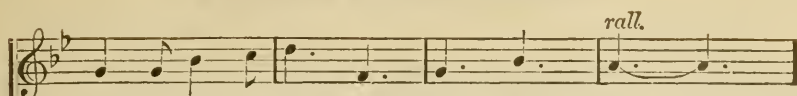
1. No bur - dens yon - der not a sin - gle care,.....
 2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test - ing done,.....
 3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,.....
 4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,.....

When home is reached..... noth - ing there to bear,.....
 The school-days 'o - ver..... and the pri - zes won,.....
 No dis - ap - point - ments... and no more dis - tress,.....
 No pain, no sick - ness,.... and no weep - ing eyes,.....

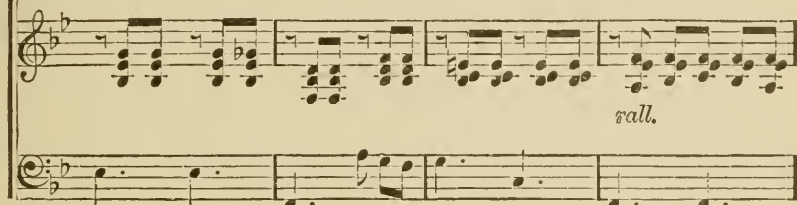
No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be -
 No much - tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
 The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
 But best of all my Sav - iour I shall see, No

No Burdens Yonder.—Concluded.

rall.

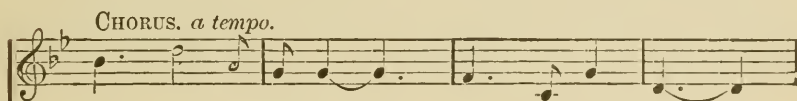


fore we share His glo - ry and His throne.....
 pu - ri - fy - ing will all be com - plete.....
 see that all the way He led was good.....
 cloud will come be-tween my Lord and me.....

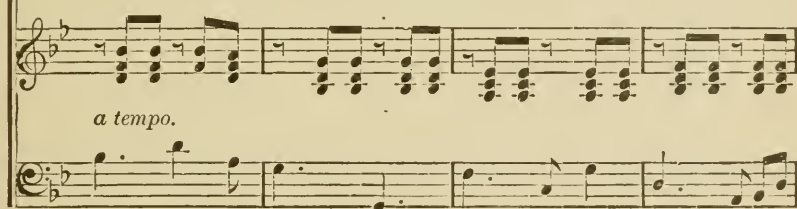


rall.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*



No bur - dens yon - der, All sor - row past,.....



a tempo.

ad lib.



No bur - dens yon - der, Home at last.....



Is It Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
 2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
 3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly

world of woe, That He suf-fered and bled, and rose from the dead,
 death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's waves the path-way laves,
 land so fair, You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know? }
 And all but Christ doth fail? } Is it noth-ing to you that
 Are for-ev-er sing-ing there? }

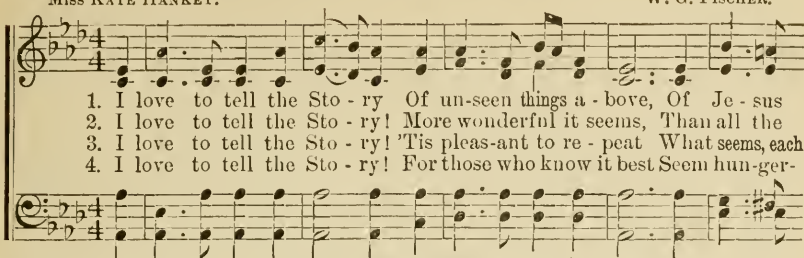
grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it noth-ing to you?

Is it noth-ing to you? *Rit.* Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

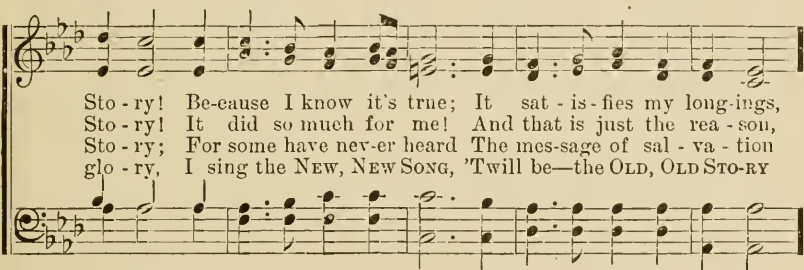
W. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the
 3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each
 4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

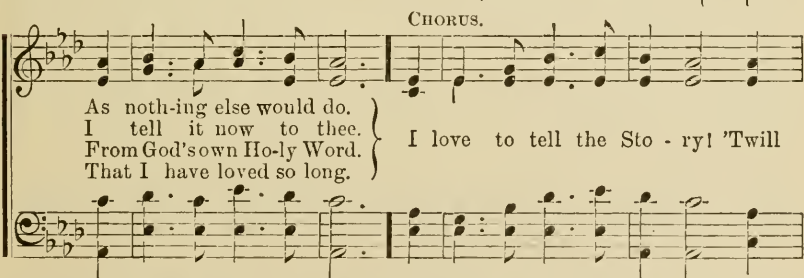


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
 gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the
 time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
 ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of

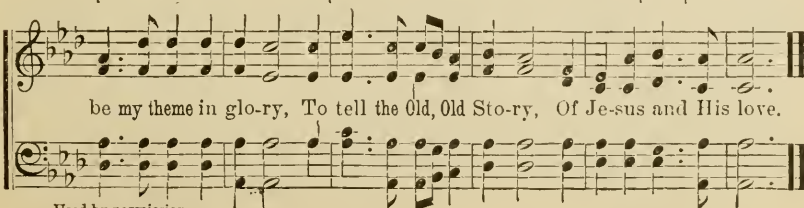


Sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings,
 Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son,
 Sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion
 glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STO - RY

CHORUS.



As noth - ing else would do.
 I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill
 From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

My Anchor Holds.

"Anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

W. C. MARTIN, arr.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
 4. Troub - les al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly through the winds may blow,
 An - gry clouds o'er - shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
 And the ca - ble, though un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob - scure the light of day;

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
 Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

CHORUS.

And it holds, my an - chor holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O
 And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your will - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
 then, O gale,

My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

fail, For my au - chor holds, my an - chor holds.
For my au-chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

311 Must I Go—and Empty-Handed?

C. C. LUTHER.

Daniel 12: 3.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

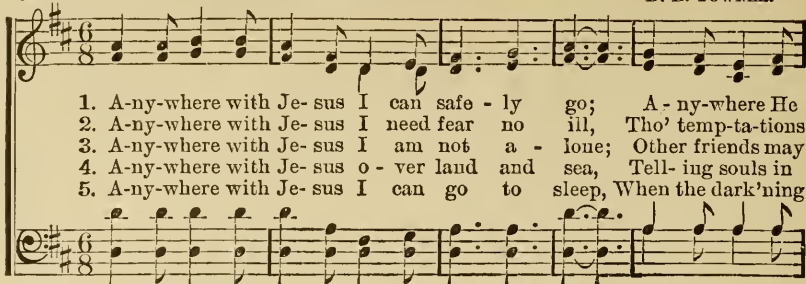
1. "Must I go—and emp - ty-hand-ed?" Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink or fal - ter, For my Saviour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast-ed! Could I but re - call them now
4. Oh, ye saints a-rouse, be earn - est! Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of serv - ice give Him? Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Thought of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - iour—To His will I glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-take you, Strive for souls while yet you may.

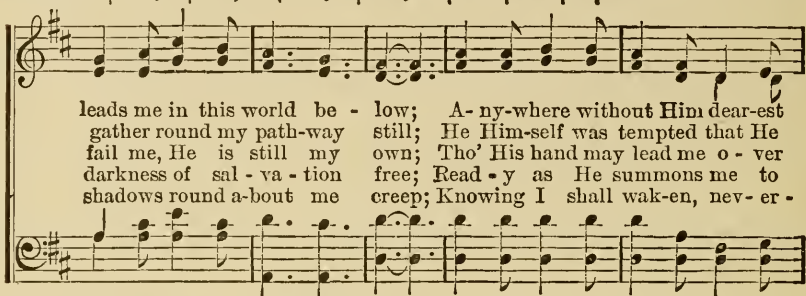
CHORUS.

"Must I go—and emp - ty-hand-ed?" Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him? Must I emp - ty - hand-ed go?



1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go; A-ny-where He
 2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-tations
 3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-lone; Other friends may
 4. A-ny-where with Je-sus o-ver land and sea, Tell-ing souls in
 5. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning

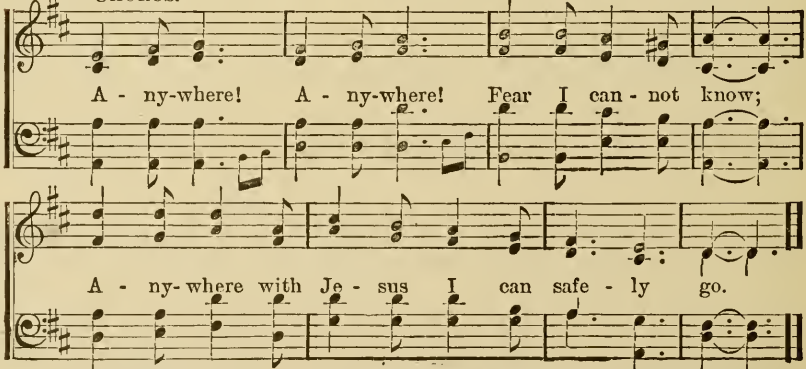


leads me in this world be-low; A-ny-where without Him dear-est
 gather round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempted that He
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
 darkness of sal-va-tion free; Read-y as He summons me to
 shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en, nev-er-



joys would fade; A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 might help me; A-ny-where with Je-sus I may vic-tor be.
 drea-ry ways, A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 go or stay, A-ny-where with Je-sus when He points the way.
 more to roam, A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



A-ny-where! A-ny-where! Fear I can-not know;
 A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

CHORUSES.

313

Shine Just Where You Are.

ADA R. HABERSON.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

Shine, shine, just where you are, Shine, shine, just where you are,

Send forth the light In - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

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314

Casting All Your Care.

H. B.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

Cast - ing all your care, Cast - ing all your care, For the Lord is

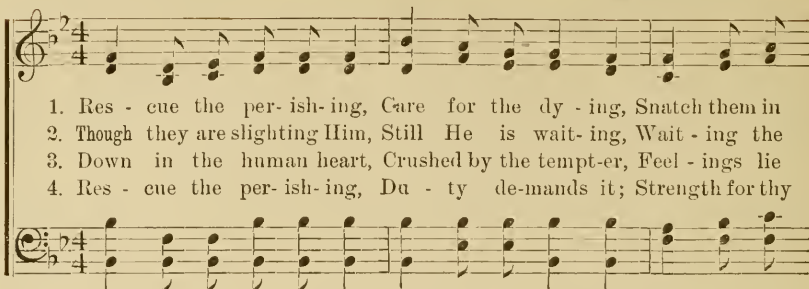
a - ble All your cares to bear; Cast - ing all your care,

Cast - ing all your care, For the Lord is a - ble All your cares to bear.

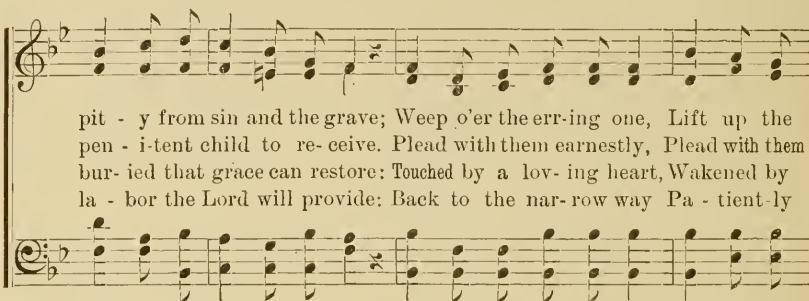
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FANNY CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

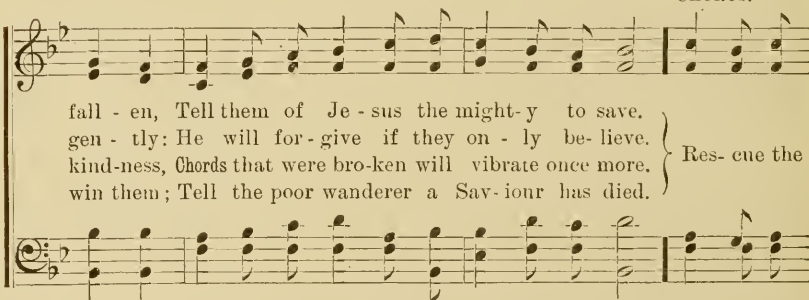


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
 2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the
 3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy

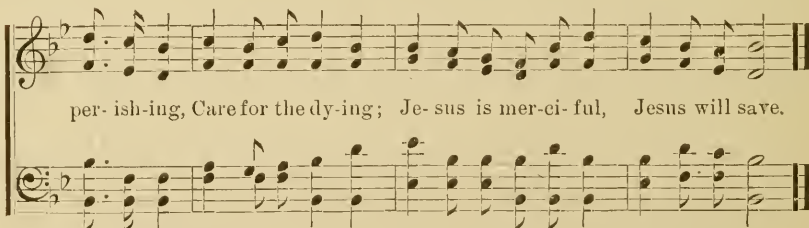


pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the
 pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them
 bur - ied that grace can restore: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by
 la - bor the Lord will provide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly

CHORUS.



fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 gen - tly: He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the
 kind - ness, Chords that were bro - ken will vibrate once more.
 win them; Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - iour has died.



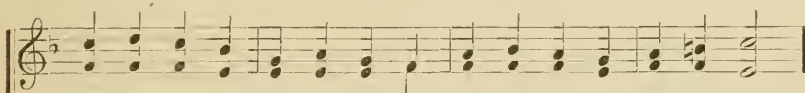
per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Jesus will save.

L. S. CHAFER.

Mrs. LEWIS S. CHAFER.



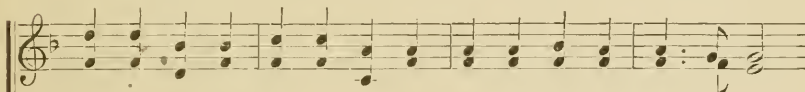
1. Thou art call-ing me, Lord Je - sus, As Thy liv - ing wit-ness here;
2. Thou art call-ing me, Lord Je - sus, To be work-ing one with Thee;
3. Thou art call-ing me, Lord Je - sus, To pre-vail-ing power in prayer;
4. Thou art call-ing me, Lord Je - sus, To a Vic-tor's ho - ly life;



On - ly by Thy life with-in me Can I a - ny wit-ness bear.
 On - ly by Thy life with-in me Can there a - ny ser-vice be.
 On - ly by Thy life with-in me I Thy in - ter - ces-sion share.
 On - ly by Thy life with-in me Is there conquest in the strife.



CHORUS.



Fill me, Ho - ly Spir- it, fill me, More than full-ness I would know;



I am small-est of Thy ves-sels, Yet I much can o - ver-flow.



No. 317.

Verily, Verily.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem -
 2. All my in - iq - ui - ties on Him were laid, All my in -
 3. Tho' poor and need - y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
 4. Tho' all un - wor - thy, yet I will not doubt, For Him that

na - tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev - eth on the
 debt - ed - ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the
 sin - ful I be - lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - 'ry
 com - eth, He will not cast out; "He that be-liev - eth," Oh, the

CHORUS.
 Son," saith He, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."
 Lord hath said, "Have ev - er - last - ing life."
 child of God, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."
 good news shout, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life." } "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,

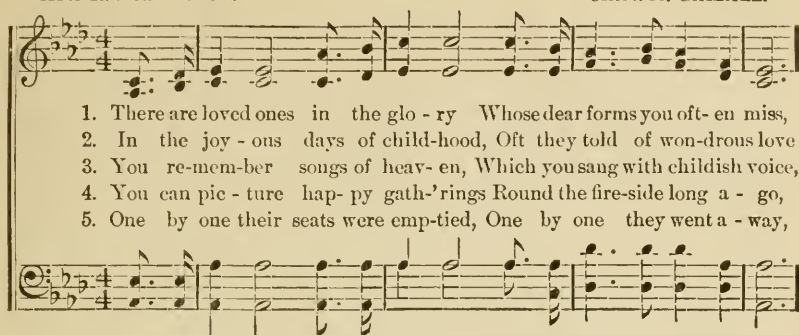
I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly," mes - sage ev - er new;

"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

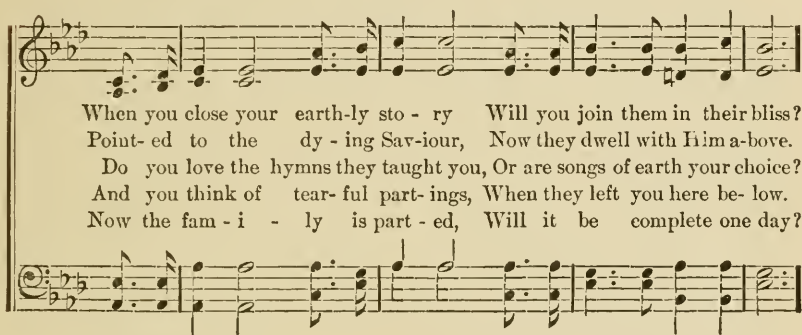
Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

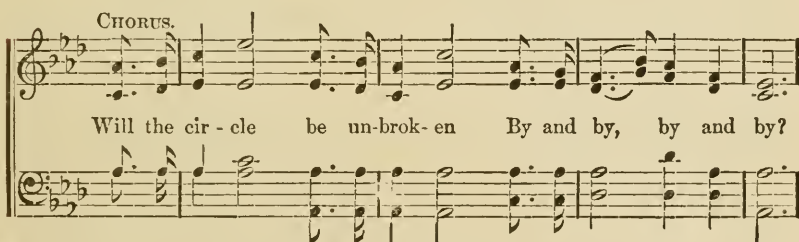


1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft - en miss,
 2. In the joy - ous days of child - hood, Oft they told of won - drous love
 3. You re - mem - ber songs of heav - en, Which you sang with childish voice,
 4. You can pic - ture hap - py gath - 'rings Round the fire - side long a - go,
 5. One by one their seats were emp - tied, One by one they went a - way,

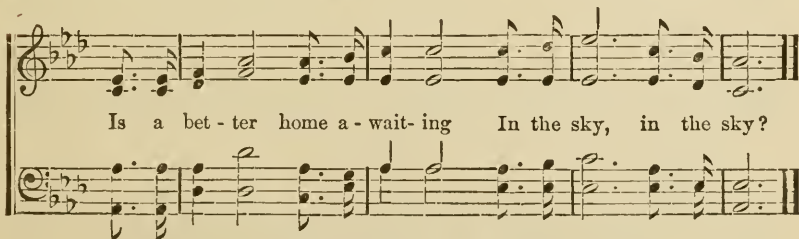


When you close your earth - ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
 Point - ed to the dy - ing Sav - iour, Now they dwell with Him a - bove.
 Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
 And you think of tear - ful part - ings, When they left you here be - low.
 Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be complete one day?

CHORUS.



Will the cir - cle be un - brok - en By and by, by and by?

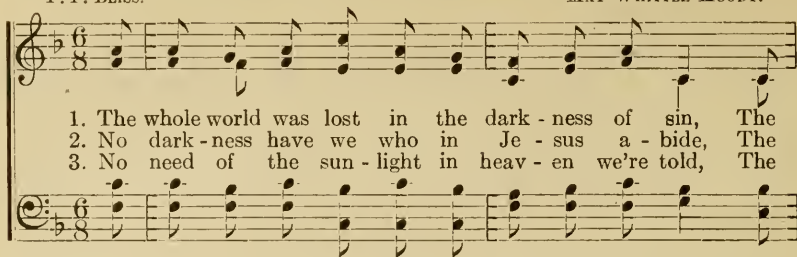


Is a bet - ter home a - wait - ing In the sky, in the sky?

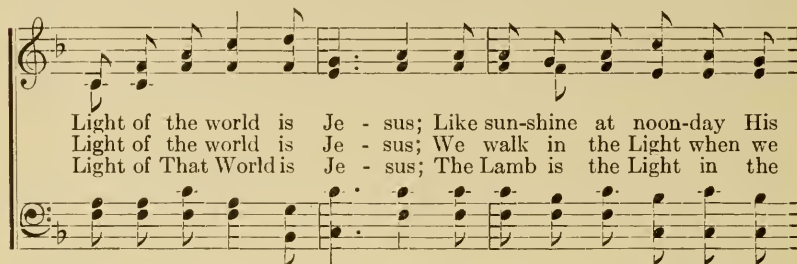
319 The Light of the World is Jesus.

P. P. BLISS.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

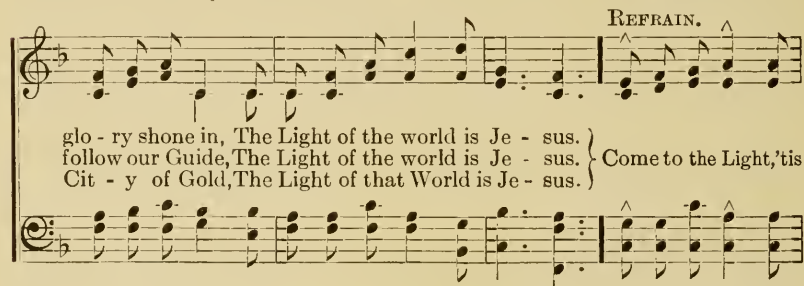


1. The whole world was lost in the dark - ness of sin, The
 2. No dark - ness have we who in Je - sus a - bide, The
 3. No need of the sun - light in heav - en we're told, The

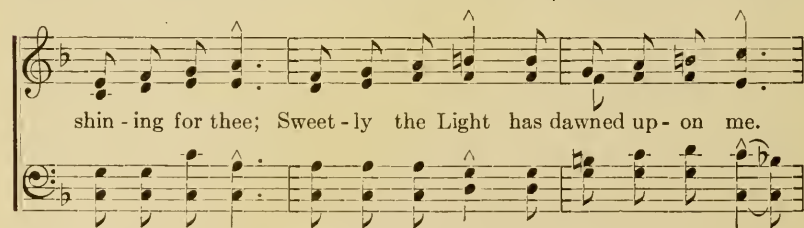


Light of the world is Je - sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His
 Light of the world is Je - sus; We walk in the Light when we
 Light of That World is Je - sus; The Lamb is the Light in the

REFRAIN.



glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus. }
 follow our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus. } Come to the Light, 'tis
 Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that World is Je - sus. }



shin - ing for thee; Sweet - ly the Light has dawned up - on me.

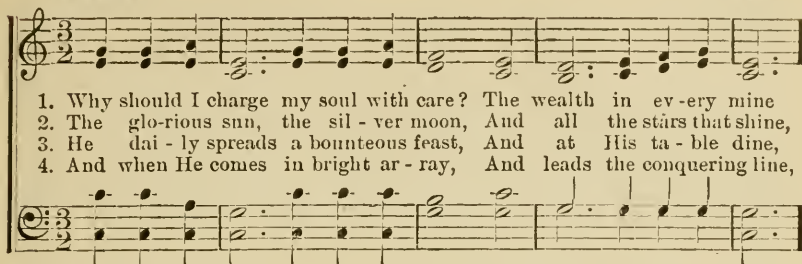


Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus.

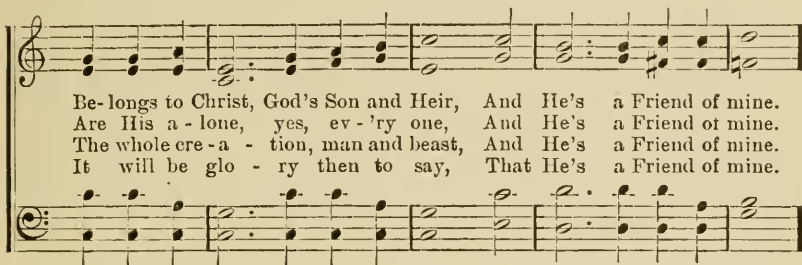
Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

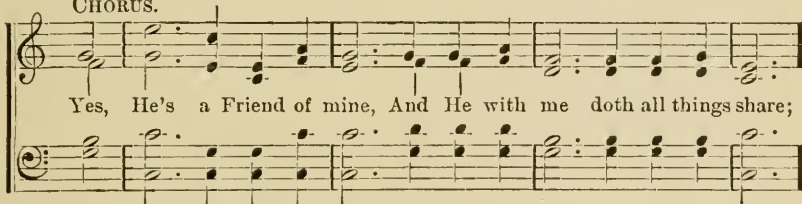


1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-ery mine
 2. The glo-rious sun, the sil-ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
 3. He dai-ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta-ble dine,
 4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,

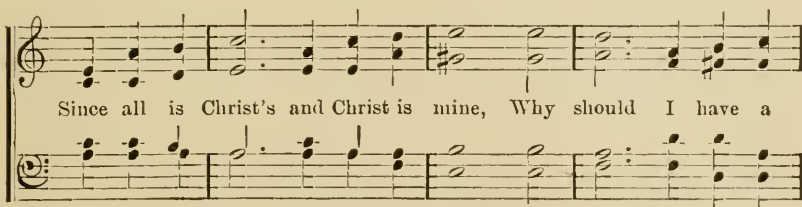


Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
 Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
 The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
 It will be glo-ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

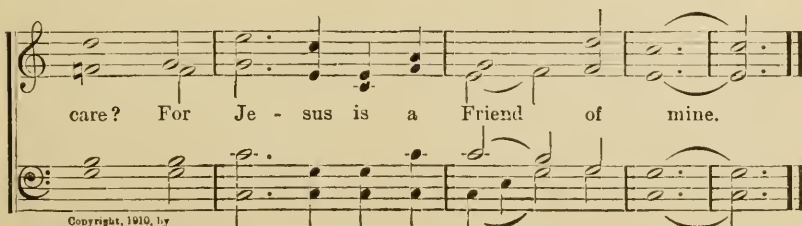
CHORUS.



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a

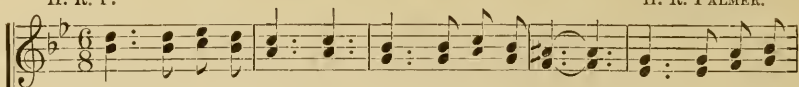


care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

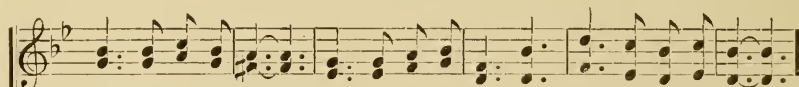
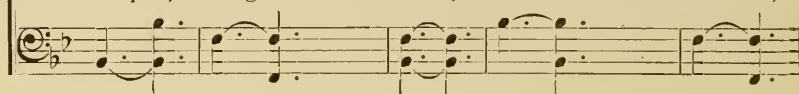
H. R. PALMER.



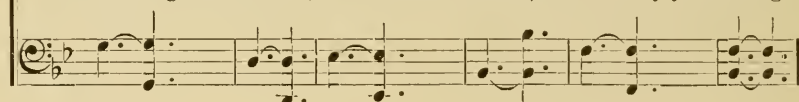
1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each victory will
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage disdain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall



help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
 reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest,
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,



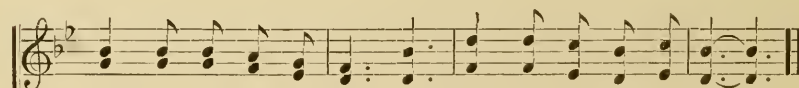
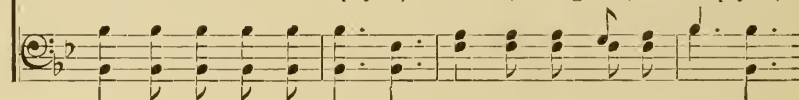
Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.



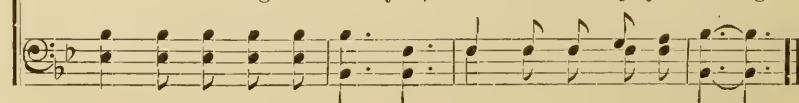
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.



GERTRUDE BENEDICT CURTIS.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

SOLO.

1. There is ma-ny a wea-ry foot-sore lamb; That no tender arms en-fold;
 2. There is ma-ny a lamb that has gone astray, There are wanderers young and old.
 3. O hearts that are mourn-ing a wee one gone, Who long its face to be-hold;

But for aye at rest on the Shepherd's breast, Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.
 But how pure and sweet at the Shepherd's feet, Lie our wee white lambs in the Fold.
 Thank God for the care that protects them There, The wee white lambs in the Fold.

REFRAIN.

There are storms for those on the mountain side, There is snow and bitter cold;
Faster.

But safe and warm and sheltered from harm, Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.
rit. *pp*

323 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

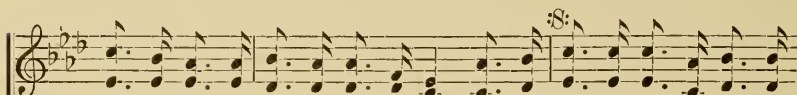
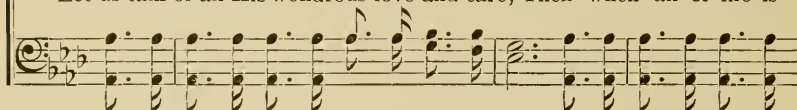
J. M. BLACK.



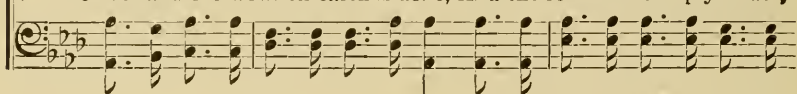
1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,



And the morning breaks, eternal bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is

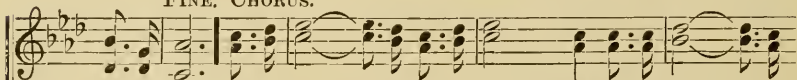


gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der,
gather to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der,

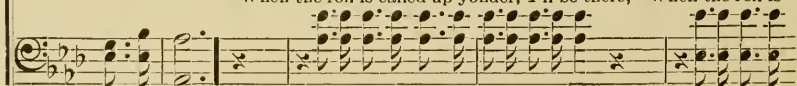


D. S.—roll is called up yon-der,

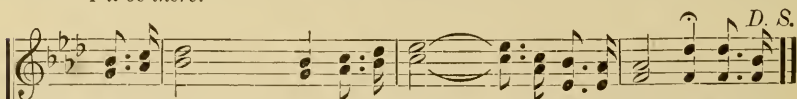
FINE. CHORUS.



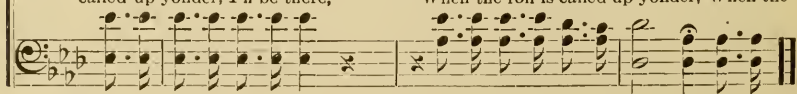
I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is



I'll be there.



called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, When the
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, When the

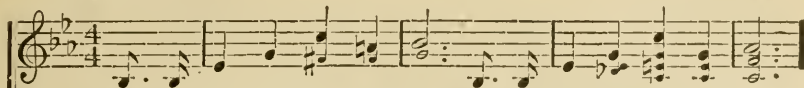


No. 324. Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

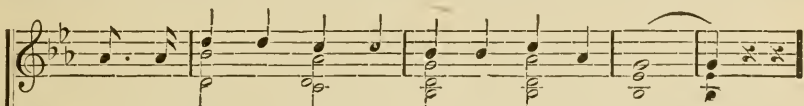
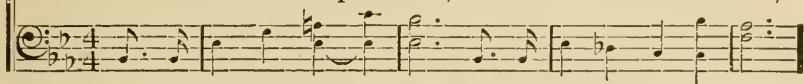
Rev. NEAL A. MCAULAY.
MAUD FRAZER.

A Hymn for Workers.

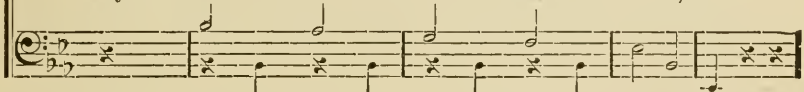
JOHN P. HILLIS.



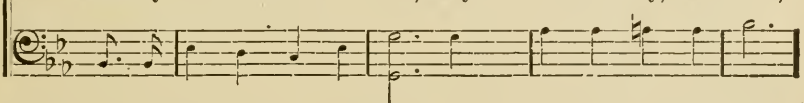
1. Shall I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. What re - gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di - vine,
3. If my gra - ti - tude I'd show Un - to Him Who loves me so,
4. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
5. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



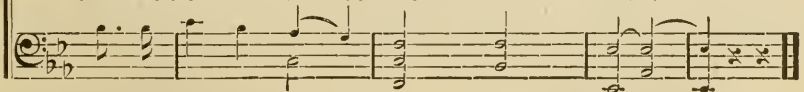
I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents He doth lend,
Let me la - bor till the eve - ning shad - ows fall;
"Wel - come, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"
May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;
That some lit - tle gift of love I may bear to realms a - bove,
Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,"



With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?
For 'twas you who told me of the sin - ner's Friend."
And not emp - ty - hand - ed be when comes the call.
When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face?
Take the crown that love i - a - mor - tal doth be - stow."

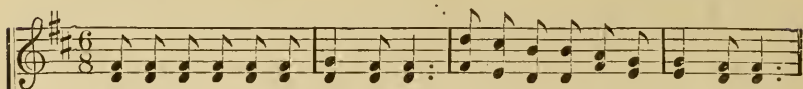


What Will You Do With Jesus?

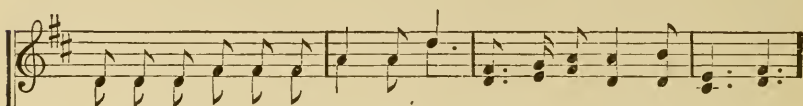
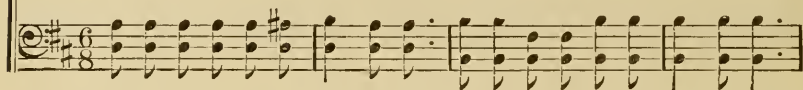
"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. xxvii, 22.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

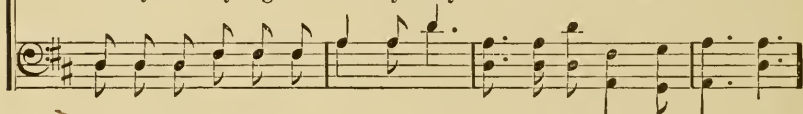
M. L. STOCKS.



1. Je - sus is standing in Pi-late's hall—Friendless, forsaken, betrayed by all:
2. Je - sus is standing on tri - al still, You can be false to Him if you will,
3. Will you evade Him as Pilate tried? Or will you choose Him, whate'er betide?
4. Will you, like Peter, your Lord deny? Or will you scorn from His foes to fly,
5. "Je-sus, I give Thee my heart to-day! Je-sus, I'll follow Thee all the way,



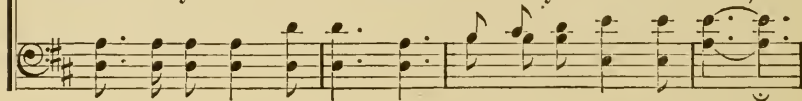
Hearken! what meaneth the sud-den call? What will you do with Je - sus?
 You can be faithful thro' good or ill: What will you do with Je - sus?
 Vain-ly you struggle from Him to hide: What will you do with Je - sus?
 Dar-ing for Je-sus to live or die? What will you do with Je - sus?
 Glad-ly o - bey-ing Thee!" will you say: "This will I do with Je - sus!"



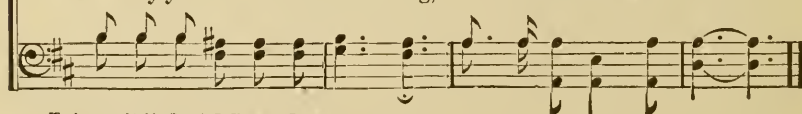
CHORUS.



What will you do with Je - sus? Neu-tral you can - not be;

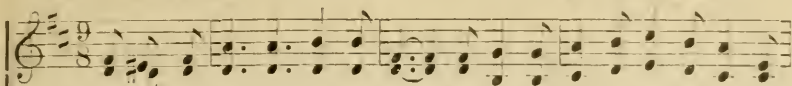


Some day your heart will be ask - ing, "What will He do with me?"

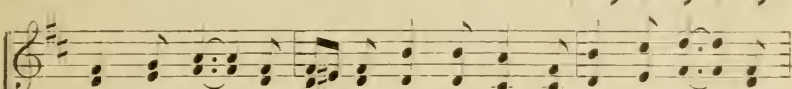
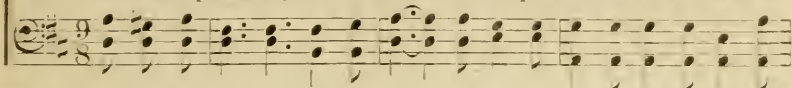


Major D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



1. Much of my life, Lord, seems to me A striv-ing to be good and not re -
2. "Light from above first dawned on thee When seeing My completed work on
3. "Have I not power thy soul to keep? The Shepherd true is ev-er near to



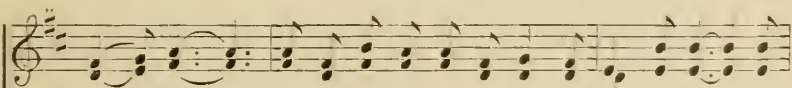
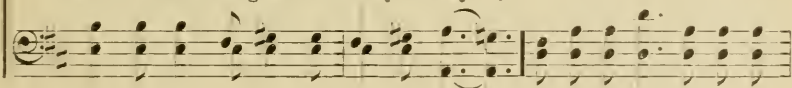
al - i - ty; My heart is bur-dened, Lord, re-veal I pray, If
Cal - va - ry; No oth - er light can now thy path-way guide, From
guard His sheep; For I, the Christ, am truth and life and way, A -



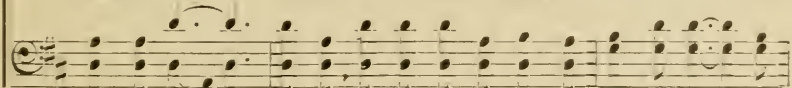
REFRAIN.



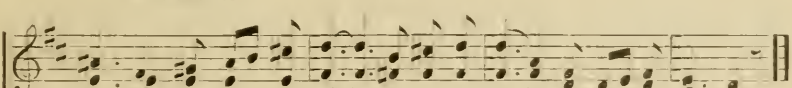
there is not for me some bet-ter way. }
hour to hour, My child, in Me a - bide!" } "I am the vine, ye are the
bide in Me for grace from day to day." }



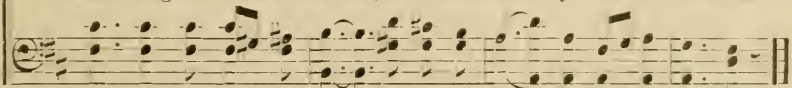
branch - es; He that a - bid-eth in Me and I in him The



the branch-es:



same bring-eth forth much fruit, For without Me ye can do noth-ing."



FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemèr! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heavenly por-tals

won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! Hail Him! highest arch-angels in
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je - sus, Sav-iour, reigneth for-ev-er and

D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent

glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,
 vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!
 ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Pricst, and King! Christ is coming!

great-ness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!

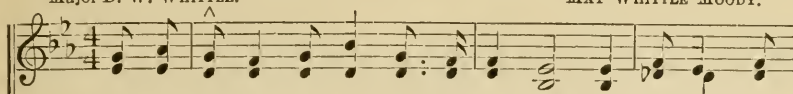
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Jesus who bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
 o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Power and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

D. S.

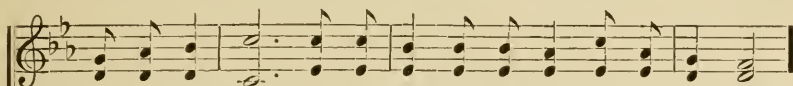
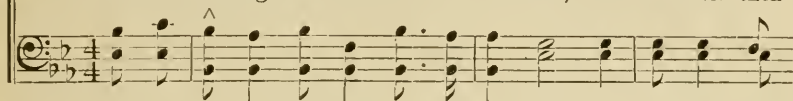
328 I Have Nothing to Do With Tomorrow.

Major D. W. WHITTLE.

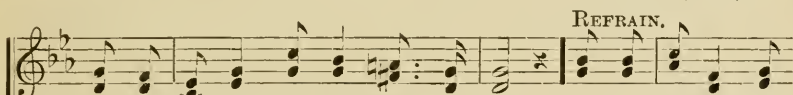
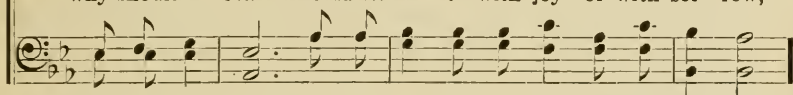
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



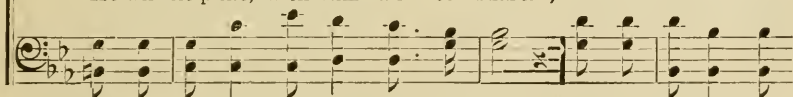
1. I have noth-ing to do with to-mor-row, Its sun - light I
2. Oth - er work-ers may gath-er the har - vest, And reap from the
3. So I've noth-ing to do with to-mor-row, Its bur - dens then



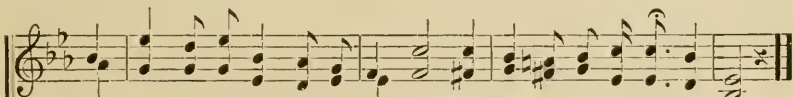
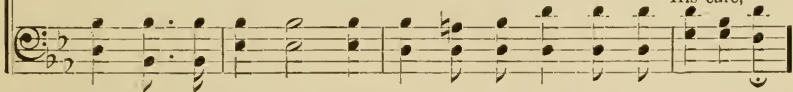
nev - er may see; So to - day with the plow in the fur - row,
fields I have sown, But if still I am faith-ful in sow - ing,
why should I bear? Should He fill it with joy or with sor - row,



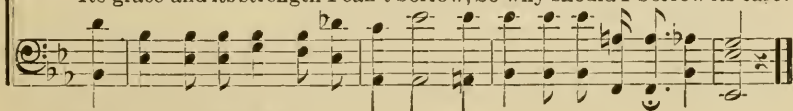
In the vine-yard I faith-ful would be.
I shall hear from my Mas - ter "Well done." } I have noth-ing to
He will help me, with Him all to share. }



do with to-mor-row, My Sav - iour will make that His care,
His care,



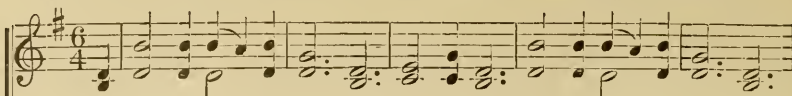
Its grace and its strength I can't borrow, So why should I borrow its care?



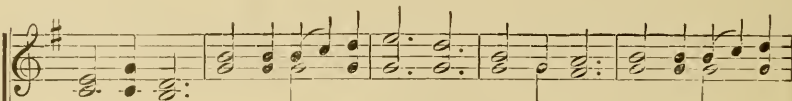
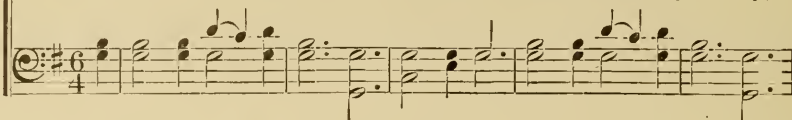
I Left it All With Jesus.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

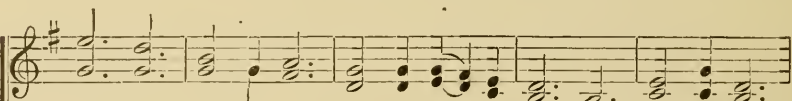
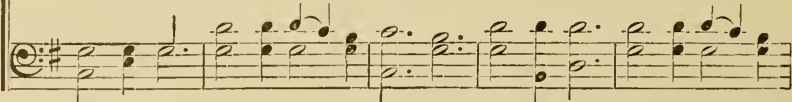
Miss H. M. WARNER.



1. I left it all with Je - sus, Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter
3. I leave it all with Je - sus, Day by Day; Faith can firmly trust Him
4. Oh, leave it all with Je - sus, Drooping soul! Tell not half thy sto - ry,



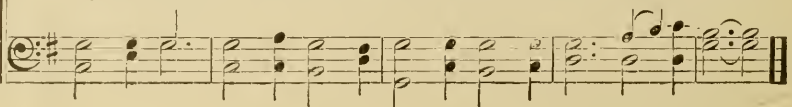
And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the des - ert
Come what may. Hope has dropped her anchor, Found her rest In the calm, sure
But the whole. Worlds on worlds are hanging On His hand, Life and death are



whis - per, "Tis for thee," From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—
gar - den Bloom a-while: When my weakness lean-eth On His might,
ha - ven Of His breast: Love es-teams it heav - en To a - bide
wait - ing His com-mand; Yet His ten - der bos - om Makes thee room—

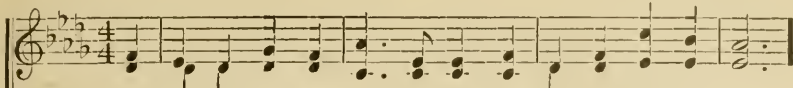


Hap - py day! From my heart the burden Rolled away—Hap - py day!
All seems light, When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.
At His side, Love es-teams it heav - en To a-bide At His side.
Oh, come home! Yet His ten - der bos - om, Makes thee room—Oh, come home!

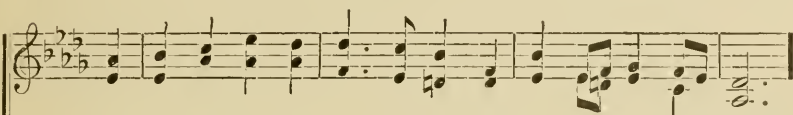
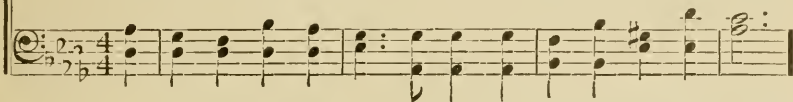


A. A. P.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



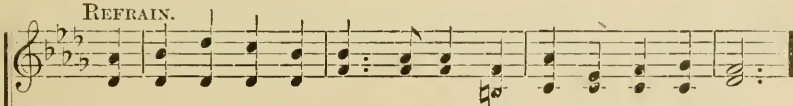
1. O wandering one, why long - er roam, And seek from God to hide?
2. O prod - i - gal, re - turn to - day! Thou wilt not be de - nied!
3. O tempt-ed child, He sees and hears When thou art sore-ly tried,
4. O weary heart, the morning breaks For which thou long hast sighed;



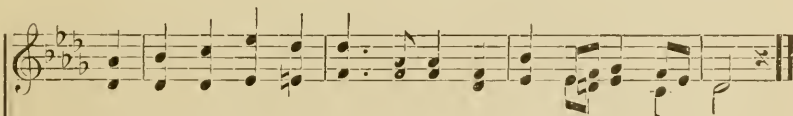
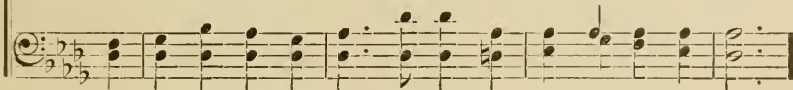
Thy Sav-iour waits to lead thee home, It was for this He died!
 He nev - er casts His own a - way—It was for this He died!
 And as thine Ad - vo - cate appears—It was for this He died!
 The King descends! His Throne He takes! It was for this He died!



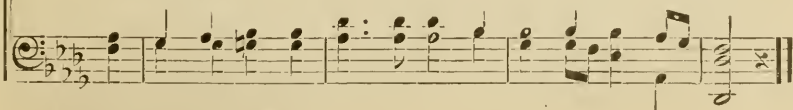
REFRAIN.



Thy scar - let sins like snow shall be, Through Christ, the cru-ci-fied.



Be - hold the Cross of Cal - va - ry! It was for this He died.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help-less; I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand! and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark be-fore me With-out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand! that, when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone

take one step with-out Thy aid! Hold Thou my hand! for then, O
 self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand! lest hap-ly
 sun-light of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its
 riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heav-en-ly light may flash a -

lov-ing Sav-iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
 I should wan-der, And miss-ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
 ra-dian-t glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapturoussongs are mine!
 long its wa-ters, And ev-ery wave like cry-stal bright shall be.

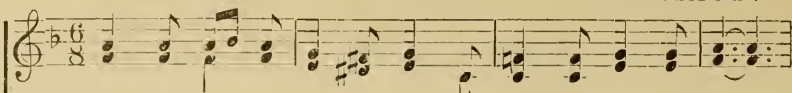
Copyright, 1908, by Hubert P. Main. Renewal.
 Charles M. Alexander, owner.

- 1 "Be all at rest, my soul!" Oh! blessed secret
 Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord;
 Not always doth the busiest soul best serve Him,
 But He who resteth on His faithful word.
- 2 "Be all at rest!" for rest is highest service;
 To the still heart God doth His secrets tell;
 Thus shall thou learn to wait, and watch, and labor,
 Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell.
- 3 "Be all at rest!" for rest alone becometh
 The soul that casts on Him its every care;
 "Be all at rest!" so shall thy life proclaim Him
 A God who worketh and who heareth prayer.
- 4 "Be all at rest!" so shalt thou be an answer
 To those who question, "Who is God, and where?"
 For God is rest, and where He dwells is stillness,
 And they who dwell in Him that rest shall share.

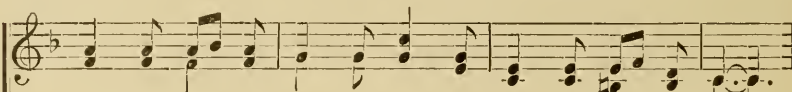
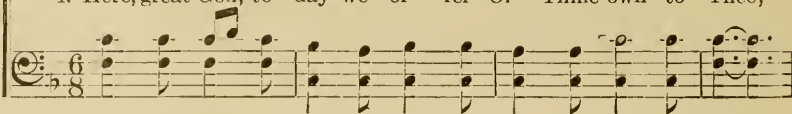
FREDA HAYBURY ALLEN.

REV. FRANCIS POTT.

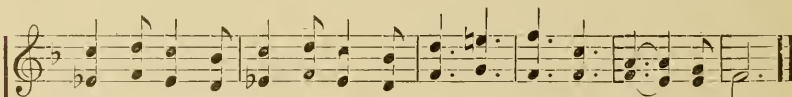
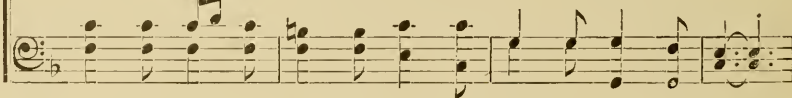
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



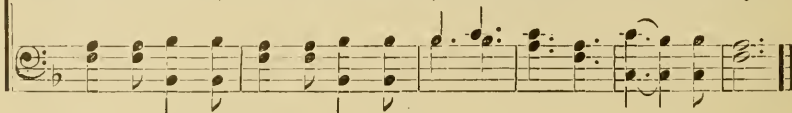
1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Yes, we know Thy love re - joi - ces O'er each work of Thine;
4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;



- An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
 Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
 Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces For Thy praise com - bine;
 And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,



- Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
 Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yes, we can.
 Crafts - man's art and music's measure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

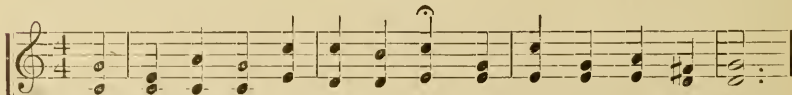


335 O Where Are Kings and Empires Now?

A. CLEVELAND COXE.

St. Anne.

WILLIAM CROFT.



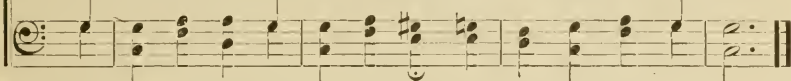
1. O where are kings and em - pires now Of old that went and came?
2. We mark her good - ly bat - tle - ments And her foun - da - tions strong;
3. For not like king - doms of the world Thy ho - ly Church, O God;
4. Un - shak - en as e - ter - nal hills, Im - mov - a - ble she stands;



O Where Are Kings and Empires Now?—Concluded.



But, Lord, Thy church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same.
We hear with - in the sol - emn voice Of her un - end - ing song.
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her And tempests are a-broad,
A moun-tain that shall fill the earth, A house not made by hands.

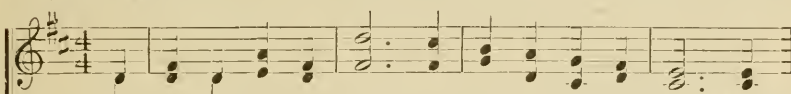


336 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

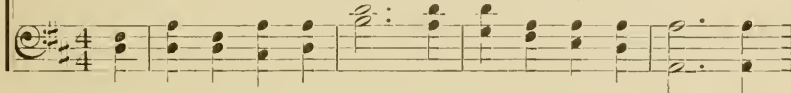
CHARLES WESLEY.

Darwall's.

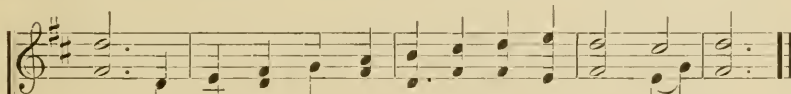
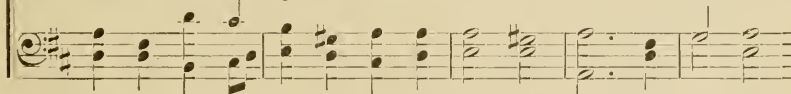
JOHN DARWALL.



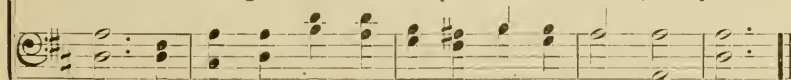
1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King a - dore; Mor -
2. Je - sus the Sav-iour reigns, The God of truth and love; When
3. His king-dom can-not fail, He rules o'er earth and heaven; The
4. He all His foes shall quell, Shall all our sins de - stroy; And
5. Re - joice in glo-rious hope; Je - sus the judge shall come, And



tals, give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more: Lift up your
He had purged our stains, He took His seat a - bove: Lift up your
keys of death and hell Are to our Je - sus given; Lift up your
ev - ery bos - om swell With pure se-raph - ic joy: Lift up your
take His serv-ants up To their e - ter - nal home: We soon shall



heart, lift up your voice, Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
heart, lift up your voice, Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
heart, lift up your voice, Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
heart, lift up your voice, Re-joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.
hear the archangels voice, The trump of God shall sound, Re - joice.



EDWARD MOTE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; }
 I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
 2. { When darkness veils His lovely face I rest on His unchanging grace; }
 In ev-ery high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
 3. { His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood; }
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
 4. { When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found; }
 Dressed in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne!

REFRAIN.

On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is
 sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

338 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

St. Margaret.

A. L. PEACE.

1. O love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
 2. O light that followest on my way, I yield my flickering torch to
 3. O joy that seekest me through pain, I can-not close my heart to
 4. O cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.—Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That
 Thee; I trace the rain-bow through the rain, And
 Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And

in Thine o-ccean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
 in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er fair-er be.
 feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
 from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be.

339

I Am Included.

R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

I am in-cluded! I am in-cluded! When the Lord said

"Who-so-ev-er," He in-cluded me. I am in-cluded! I am in-

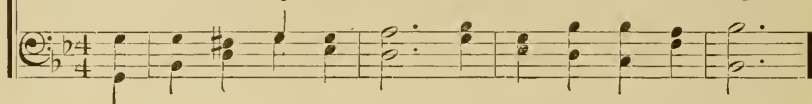
cluded! When the Lord said, "Whoso-ev-er," He in-cluded me.

T. OLIVERS.

ANON.



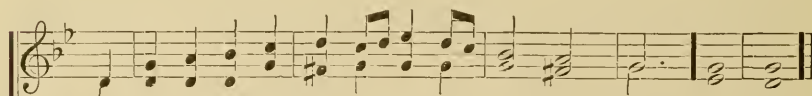
1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove,
2. The God of Abraham praise, At whose supreme com - mand
3. He by Him-self hath sworn; I on His oath de - pend;
4. The whole tri-umphant host Give thanks to God on high;



An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love.
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys At His right hand.
 I shall, on ea - gles' wings up-borne, To heaven as - cend;
 'Hail, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!' They ev - er cry.



Je - ho - vah! Great I AM, By earth and heaven con-fessed!
 I all on earth for - sake, Its wis - dom, fame, and power,
 I shall be - hold His face, I shall His power a - dore,
 Hail, Abraham's God, and mine! I join the heaven-ly lays;



I bow and bless the sa - cred Name For ev - er blest.
 And Him my on - ly por - tion make, My shield and tower.
 And sing the wonders of His grace For ev - er - more.
 All might and majes - ty are Thine, And end - less praise. A - men.

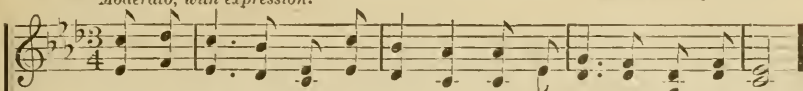


“Thou Remainest.”

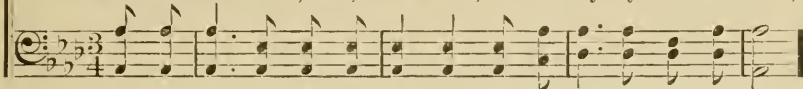
EL NATHAN.

Moderato, with expression.

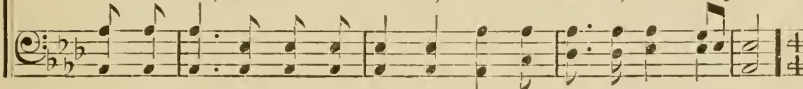
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



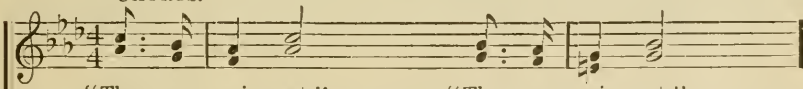
1. “Thou re-main-est,” blest Redeem-er, Lord of peace and Lord of strife;
2. Sat-is-fy-ing ev-ery long-ing Of my sin-ful soul for grace;
3. Earth-ly joys may soon be fad-ing, Wintry frosts sweet flowers destroy;
4. One by one my loved may leave me, Voice-s sweet no more be heard;
5. When from earth Thou, Lord, shalt call me, Calm I’ll lay my bur-den down;



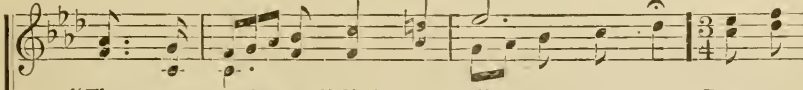
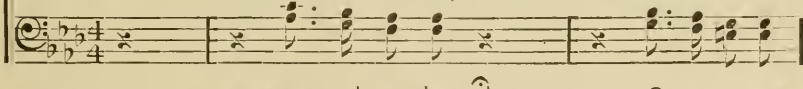
Je-sus, Sav-iour, Lord for-ev-er, “Thou re-mainest,” Christ my life.
 From my weakness nev-er turn-ing, “Thou re-mainest,” Christ my peace.
 But a-bove the cloud that’s shading, “Thou re-mainest,” Christ my joy.
 But of God naught can be-reave me, “Thou re-mainest,” Christ my Lord.
 For I know, what-e’er be-fall me, “Thou re-mainest,” Christ my crown.



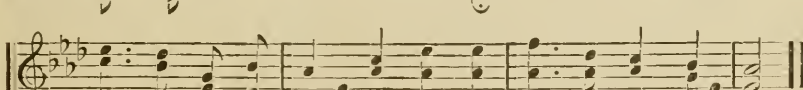
CHORUS.



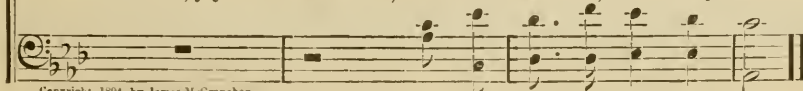
“Thou re-main-est,” “Thou re-main-est,”
 “Thou re-main-est,” “Thou re-main-est,”



“Thou re-main-est,” Christ my all; (Christ my all:) Peace or



con-flict, joy or sor-row, “Thou re-main-est,” Christ my all.

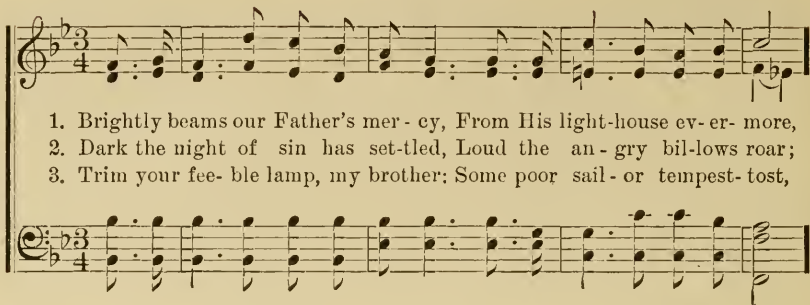


342 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy.

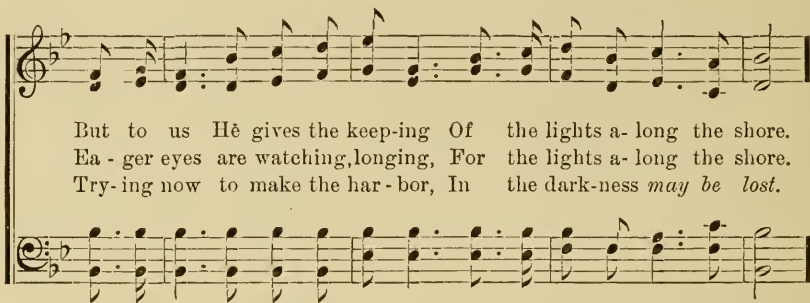
P. P. BLISS.

(Lower Lights.)

P. P. BLISS.

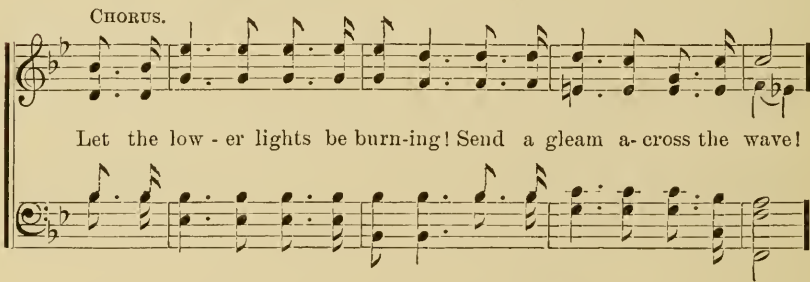


1. Brightly beams our Father's mer - cy, From His light-house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee- ble lamp, my brother; Some poor sail - or tempest - tost,

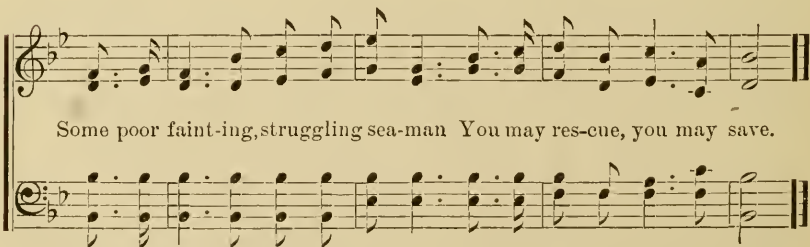


But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness *may be lost.*

CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!



Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

Carry Your Bible.

Dedicated to Mrs. CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, the Originator of The Pocket Testament League.

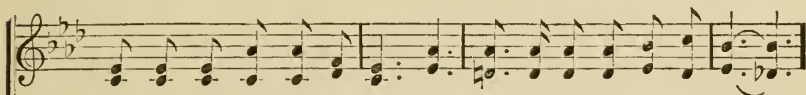
FRED P. MORRIS.

APP. B. II.

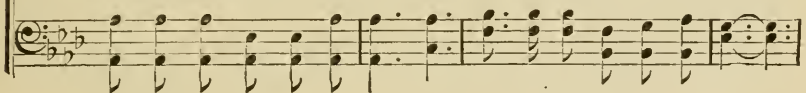
ROBERT HARKNESS.



- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with | you | Let all its blessing out - flow, |
| 2. Car - ry the word of par - don | | Sweeter each day it will grow, |
| 3. Car - ry the wondrous sto - ry | | Tell it to hearts plung'd in woe, |
| 4. Car - ry the word of prom - ise, | | Sinners un-par-don'd may know |



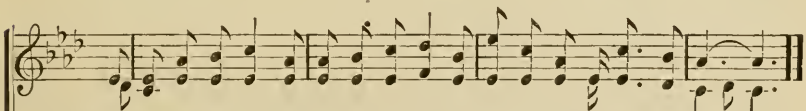
It will sup- ply you each moment, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
Somewhere some heart will be wait-ing, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
This word of gracious re-dem-p-tion, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
God's path from sin un- to safe- ty, Take it wher-ev- er you go.



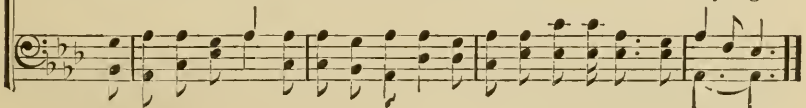
CHORUS.



Take it wher-ev - er you go,..... Take it wher-ev - er you go,.....
you go, you go,



God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go.....
you go.



Grace Greater Than Our Sin.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

D. B. TOWNEE.

1. Mar - vel-ous grace of our lov - ing Lord, Grace that ex - ceeds our
 2. Sin and des - pair like the sea waves cold, Threaten the soul with
 3. Dark is the stain that we can - not hide, What can a - vail to
 4. Mar - vel-ous, in - fin - ite, match - less grace, Free - ly be - stowed on

sin and our guilt, Yon - der, on Cal - va - ry's mount out - poured,
 in - fin - ite loss, Grace that is great - er, yes, grace un - told,
 wash it a - way? Look! there is flow - ing a crim - son tide;
 all who be - lieve; You that are long - ing to see His face,

CHORUS.

There where the blood of the Lamb was spilt.
 Points to the Ref - uge, the Might - y Cross. } Grace, grace, God's
 Whit - er than snow you may be to - day. }
 Will you this mo - ment His grace re - ceive? } Marvelous grace, In - fin - ite

grace, Grace that will par - don and cleanse with - in, Grace,
 Mar - vel-ous

grace, God's grace, Grace that is great - er than all our sin.
 grace, In - fin - ite grace,

He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
 2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
 3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
 4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. He lift-ed me.

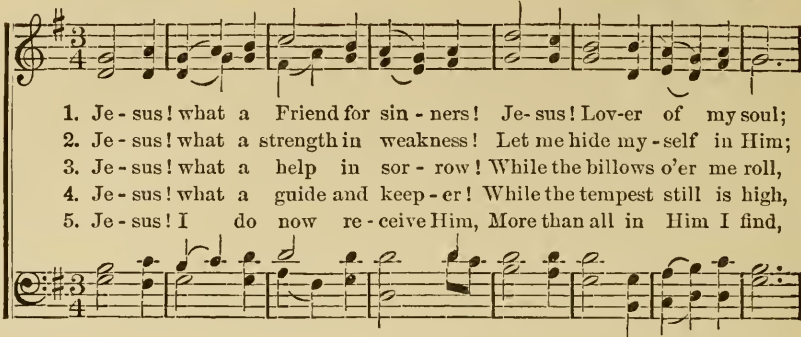
CHORUS.

From sinking sand He lift-ed me, With ten-der hand He lift-ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. by ROBERT HARKNESS.

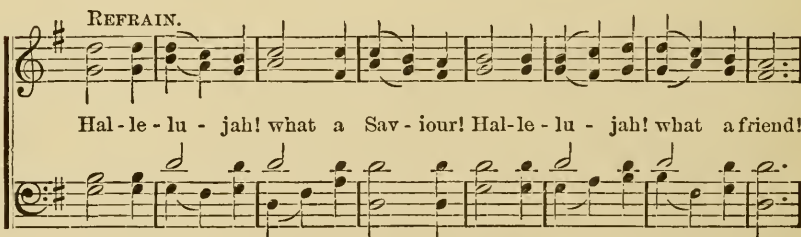


1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in Him;
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the billows o'er me roll,
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tempest still is high,
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,

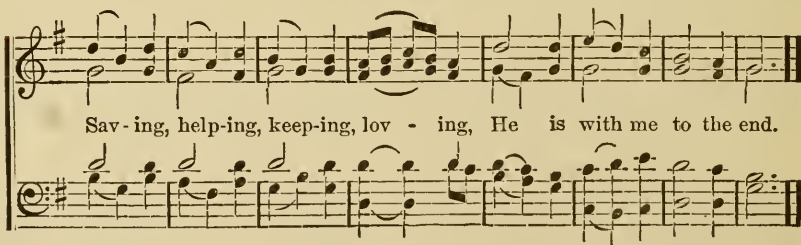


Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.
 Tempt - ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.
 Ev - en when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

Lord, is it I?

J. R. CLEMENTS.

"Lord, is it I?"—Matthew 26 : 22

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Some-one is slight-ing the Sav-iour of men; Lord, is it I?
 2. Some-one is halt-ing, and count-ing the cost; Lord, is it I?
 3. Some-one's he-tray-ing his Mas-ter to-day; Lord, is it I?
 4. Some-one is liv-ing in self-ish de-light; Lord, is it I?
 5. Some-one in si-lence is mak-ing the choice; Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I? Some-one is spurn-ing His love once a-gain;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one in dark-ness and sin may be lost;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one is walk-ing a per-il-ous way;
 Lord, is it I? Some-one is turn-ing his face from the light,
 Lord, is it I? Some-one will yield to the Lord, and re-joice,

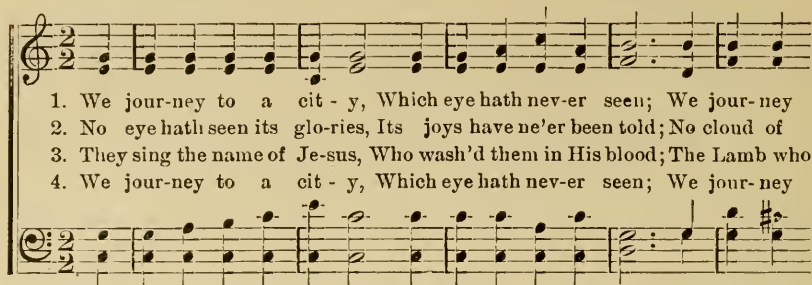
CHORUS.
 Lord, is it I? is it I?..... Lord,..... is it
 Lord, is it I? is it I?..... Lord, is it I?

I?..... Lord,..... is it I? Par-don our
 Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

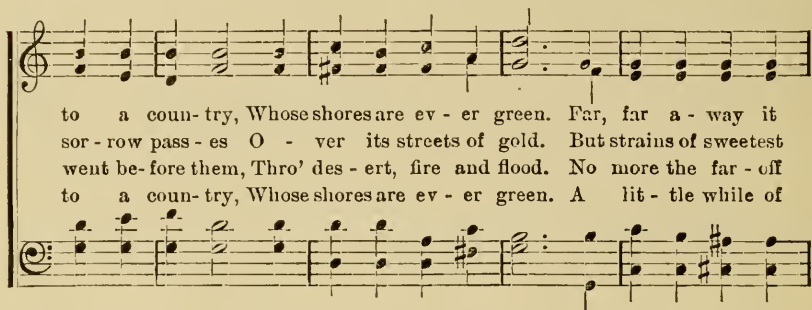
rall.
 weakness, and blot out each sin; Hear us, dear Lord, as we cry!

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

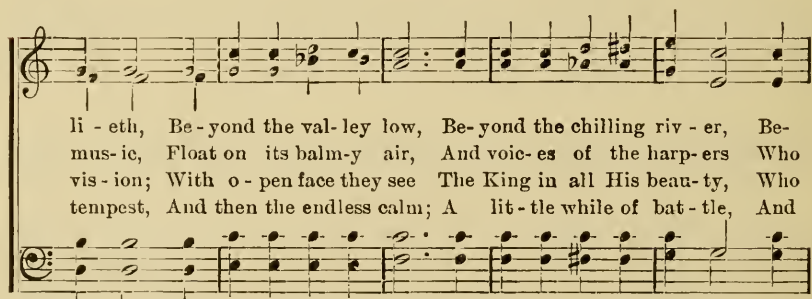
GEO. O. STEBBINS



1. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev - er seen; We jour-ney
 2. No eye hath seen its glo - ries, Its joys have ne'er been told; No cloud of
 3. They sing the name of Je - sus, Who wash'd them in His blood; The Lamb who
 4. We jour-ney to a cit - y, Which eye hath nev - er seen; We jour-ney

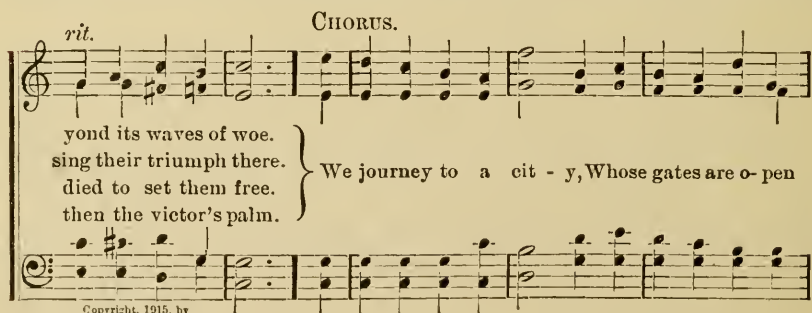


to a coun - try, Whose shores are ev - er green. Far, far a - way it
 sor - row pass - es O - ver its streets of gold. But strains of sweetest
 went be - fore them, Thro' des - ert, fire and flood. No more the far - off
 to a coun - try, Whose shores are ev - er green. A lit - tle while of



li - eth, Be - yond the val - ley low, Be - yond the chilling riv - er, Be -
 mus - ic, Float on its balm - y air, And voic - es of the harp - ers Who
 vis - ion; With o - pen face they see The King in all His beau - ty, Who
 tempest, And then the endless calm; A lit - tle while of bat - tle, And

rit. CHORUS.



yond its waves of woe.
 sing their triumph there.
 died to set them free.
 then the victor's palm.

} We journey to a cit - y, Whose gates are o - pen

We Journey to a City.—Concluded.

wide, And an - gel voi - ces greet us Be - yond the swelling tide.

349 Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

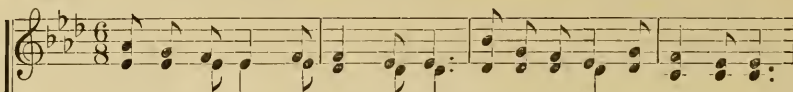
1. Do you ever stop, my friend, to think, The while this world your passing thro',
2. Just a lit - tle deed of kind-ness now, It may the faith of one re - store,
3. Just a lit - tle word of Je - sus' love, Some precious soul may help de - cide
4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our call - ing faith - ful be;

Someone may be saved from ru - in's brink, By just a lit - tle help from you?
 Who beneath some load of grief doth how, Is al - most read - y to give o'er.
 To for - sake the wrong and look a - bove, And let the Lord His foot - steps guide.
 For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.

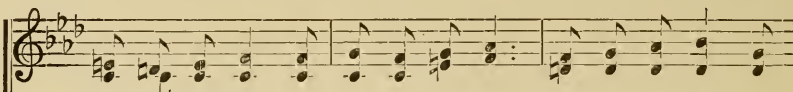
CHORUS.

Just a lit - tle help from you..... Just a lit - tle help from you.....
 Just a little help from you, Just a little help from you;

Won - drous things the Lord may do, By just a lit - tle help from you.



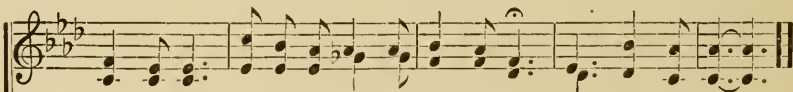
1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Tidings of mer - cy ev - 'ry - where;
4. O - pen my mind, that I may read More of Thy love in word and deed;
5. O - pen my way, that I may bring Trophies of grace to Christ, my King;



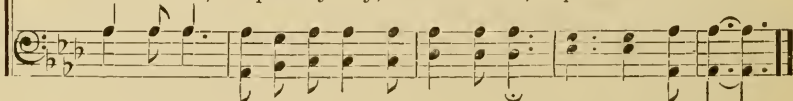
Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and
And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with thy chil - dren
What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead? On - ly for light from
Ech - oed in love Thy word shall out - ring, Sweet as the note that



set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
Thee I plead. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy
an - gels sing. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy



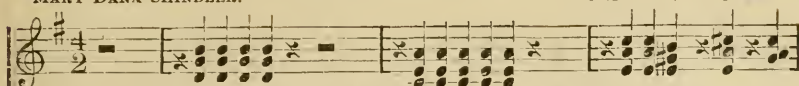
will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my mind, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my way, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!



I'm a Pilgrim.

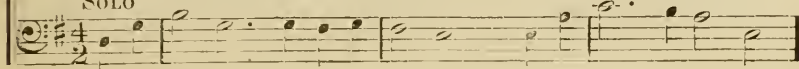
MARY DANA SHINDLER.

GEORGE S. SCHULER.

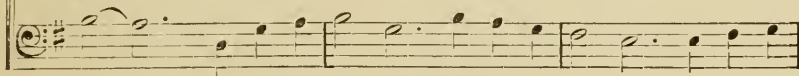


1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er, I can tar - ry but a
 2. Of that ci - ty to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem - er is the
 3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin. ing; O my long - ing heart is

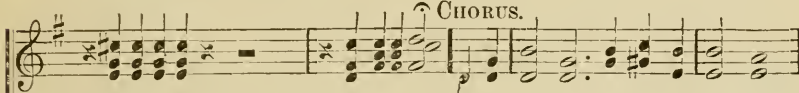
SOLO



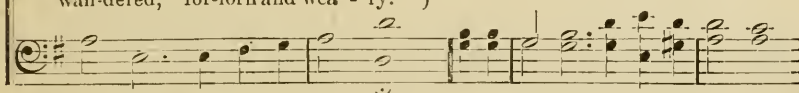
night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the
 light; There is no sor-row, nor an - y sigh-ing, Nor an - y
 there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear-y, I long have



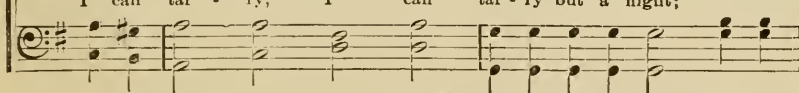
CHORUS.



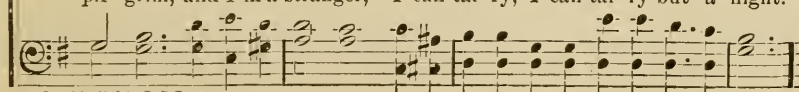
stream-lets are ev-er flow - ing.
 tears there; nor an - y dy - ing. } I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a strang-er,
 wan-dered, for-lorn and wea - ry.



I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a
 I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

*ad lib.*

pil - grimi, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.



ADA R. HABERSHON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Grace brought Je-sus down to die, Glo - ry welcomed Him on high.
 2. What to sovereign grace we owe, Com-ing glo - ry soon will show.
 3. Grace and glo - ry all un - fold, No good thing will He with - hold.
 4. Grace, while journeying through the night, Glory dawns at morning light.
 5. In His ab-sence, boundless grace, Glo - ry when we see His face.

Grace revealed in dy-ing love, Glo - ry from His throne a - bove.
 Grace the sin-ner's debts doth pay, Glo - ry makes us rich for aye.
 Grace, free grace, while here we roam, Glo - ry when we reach our home.
 Grace, the staff for pil-grim ways, Glo - ry's crown for endless days.
 Grace, till all the voy-age o'er, Glo - ry, when we reach the shore.

CHORUS.

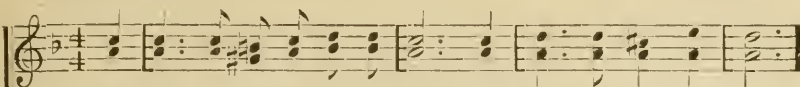
Saved by faith, in grace we rest, Joy in hope of glo - ry blest;
 by faith, in in hope of

Those whom grace doth jus-ti - fy, God will al - so glo - ri - fy.
 whom grace doth

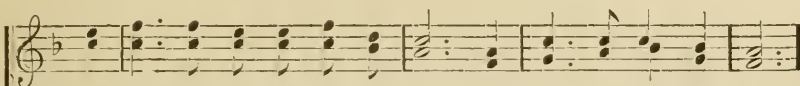
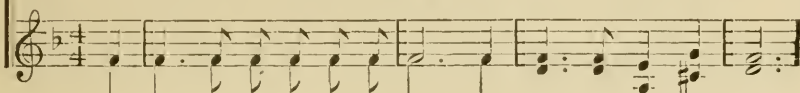
The Peace of God.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

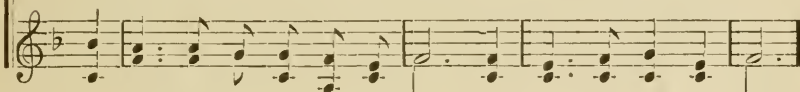
D. B. TOWNER.



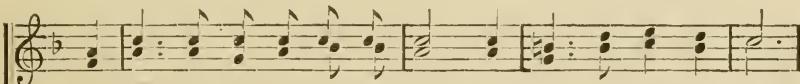
1. 'Tis good to have the peace of God To keep and guard the heart;
2. 'Tis sweet to know the love of God Doth for our need pro - vide;
3. 'Tis good to taste the grace of God, Which brings sal - va - tion near,
4. It is Him-self, and not His gifts That are so pass - ing sweet;



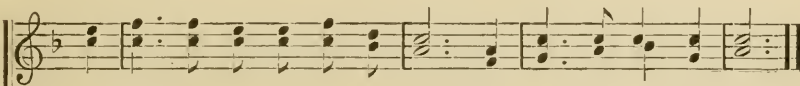
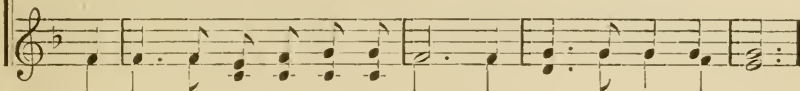
'Tis best to have the God of peace, To dwell with Him a - part.
 But best to feel the God of love Is ev - er at our side.
 But oh! to know the God of grace Is with us e - ven here.
 The se - cret of all bless - ed - ness Is found at His dear feet.



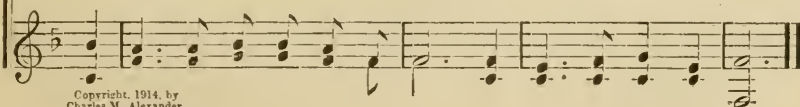
CHORUS.



A bright and bless-ed hope is ours, To cheer us on our way;



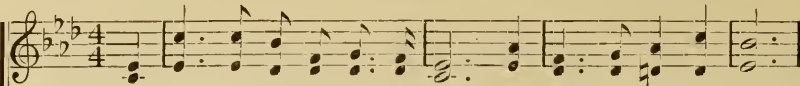
But e - ven now the God of hope Is with us all the day.



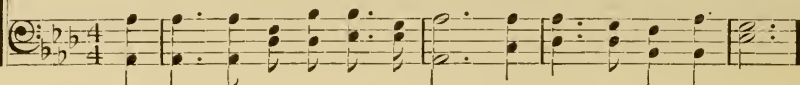
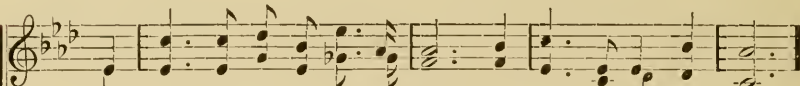
A. A. P.

Luke 21: 36.

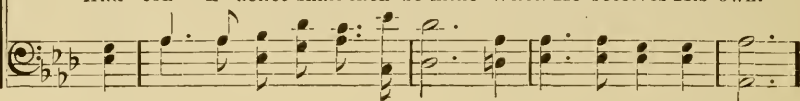
GEO. C. STEBBINS.




1. Ac-count me worthy, Lord, I pray, To stand be-fore Thy Son,
 2. A hope of see-ing Him have I, Of be-ing like Him, too;
 3. My right-cousness be-fore His face Is naught but guilt and shame;
 4. O, may I watch, my garments keep, Lest when the trumpet shall sound,
 5. Let me be hid-den in that hour When, o'er the startled earth,
 6. As branch a-bides within the vine, May I in Christ, a-lone;

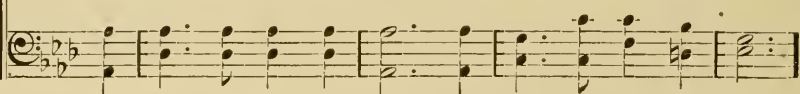
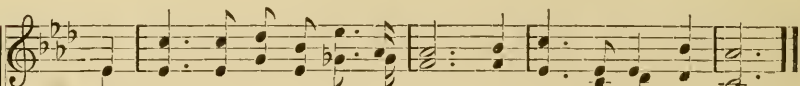
Should He from heaven descend today, Or ere the night is done.
 Then, search and purge and pur-i-fy— Yea, cleanse me thro' and thro'.
 No wed-ding robe but Calv'ry's grace Can bear His eyes of flame.
 A-wak-ing from a sloth-ful sleep, Unclothed I shall be found.
 The trib-u-la-tion wrath-clouds lower, And break in death and dearth.
 And con-fi-dence shall then be mine When He receives His own.



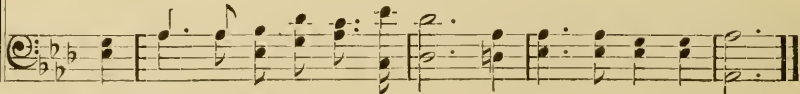
REFRAIN.



To stand be-fore Thy Son! To stand be-fore Thy Son!

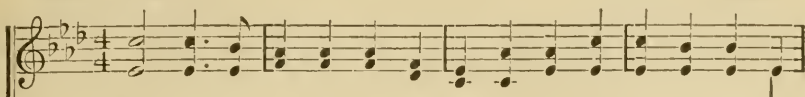
Ac-count me worthy, Lord, I pray, To stand be-fore Thy Son!



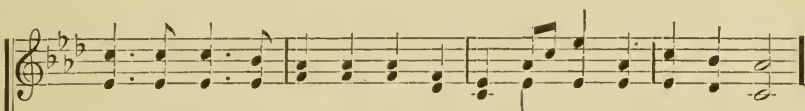
Pray, Pray.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



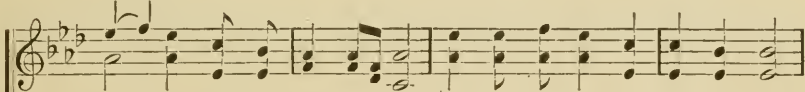
1. Pray, pray when things go wrong, And gloomy fears around you throng; The
2. Pray, pray be calm and still, What-ev - er comes must be His will; His
3. Pray, pray till faith grows strong, And in your heart rings heaven's song; Till



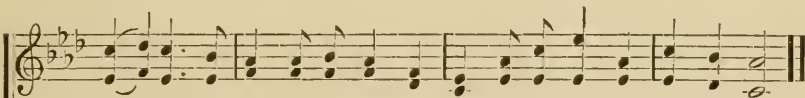
lo - ving God your voice will hear, Look up to Him, He's al - way near.
 prom - is - es like bud un - fold, Naught that is good will He with - hold.
 self shall die in pure de - sire, And ev - ery thought to Him as - pire.



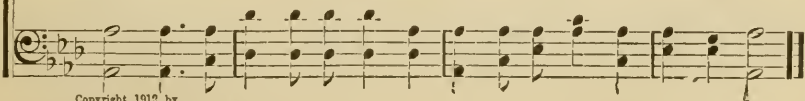
CHORUS.



Pray, pray though your eyes grow dim, Tell all your troubles un - to Him;



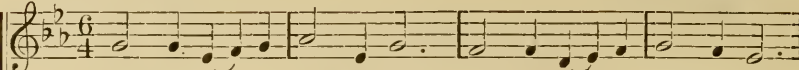
Pray, pray for God understands; Have faith, leaving all in His dear hands.




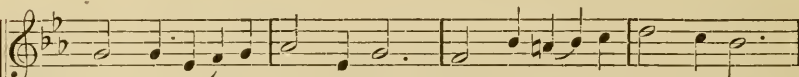
I Will Comfort You.

HATTIE H. PIERSON.


GEO. C. STEBBINS.




1. When the day is sad and drear, And the life is full of care;
 2. Though the night be dark and long, Soon will come the break of day;
 3. Loved ones who have gone be-fore Are with Christ at God's right hand;
 4. We with them ere long shall stand, In heav'n's bright e-ter-nal day;

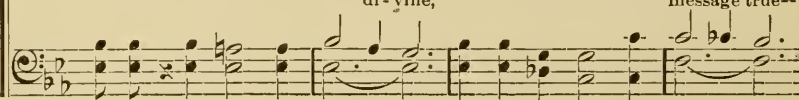
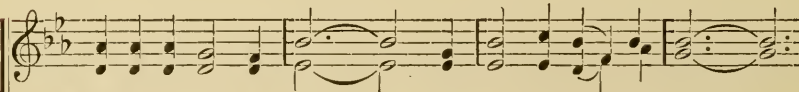
When no friend is nigh to cheer, And the bur-dens hard to bear,
 We shall sing the morn-ing song, As the shad-ows flee a-way.
 They shall sor-row nev-er more, In that glo-rious morning land.
 And with His own lov-ing hand, God shall wipe all tears a-way.



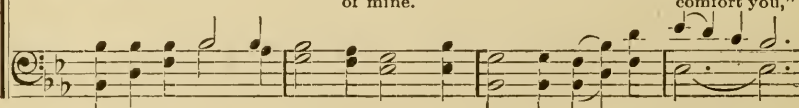
REFRAIN.



Listen! a voice di-vine, Whispers its message true—
 di-yine, message true--

"Come to me child of mine, And I will com-fort you,"
 of mine. comfort you,"



I Will Comfort You.—Concluded.

“Come to me child of mine, And I will com-fort you.”
of mine, com-fort you.”

357

A Sunset Nearer.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. We're just a sun-set near - er, Each time the day light fades;
2. It may be we shall see Him Ere sinks the sun to - day,
3. If Christ should come to-mor - row, This night would be our last,
4. A sun - set near - er day-break, When suns will set no more;

The glo - ry that ex - cel - leth Will know no eve - ning shades.
And hear the wel-come sum - mons, “A - rise and come a - way.”
Then fare-well pain and sor - row, The dark-ness will be past.
This eve-ning we are near - er Than we have been be - fore.

REFRAIN.

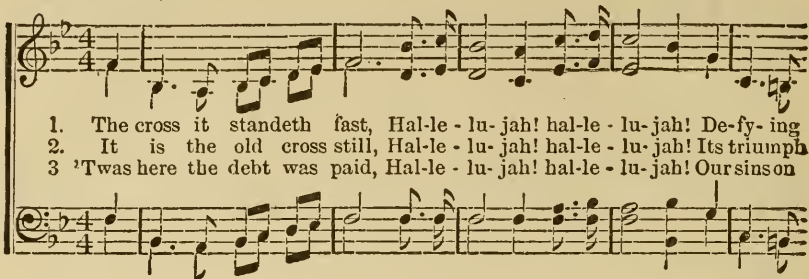
A sun-set near-er ev - ery night, A sun-set near-er glo - ry bright.

Hallelujah for the Cross.

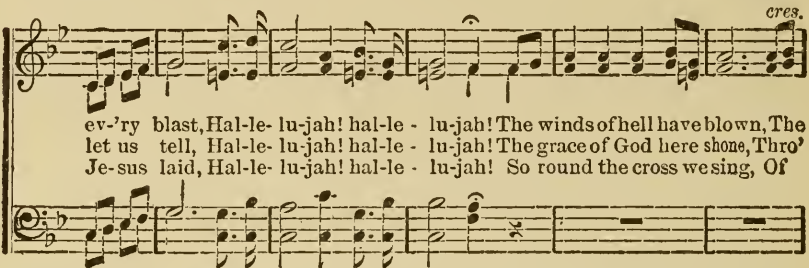
A favorite hymn of the late C. H. Spurgeon.

HORATIUS BONAR.

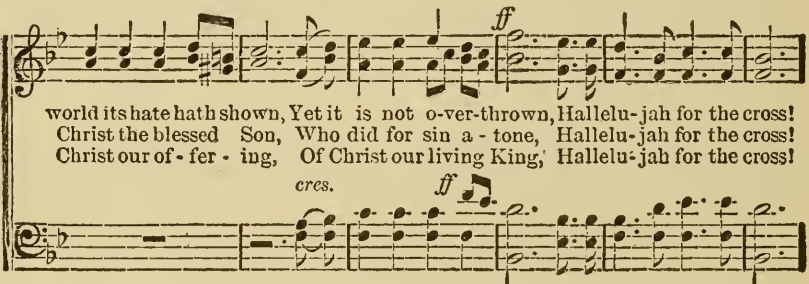
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The cross it standeth fast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! De-fy-ing
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Its triumph
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Oursin son

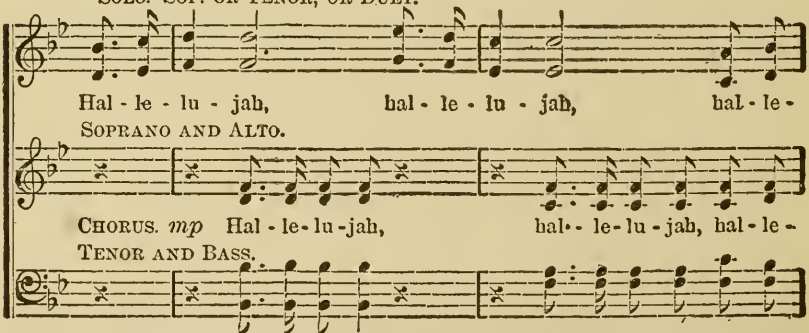


cres.
 ev-'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
 let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
 Je-sus laid, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of



f
 world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hallelu-jah for the cross!
 Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a-tone, Hallelu-jah for the cross!
 Christ our of-fer-ing, Of Christ our living King, Hallelu-jah for the cross!
cres. *f*

* SOLO. SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.



Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.
 CHORUS. *mp* Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
 TENOR AND BASS.

* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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Hallelujah for the Cross.—Concluded.

lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le - lu - jah,

lu-jah for the cross, hal-le - lu-jah for the cross, Hal - le-lu-jah,

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble staff, and the harmony is in the bass staff.

Hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Hal - le-lu-jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer, nev-er suf-fer loss.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and harmony from the first system.

FULL CHORUS.

* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

Musical notation for the Full Chorus section, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the harmony is in the bass staff.

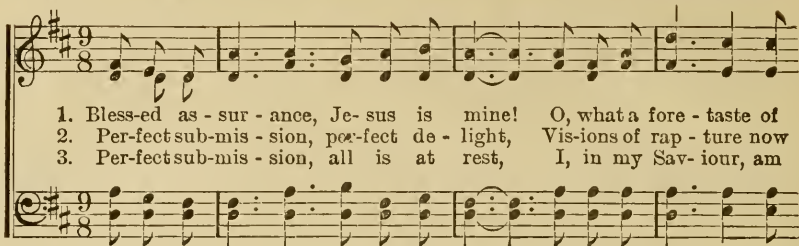
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev-er suf-fer loss.

Musical notation for the final section, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the harmony is in the bass staff. The section ends with a double bar line.

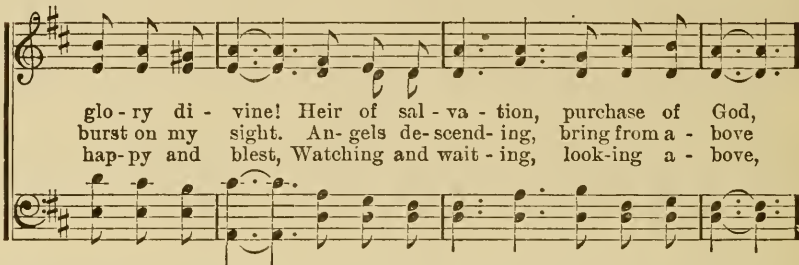
* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

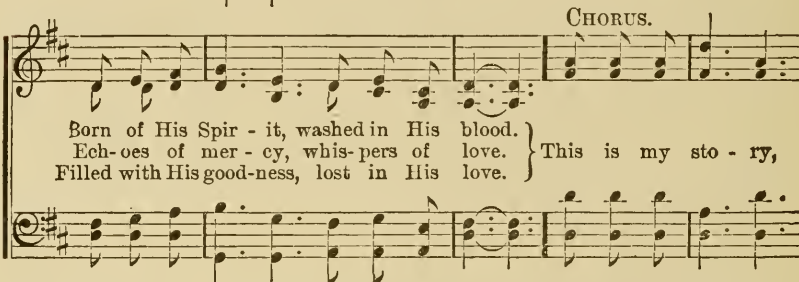


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - iour, am

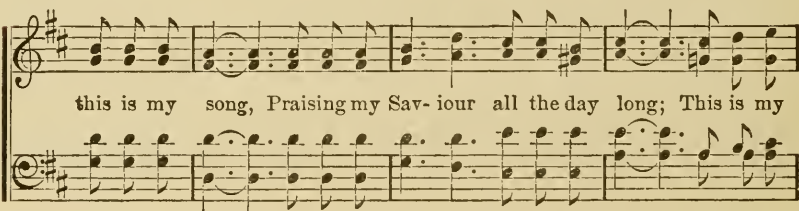


glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove,
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

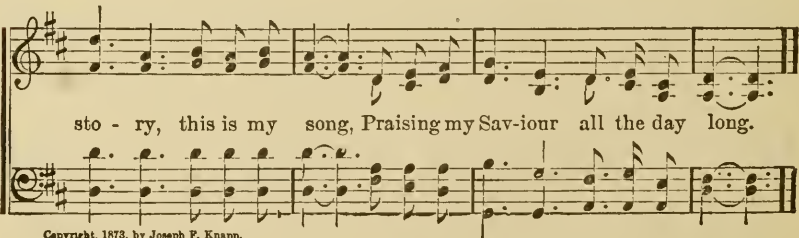
CHORUS.



Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry,
 Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. }



this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



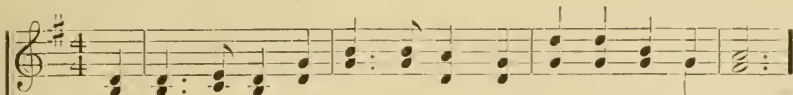
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

360 Come, Every Soul By Sin Oppressed.

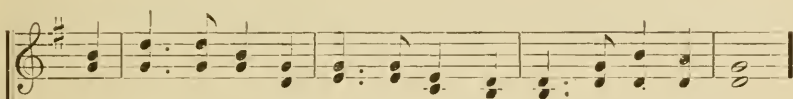
J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. STOCKTON.



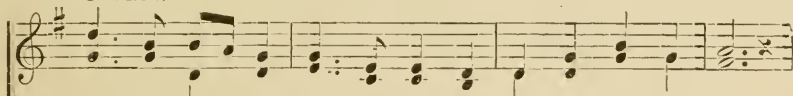
1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to be - stow:
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



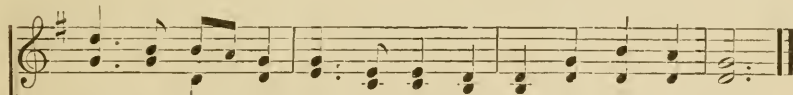
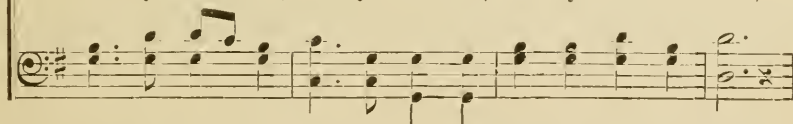
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ee - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



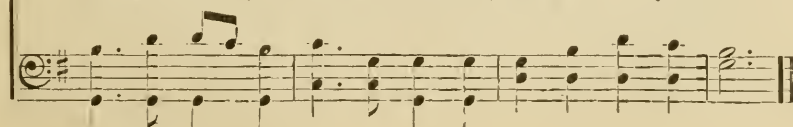
CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.



ANNA L. COGHILL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work through the morning hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing Work through the sunny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring-ing flowers;
 Fill bright-est hours with la - ber, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
 Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
 Work, till the last beam fad - eth Fad - eth to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark-ening, When man's work is o'er.

MAUD FRAZER. (A. L. F.)

ALFRED L. FIELD.

1. Night is at hand, the day draws to its close,
 2. Lord, be Thou near, no dark - ness is in Thee,
 3. We close our eyes, and Lord, we do not know

rall.
 O'er sea and land the song of eve - ning flows;
 Thy voice can cheer, bid ev - ery ter - or flee;
 If we shall rise a - gain on earth be - low;

a tempo.
 Dear Lord, we pray each night with us a - bid, And day by
 Thine eye be - neath, we lay us down to sleep, In life or
 Yet we're se - cure, no fears our souls af - fright, Wak - ing is

day we ask that Thou wilt be our Guide.
 death Thy love our souls will safe - ly keep.
 sure, on earth or in the realms of light. A - men.

Come Unto Me.

WILLIAM O. DIX.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
 2. "Come un - to Me, ye wand'ers, And I will give you light."
 3. "Come un - to Me, ye faint-ing, And I will give you life."
 4. "And who-so-ev - er com-eth, I will not cast him out."

O bless-ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!
 O lov-ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night!
 O peaceful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife!
 O pa-tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a-way our doubt!

It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par-don, grace and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad-ness, And we had lost our way;
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
 Which calls us, ver - y sin - ners, Un-wor - thy tho' we be,

Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love that can-not cease.
 But morn-ing brings us glad-ness, And songs the break of day.
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And stron-ger than the strong.
 Of love so free and bound-less, To come, dear Lord, to Thee!

Come Unto Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O hear the voice, . . . call - ing in love, . . . Voice of the
 O hear the voice, call - ing in love,

Say - iour call - ing from a - bove; O burdened soul, . . .
 O burdened soul,

O heart oppress, . . . Come un - to Me and I will give . . . you rest.
 heart oppress, will give

364

From Ev'ry Stormy Wind:

H. STOWELL.

T. HASTINGS.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads,
3. There is a spot where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
4. There, there, on eag - les' wing we soar, And time and sense seem all no more;

There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis found beneath the mer - cy seat.
 A place than all beside more sweet; It is the blood - stained mercy - seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one common mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet. And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat.

365 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun.

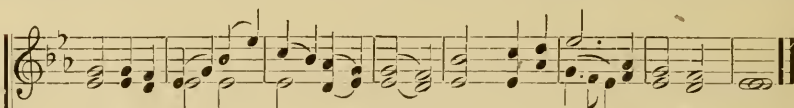
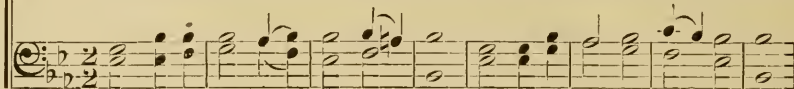
ISAAC WATTS.

Duke Street.

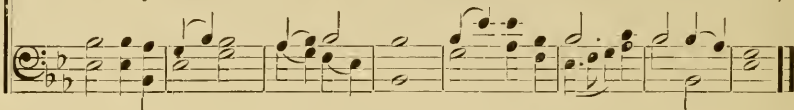
JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his successive journeys run;
2. To Him shall endless prayer be made, And endless praises crown His head;
3. Peo-ple and realms of every tongue Dwell on His love, with sweetest song;
4. Blessings abound where'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet per-fume shall rise With every morning sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest,

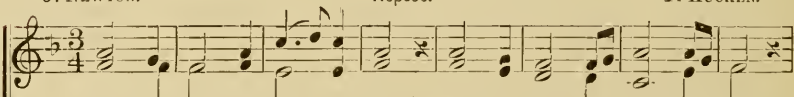


366 Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart.

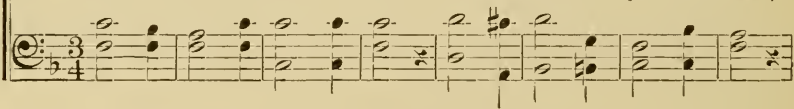
J. NEWTON.

Repose.

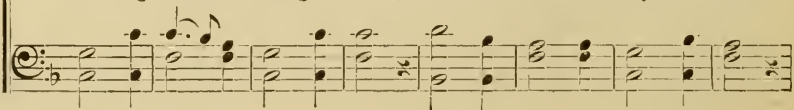
F. KUCKEN.



1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro-ward heart, Make me teach-a - ble and mild,
2. What Thou shalt to-day pro-vide, Let me as a child re - ceive;
3. As a lit - tle child re - lies On a care be - yond its own,



Up-right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a lit - tle child—
What to - mor-row may be - tide, Calm - ly to Thy wis-dom leave;
Be - ing neith-er strong nor wise, Fears to take a step a - lone—



Quiet, Lord, My Froward Heart!—Concluded.

From dis-trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee.
'Tis e-nough that Thou wilt care; Why should I the bur - den bear?
Let me thus with Thee a - bide, As my Fa-ther, Friend and Guide.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with block chords and moving lines.

Dedicated to the Northfield Seminary.

367 Bless Me and Make Me a Blessing.

H. B.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

God is just and faith-ful, God is good and true, He prom-i-

The first system of the musical score for 'Bless Me and Make Me a Blessing.' It features a voice line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a treble clef for the voice and a grand staff for the piano.

ses a bless-ing for me and you. If we trust our Sav-iour and His

The second system of the musical score, continuing the voice and piano parts. The piano accompaniment includes some chords with natural signs for F and C, indicating a change in key signature.

Word o - bey, Our lives will be a bless-ing from day to day.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the key of D major.

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Charles M. Alexander.
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HOW THE CHORUS CAME TO BE WRITTEN.

One September day in 1915, Professor Dickinson and I were walking across the campus of the Northfield Seminary to the Chapel for the opening exercises of the school year. I was to conduct the service and asked the Professor what special theme was on his heart for the young women through the coming year. Without hesitation, he quoted the promise to Abraham: "I will bless thee and make thee a blessing." (Gen. xii: 2.) I used this thought in my talk and Song Service that morning, and promised that my pianist, Mr. Barraclough, should set it to music.—Next day our chorus was ready, and the Seminary students caught it up, and sang it heartily.—CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

No. 368.

Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 JOHN iv : 8.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beauty I

Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
 ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee;
 see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. } I am so glad that
 "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

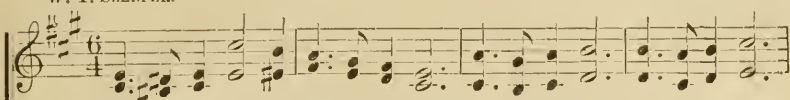
No. 369.

Jesus, I Come.

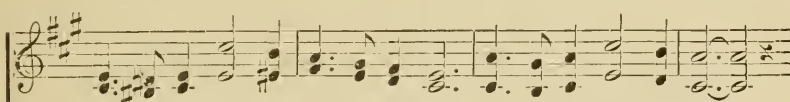
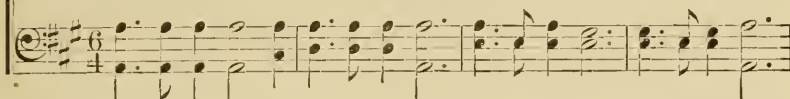
"Deliver me, O my God." Ps. 71:4.

W. T. SLEEPER.

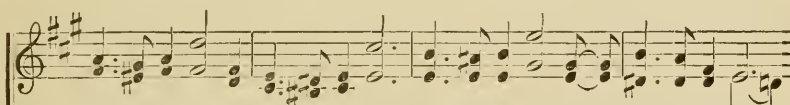
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



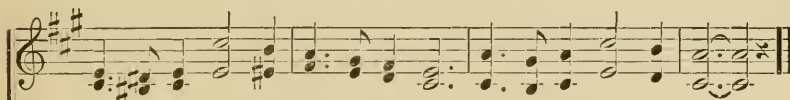
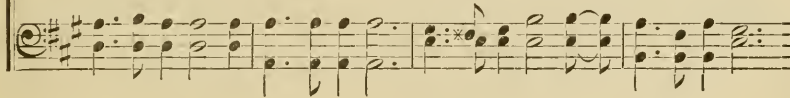
1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant prie, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;



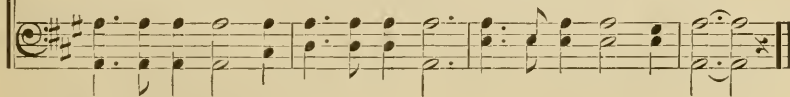
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
 In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
 Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
 Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,



Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.



ANNA SHIPTON.

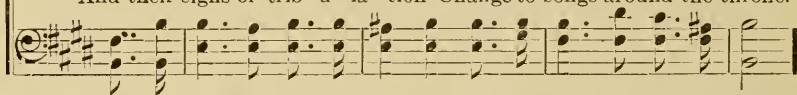
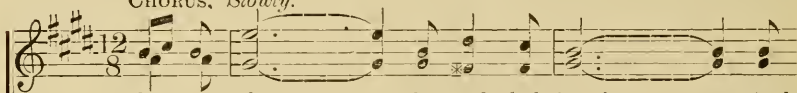
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



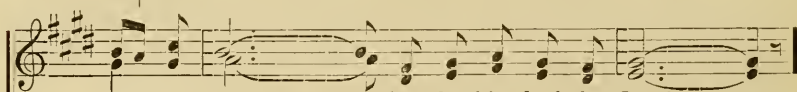
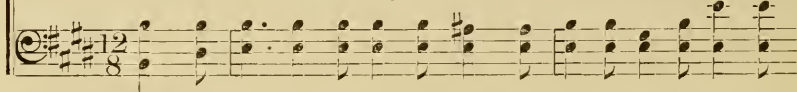
1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the golden harps a-bove?
2. Who are these who keep their station Round the great e-ter-nal throne?
3. See their robes of dazzling whiteness, Without blemish, spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day,
5. Sweet their theme: 'tis still "salvation Un-to Christ the Ho-ly One,"



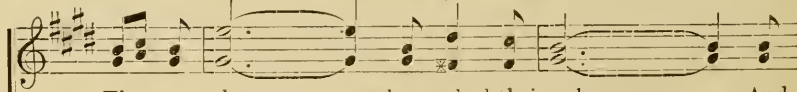
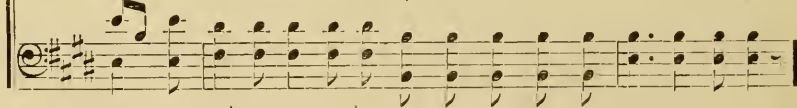
Hark! they tell of grace a-bound-ing, And Je-ho-vah's sov-er-eign love.
 They from earth-ly trib-u-la-tion To their heavenly rest are gone.
 See their crowns that grow in bright-ness, Purchased by the Lamb once slain.
 By the heavenly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a-way.
 And their sighs of trib-u-la-tion Change to songs around the throne.

CHORUS, *Slowly.*

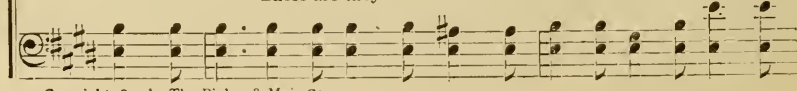
These are they..... who washed their robes, And
 These are they who washed their robes,



made them white,..... in the blood of the Lamb;.....
 and made them white, of the Lamb;



These are they..... who washed their robes,..... And
 These are they who washed their robes,



Who Are These ?—Concluded.

made them white..... in the blood of the Lamb.....
of the Lamb,

371

Only Jesus Knows.

FRED P. MORRIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Someone stands behind the shad-ow, Bearing all our bit-ter woes;
2. Someone bends with love and pi-ty, Stronger than our strongest foes;
3. Someone suf-fers when we sor-row; Someone bears the fiercest blows;
4. Someone comes with sweet compassion, When the heart so weary grows;

Just the weight of ev - ery bur - den On - ly Je - sus knows.
All the force of each temp - ta - tion On - ly Je - sus knows.
All the an - guish of the con - flict On - ly Je - sus knows.
He was tried and He was tempt - ed, On - ly Je - sus knows.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows, On - ly Je - sus knows;
Je - sus knows, Je - sus knows,

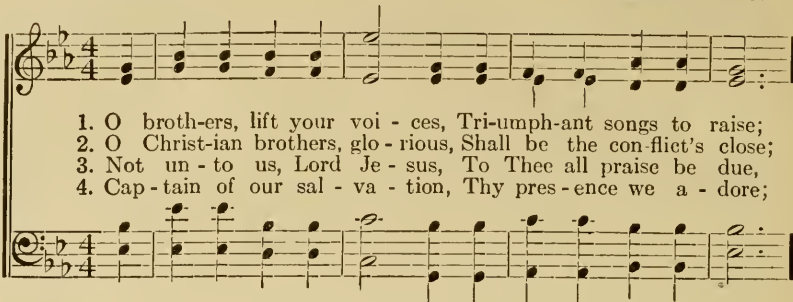
Ev - ery care and all our sor - row On - ly Je - sus knows.

O Brothers, Lift Your Voices.

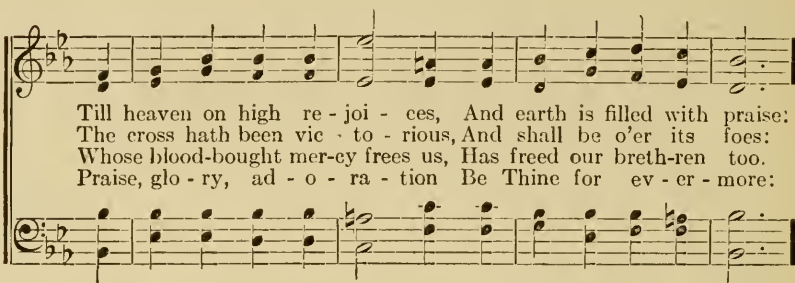
E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Greenland.

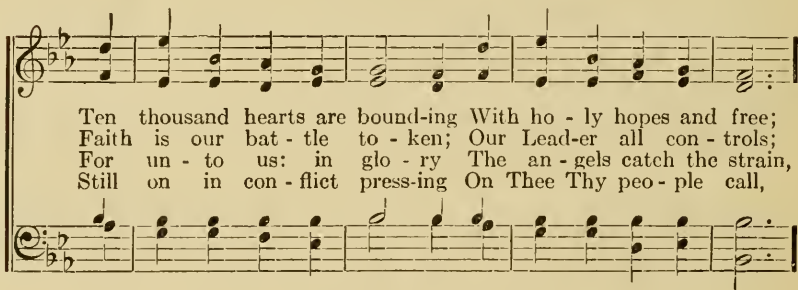
MICHAEL HAYDN.



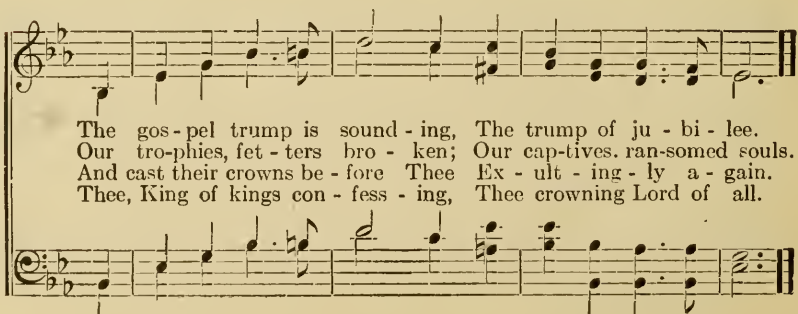
1. O broth-ers, lift your voi - ces, Tri-umph-ant songs to raise;
 2. O Christ-ian brothers, glo - rious, Shall be the con-flict's close;
 3. Not un - to us, Lord Je - sus, To Thee all praise be due,
 4. Cap - tain of our sal - va - tion, Thy pres - ence we a - dore;



Till heaven on high re - joi - ces, And earth is filled with praise:
 The cross hath been vic - to - rious, And shall be o'er its foes:
 Whose blood-bought mer-cy frees us, Has freed our breth-ren too.
 Praise, glo - ry, ad - o - ra - tion Be Thine for ev - er - more:



Ten thousand hearts are bound-ing With ho - ly hopes and free;
 Faith is our bat - tle to - ken; Our Lead-er all con - trols;
 For un - to us: in glo - ry The an - gels catch the strain,
 Still on in con - flict press-ing On Thee Thy peo - ple call,

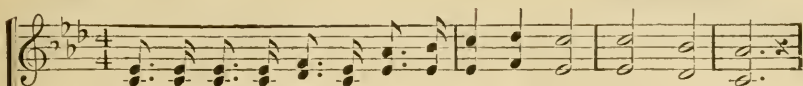


The gos - pel trump is sound - ing, The trump of ju - bi - lee.
 Our tro-phies, fet - ters bro - ken; Our cap-tives. ran-somed souls.
 And cast their crowns be - fore Thee Ex - ult - ing - ly a - gain.
 Thee, King of kings con - fess - ing, Thee crowning Lord of all.

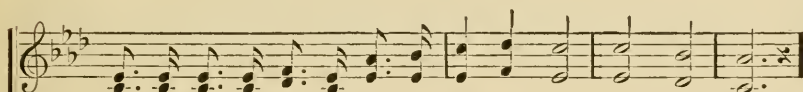
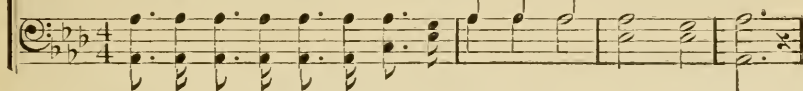
Christ Needs You.

R. H.

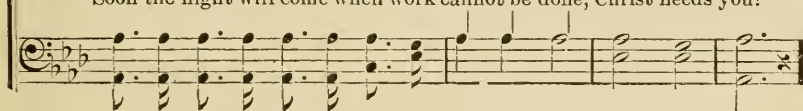
ROBERT HARKNESS.



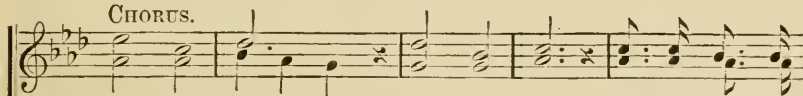
1. Work-ers now are need-ed, hear the Lord's command, Christ needs you!
2. Mul-ti-tudes are wait-ing for the Word of Life, Christ needs you!
3. At your side is some-one who should know the Way, Christ needs you!
4. Sound a note of warn-ing to the lost in sin, Christ needs you!
5. Tell sal-va-tion's sto-ry to them one by one, Christ needs you!



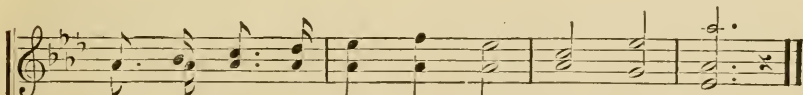
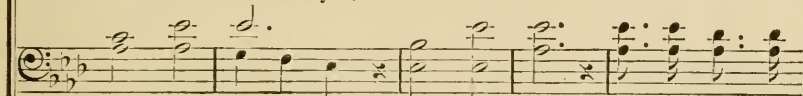
Fields are white to har-vest, there are sheaves at hand, Christ needs you!
 Be His faith-ful wit-ness in a world of strife, Christ needs you!
 Grop-ing in the darkness seeking Christ to-day, Christ needs you!
 Ere it be too late up-on this work be-gin, Christ needs you!
 Soon the night will come when work cannot be done, Christ needs you!



CHORUS.



Christ needs you! Christ needs you! In His vine-yard
 Christ needs you!



there is work for all to do, Christ needs you!




He is Not Here, but is Risen!

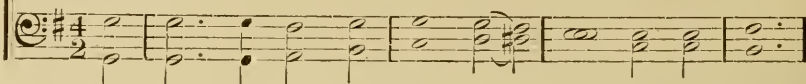
D. W. WHITTLE.

p Andantino.

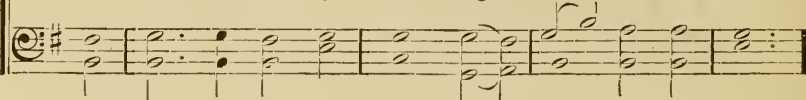
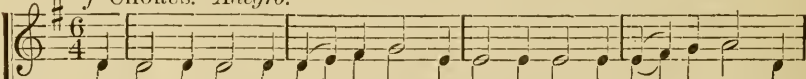
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

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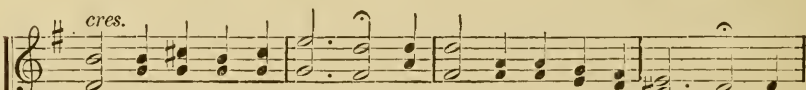
1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead!
 2. A wea - ry night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
 3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead!




Sad end to hope of glo - ry— Je - sus is dead!
 A night that knew no sleep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
 A sad and gloom - y morn - ing— Je - sus is dead!


f CHORUS. *Allegro.*


Be - hold the stone is rolled a - way! And shining ones have come to say: "He



is nothere, but is ris - en! He is nothere, but is ris - en!" The



night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glorious morn!—He

He is Not Here, but is Risen!—Concluded.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!"

375 He Knows, He Cares, He Loves.

"I am the Lord thy God which leadeth thee"—ISAIAH xlviii: 17.

C. D. MARTIN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Fa-ther knows just what I need, He watch-es o'er my way;
2. His eye will guide me in the path That leads to light and home;
3. His grace is mine in weak-est hour, When en - e - mies ap - pal;

How sweet to lean up-on His love Each mo-ment of the day.
His grace will hold me, so that I From Him will nev-er roam.
My hand in His, His hand in mine, I know I can-not fall.

CHORUS.

He knows He cares, He loves me so, He watches o'er the way I go;

And by His hand will lead me on To that fair land of endless song.

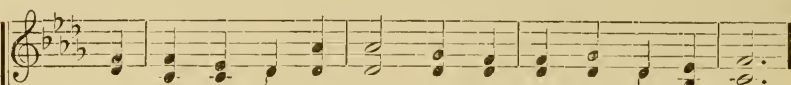
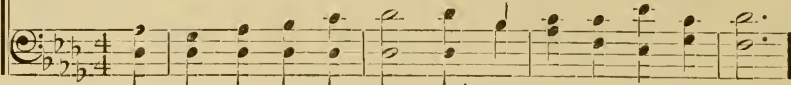
WILLIAM COWPER.

Bentley.

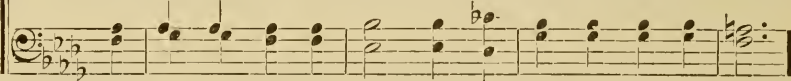
JOHN HULLAH.



1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Chris-tian while he sings;
2. In ho-ly con-tem-pla-tion We sweet-ly then pur-sue
3. It can bring with it noth-ing But He will bear us through;
4. Though vine nor fig-tree nei-ther Their wont-ed fruit shall bear,



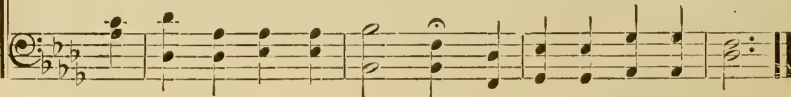
It is the Lord, who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings;
 The theme of God's sal-va-tion, And find it ev-er new;
 Who gives the li-lies cloth-ing Will clothe His peo-ple too:
 Though all the field should with-er, Nor flocks nor herds be there;



When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
 Set free from pres-ent sor-row We cheer-ful-ly can say,
 Be-neath the spread-ing hea-ven No crea-ture but is fed;
 Yet God the same a-bid-ing, His praise shall tune my voice,



A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af-ter rain.
 Let the un-know to-mor-row Bring with it what it may.
 And He who feeds the rav-ens Will give His chil-dren bread.
 For while in Him con-fid-ing, I can-not but re-joice.

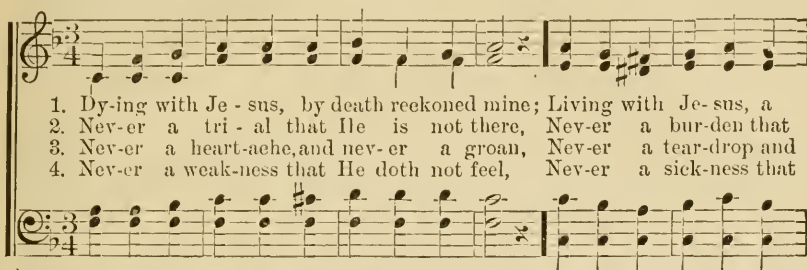


Moment by Moment.

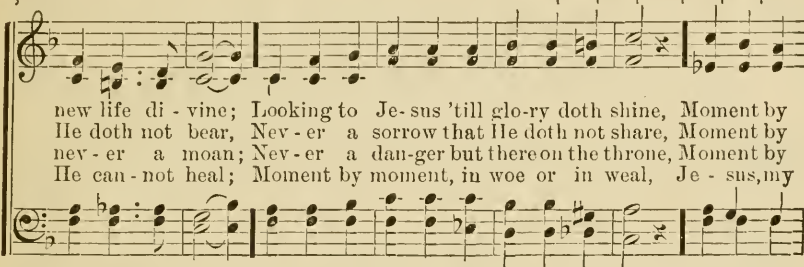
"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it,
I will keep it night and day." Isa. 27:3.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE.

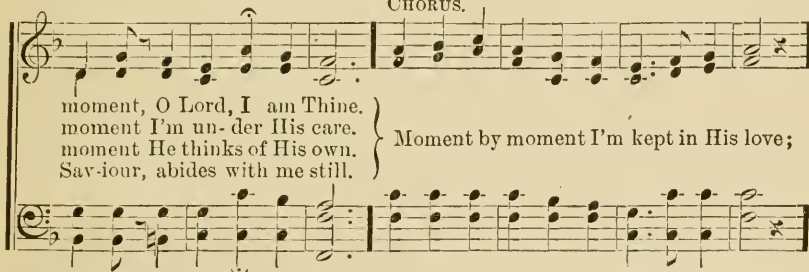


1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Je - sus, a
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev-er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that

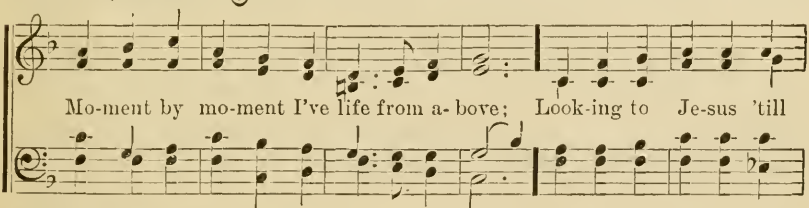


new life di - vine; Looking to Je - sus 'till glo-ry doth shine, Moment by
He doth not bear, Nev-er a sorrow that He doth not share, Moment by
nev-er a moan; Nev-er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Moment by
He can-not heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

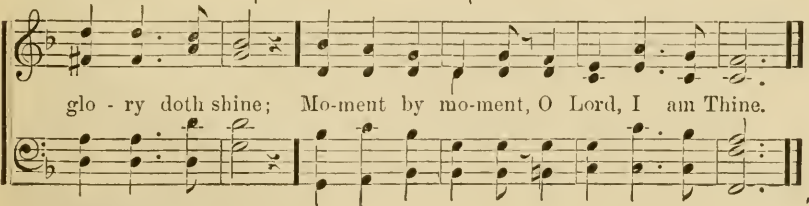
CHORUS.



moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment I'm un-der His care.
moment He thinks of His own. } Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;
Sav-iour, abides with me still.



Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a-bove; Look-ing to Je-sus 'till

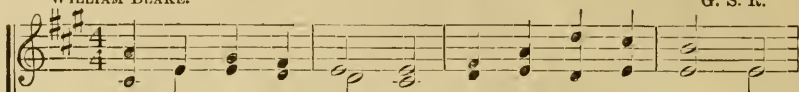


glo - ry doth shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

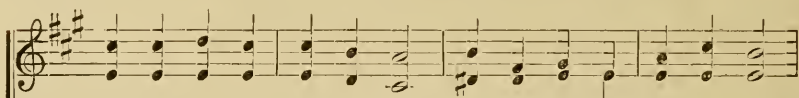
378 Little Lamb Who Made Thee?

WILLIAM BLAKE.

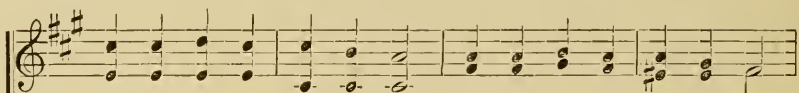
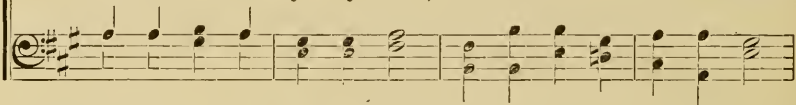
G. S. R.



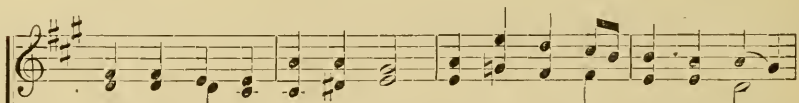
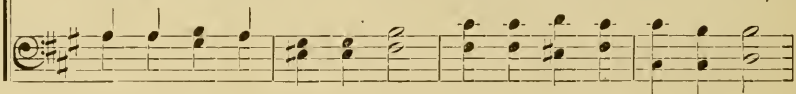
1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee: Lit - tle lamb I'll tell thee:



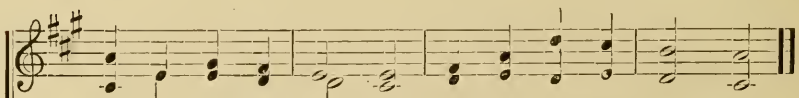
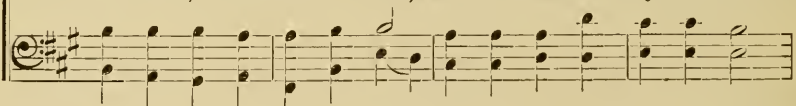
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed, By the stream and o'er the mead;
He is call - ed by thy name, For He calls Him-self a Lamb.



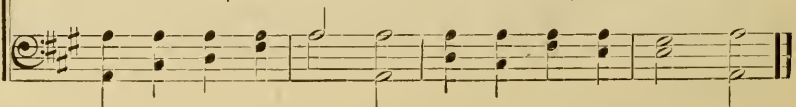
Gave thee cloth-ing of de - light, Soft-est cloth-ing, wool-ly bright;
He is meek and He is mild He be - came a lit - tle child,—



Gave thee such a ten - der voice, Mak - ing all the vale re - joice?
I a child, and thou a lamb, We are call - ed by His name.



Lit - tle lamb who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee?
Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee! Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee!



Jesus Tender Shepherd.

E. MOREHOUSE.

P. I. R.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
 2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
 3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;

Through the darkness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn - ing light.
 Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me, List - en to my eve - ning prayer!
 Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

I Am With You Always.

MAUD FRAZER.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. "Lo, I am with you al - way, Ev - en un - to the end,"
 2. He who hath died to save me Ev - er will safe - ly keep,
 3. E'en in the vale of shad - ow, E - vil I need not fear;
 4. And e - ven in the Judg - ment, No ter - ror can come nigh,

Hear the sweet words of Je - sus, Tru - est and dear - est Friend.
 He is the ten - der Shep - herd, Call - ing by name His sheep.
 I shall not be for - sak - en, Je - sus will still be near.
 Nor an - y con - dem - na - tion, With Je - sus stand - ing by.

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